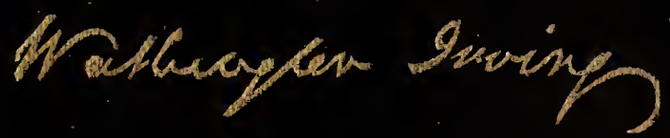

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THE WORKS

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING

VOL. XII.

LIFE AND LETTERS

VOL. II.

LIFE AND LETTERS

VOL. III.

BY HIS NEPHEW

PIERRE M. IRVING

NEW YORK
G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS
27 AND 29 WEST 23D STREET

THE

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING

BY HIS NEPHEW

PIERRE M. IRVING

VOLUME II.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by
PIERRE M. IRVING,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the
Southern District of New York.

Contents of Volume II.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

At Paris.—Out of Spirits for Literary Occupation.—Thinks of German Subjects.—Falls in with Payne, the American Dramatist.—Embarks with him in Dramatic Labors.—Busy on "Richelieu."—Visits Peter at Havre.—New Lodgings on his Return.—Payne goes to London with "Richelieu," "Married and Single," and a Rough Copy of "Azendai."—Letter from Payne.—Representation of "Charles II."—Payne's Opinion of it.—Copp's Song and Charles Lamb.—Results of the Joint Theatrical Speculations.—The Fate of "Richelieu."—Dedication by Payne..... 19

CHAPTER II.

Revolving Literary Plans.—Extracts from Note Book.—Talma.—Kenney's Anecdotes.—Captain Medwin.—Byron.—Pasta.—Corrects "Salmagundi" for Galignani.—Letter to Leslie.—Proposition of Galignani for an Edition of British Authors.—Project of a second "Sketch Book."—Letters to Murray about "Tales of a Traveller"..... 30

CHAPTER III.

PAGE

Arrival in London. — Letter to Peter. — Interview with Murray. — Attends Representation of "Charles II."—Leslie.—Newton.—Moore.—William Spencer.—Rogers. — Lady Caroline Lamb.—The Man of Many Invitations.—Leaves London with Mills for Manor House, Lyndhurst.—Goes to Bath to meet Moore.—Elwyn's Dinner.—Extracts from Memorandum Book.—Farewell to Moore.—Letter to Peter.—Intent on Literary Occupation.—Dinner with Rogers.—His Good Story of a French Abbé.—Falls short in Manuscript for "Tales of a Traveller."—Supplies the Deficiency.—Starts for France.—Letter to Moore on the Way. —Moore's Reply.—Kenney and Scroope Davies 41

CHAPTER IV.

Publication of the "Tales of a Traveller."—Interruptions of Society. —His Evil Genius.—Downhearted.—Letter to Pierre Paris Irving. Letter to Leslie.—Letter to Brevoort.—Close of 1824..... 56

CHAPTER V.

Letter to Pierre Paris Irving.—Overtures for a Life of Washington.—Unable to apply Himself.—Paulding's Rebuke.—Determines to go to Work.—Leaves Paris with Peter for Bordeaux,—The Vintage. — "American Essays." — An Ill-boding Failure. — Extracts from Diary.—Close of 1825 67

CHAPTER VI.

Letter to Alexander H. Everett.—A Translation of Navarrete suggested to him by Mr. Everett.—Letter thereupon.—Arrival at Madrid.—The American Consul, O. Rich.—Determines upon a

PAGE

Regular Life of Columbus.—Literary Activity.—Diverted from "Columbus" to "Conquest of Granada."—Lieutenant Alexander Slidell.—Close of 1826.—Passages from Letter to P. M. Irving.—Letter to Brevoort.—Cooper.—Halleck.—Bryant.—Paulding.—Offers "Columbus" to Murray.—Longfellow.—Wilkie.—Close of the year 1827..... 74

CHAPTER VII.

Publication of "Columbus" by Murray in London, by the Carvills in New York.—Letter to Brevoort.—Departure from Madrid on a Tour through the Southern parts of Spain. Letter to Mademoiselle Bolviller.—Description of the Journey from Cordova to Granada.—The Alhambra.—A despatch from the Court of Lions.—Quest for the Portal by which Boabdil sallied forth.—The Poor Devil Guide.—The Alpujarras.—From Malaga to Seville.—Going to Work on the "Conquest of Granada."..... 93

CHAPTER VIII.

Extracts from Diary.—Wilkie and the painting of "St. Thomas."—Letter to Alexander H. Everett.—Letter to Prince Dolgorouki.—Character of the Andalusians.—Letter to Mademoiselle Bolviller.—Bull-fights, his Notion of.—San Juan de Alfarache.—Relics of Moorish Labor and Moorish Taste..... 106

CHAPTER IX.

Removes to a Cottage in the Vicinity of Seville.—Letter to Alexander H. Everett.—Letter to Mademoiselle Bolviller.—The Cathedral of Seville.—Letter to Prince Dolgorouki.—Wilkie.—Letter to Peter Irving.—"Conquest of Granada."—Arrangement with Carey.—Journey to Palos.—Letter to Alexander H. Everett, in

PAGE

Reply to one announcing the King's Permission to him to inspect the Archives of the Indias, and giving him an extract from his Critique on "Columbus" 116

CHAPTER X.

Change of Quarters to Port St. Mary.—Extracts from Letter to Peter.—Literary Plans.—Longing to Return to America.—Extracts from Diary.—Removal from the Cerillo to the Caracol.—Murray's offer to him to conduct a Magazine, and to write for the "Quarterly."—Repugnance to the Proposal.—Letter to Alexander H. Everett, noticing Murray's offer.—"Conquest of Granada."—Sale of American Copyright.—Return to Seville.—Abridgment of "Columbus"—Given gratuitously to Murray.—Bargain with the Carvills for "Columbus" and Abridgment.—Death of Hall.—Anecdote of Invocation.—Bargain with Murray for "Conquest of Granada."—Close of 1828..... 126

CHAPTER XI.

Still at Seville.—Literary Plans and Pursuits.—Letter to Peter.—Letter to Prince Dolgorouki.—Receives Diploma of the Royal Academy of History.—Letter to Alexander H. Everett.—The Presidential Election.—His Impressions of Andrew Jackson.—Reason for adopting a *nom de guerre* for the "Conquest of Granada."—Letters to Peter.—Publication of "Chronicles of Granada."—Letter to Alexander H. Everett.—About to leave Seville for Granada 139

CHAPTER XII.

The Governor's Quarters.—An Unexpected Visitor.—Passages of Letters.—The "Conquest of Granada" published in London.—

PAGE

Finishes the "Legends of the Conquest of Spain"—Letters to Peter on the Subject.—Letter to Dolgorouki.—Duke de Gor.—Hears of his Appointment as Secretary of Legation to London.—Letter thereupon to Mr. Wetherell at Seville.—Indifference to Official Honor.—Letter to Louis McLane.—To Mr. Everett.—His Plan of Return Broken up.—Letter to Peter.—Reply to the Objection that the Appointment was below his Talents and Position..... 150

CHAPTER XIII.

Departure from Granada.—Last Look of the Alhambra.—Journey in a Tartana.—Unexpected Civility of the Duke de Gor.—Robber Mementoes.—Spanish Travelling.—Mournful Fate of his Travelling Companion.—First Impressions of Diplomatic Life at London.—Bargain in America for Moore's "Life of Byron."—Two Letters from Moore on the Subject.—Newton.—William E. West.—Determines to eschew Literary Drudgery, and give Diplomatic Life a Trial.—Resolves upon a Life of Washington 170

CHAPTER XIV.

Letter to Gouverneur Kemble.—Award of a Gold Medal by the Royal Society of Literature.—The Oxford Honor.—Sketch of William IV.—Letter to Peter Irving.—Article in the "London Quarterly."—Letter to Louis McLane from Paris after the Elevation of Louis Philippe.—Extract from a Letter to the Same.—Talleyrand.—Literary Concerns.—Brevoort.—Dolgorouki—Peter Powell.—John Randolph.—The "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus" in the Press.—Newton.—Leslie.—Kenney.—Payne.—Receives Notes from Murray for the "Voyages." 181

CHAPTER XV.

PAGE

Paulding.—"Slidell's Year in Spain," and the Review in the "London Quarterly."—Bargain with Carey & Lea for the "Voyages of Columbus."—Letter to Brevoort.—A Change in the Embassy.—The Author Chargé.—Letter to Louis McLane.—Arrival of Mr. Van Buren, the new Minister.—Letter to Louis McLane.—Relieved from the Legation.—Last Meeting with Sir Walter Scott.—Newton's Second Likeness.—Letter to Mrs. Paris.—Barlborough Hall.—Hardwicke Castle.—Newstead Abbey.—Derangement of Literary Plans.—Reform and Cholera 197

CHAPTER XVI.

Letter from Newstead Abbey.—Journeyings with Mr. Van Buren.—Arrangements for the Publication of the "Alhambra."—Letter from William C. Bryant, transmitting Volume of his Poems for English Publication.—Letter from Gulian C. Verplanck —Dedicatory Epistle to Samuel Rogers.—Rejection of Mr. Van Buren as Minister.—Letter to Peter Irving.—Mills.—Matthews,—Leslie.—Peter Powell.—Bargain with Colburn and Bentley for the "Alhambra."—Embarkation.—Lands at New York.—Reception.—Public Dinner.—Speech..... 207

CHAPTER XVII.

Peter Irving in Paris.—An Autobiographical Sketch of himself.—Publication of the "Alhambra."—Its Reception.—Excursion to Washington.—The Old General.—Henry Clay.—Meeting with Cooper, the Tragedian.—Visit to the Haunts of Rip Van Winkle.—Tour to the White Mountains.—At Tarrytown.—The Bramin.—Saratoga Springs.—Trenton Falls..... 230

CHAPTER XVIII.

PAGE

Change of Travelling Plans—Letters to Mrs. Paris.—Tour through Ohio.—Voyage on the Ohio and Mississippi—Black Hawk.—The Prairies of the Missouri.—A Launch into Savage Life.—Letter to Peter.—New Orleans.—William C. Preston.—Sojourn at Washington.—Letter to James K. Paulding.—Letters to Gouverneur Kemble from Washington.—Return to New York.—Again at Baltimore.—Letter thence to Peter Irving.—Herman Knickerbocker.—Visit to old Dutch Villages in the Neighborhood of the Catskill Mountains.—A Knickerbocker Excursion with Mr. Van Buren.—Abridgment of "Columbus" recommended as a Class-Book for the Common Schools 244

CHAPTER XIX.

The Author's First Notion of "Astoria."—A Nomination to Congress offered and declined.—His Distaste for Politics.—The "Crayon Miscellanies."—Publication and Reception of the "Tour on the Prairies."—American and English Preface.—Farms out his Prior Works to Carey, Lea & Co. for a Term of Seven Years.—No. II. of the "Crayon Miscellany."—"Abbotsford" and "Newstead."—Sunnyside in Embryo.—No. III. of the "Crayon Miscellany."—The "Legends of the Conquest of Spain."—Its publication.—The Workmen busy upon his Cottage 265

CHAPTER XX.

John Jacob Astor.—Investments in Land.—Return of Peter.—Completion of the Cottage.—Commences Housekeeping.—Publication of "Astoria."—Peter an Inmate of the Cottage.—Letter from "The Roost."—The New Pig 284

CHAPTER XXI.

PAGE

Newspaper Attacks on Mr. Irving.—Joseph Seawell Jones.—William Leggett.—The Booksellers' Festival — Halleck and Rogers.—Letter to Ebenezer Irving.—Publication of the "Adventures of Captain Bonneville."—Louis Napoleon at "The Roost."—Peter no longer an Inmate.—Letter to Edward Everett.—Letters to Gouverneur Kemble.—Death of John. — The Tammany People propose to run him for Mayor.—Declines.—President Van Buren offers him the Secretaryship of the Navy.—Declines 293

CHAPTER XXII.

Death of Peter.—Gossipings about the Cottage.—His Investments in Land unproductive of Revenue.—Engages upon the Conquest of Mexico.—Surrenders the Theme to Prescott.—Correspondence on the Subject.—Receipt of Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico."—Letter thereupon 319

CHAPTER XXIII.

Engages to contribute monthly to the "Knickerbocker Magazine."—His position respecting an International Copyright Law, in a Letter to the Editor.—Prescott's View.—Old and New Tarrytown.—Picture of his Neighborhood.—Biographical Sketch of Goldsmith for Harper's "Family Library."—Ebenezer Irving.—Biography of Margaret Davidson.—Anecdote of Clark and Geoffrey Crayon 334

CHAPTER XXIV.

Letter from Dickens.—Albert Gallatin.—Visits in the Highlands.—The "Life of Washington" begun.—The Dickens Dinner.—Letter from Boz.—Embarkation and Farewell 345

CHAPTER XXV.

PAGE

Mr. Irving in London.—Levee.—Reception at Court.—Meeting of old Acquaintances.—Rogers.—Leslie.—James Bandinel.—Monastic Seclusion in Westminster Abbey.—Anniversary Dinner of the Literary Fund.—The Queen's Grand Fancy Ball.—At Paris.—Letter to Mrs. Paris.—Presentment to Louis Philippe and other Members of the Royal Family at Neuilly..... 359

CHAPTER XXVI.

Arrival at Madrid.—His New Home.—Duke de Gor.—Audience of the Minister of Foreign Affairs.—Interview with the Regent.—Audience of the Queen.—The Routine of a Day 370

CHAPTER XXVII.

Letter to Mrs. Paris.—Sketch of Spanish Politics and Spanish Characters.—The Insurrection in October, 1841.—Attempt to get Possession of the Person of the Queen.—The Royal Palace:—Its Situation.—Details of his First Audience with the Queen.—His Sympathy in her Position.—Diplomatic Themes.—Curiosity about the Delivery of his Credentials.—Louis Philippe 379

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING.

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CHAPTER I.

AT PARIS.—OUT OF SPIRITS FOR LITERARY OCCUPATION.—THINKS OF GERMAN SUBJECTS.—FALLS IN WITH PAYNE, THE AMERICAN DRAMATIST.—EMBARKS WITH HIM IN DRAMATIC LABORS.—BUSY ON "RICHELIEU."—VISITS PETER AT HAVRE.—NEW LODGINGS ON HIS RETURN.—PAYNE GOES TO LONDON WITH "RICHELIEU," "MARRIED AND SINGLE," AND A ROUGH COPY OF "AZENDAI." —LETTER FROM PAYNE.—REPRESENTATION OF CHARLES II.—PAYNE'S OPINION OF IT.—COPP'S SONG AND CHARLES LAMB.—RESULTS OF THE JOINT THEATRICAL SPECULATIONS.—THE FATE OF "RICHELIEU."—DEDICATION BY PAYNE.

MR. IRVING had been so long idle with his pen that on his arrival at Paris he began to feel strongly the necessity of exertion. "When I once get going again with my pen," he writes to Peter, "I mean to keep on steadily, until I can scrape together enough from all my literary property to produce a regular income, however moderate. We shall then be independent of the world and its chances." The getting

under way, however, was the great difficulty. The most likely thing for him to prepare speedily for the press was his unfinished story of "Buckthorne and his Friends," which, as we have seen, he had laid aside at the suggestion of Leslie, as the groundwork of a novel; but it had remained untouched, and he had never been able to resume it.

On the 4th of September, recurring to some hints of Peter about Germany, he writes:—

I have been thinking over the German subjects. It will take me a little time to get hold of them properly, as I must read a little and digest the plan and nature of them in my mind. There are such quantities of these legendary and romantic tales now littering from the press both in England and Germany, that one must take care not to fall into the commonplace of the day. Scott's manner must likewise be widely avoided. In short, I must strike out some way of my own, suited to my own way of thinking and writing. I wish, in everything I do, to write in such a manner that my productions may have something more than the mere interest of narrative to recommend them, which is very evanescent ; something, if I dare to use the phrase, of classic merit, *i. e.* depending upon style, etc., which gives a production some chance for duration beyond the mere whim and fashion of the day. I have my mind tolerably well supplied with German localities, manners, characters, etc., and when I once get to work, I trust I shall be able to spin them out very fluently. I have some ideas and subjects that I think will take if properly executed. At present I am busy on a slight literary job which I hope will put some money in my pocket without costing much time or trouble, or committing my name. When that is done, and the inventing fit comes over me again, I will strike at something else.

The slight literary job here alluded to was an altera-

tion of "La Jeunesse de Richelieu," a French play by M. Duval, which had been acted in Paris about thirty years before. It was one that Payne had already done in the rough, and he was now engaged in retouching and heightening a very ill-chosen plot, which he hoped, if thoroughly cast, to make effective in representation. He had been tempted at this time, while he could not get going in any leading occupation of the pen, which he could hope to make available for the London market, to accept the proposition of Payne to assist him in his pursuits and divide the profits of their joint dramatic manufacture, with the understanding that his agency was to be kept secret. Payne at this time had fitted up a cottage at Versailles in handsome style which he did not occupy, but was living, as Mr. Irving found him on the 13th of August, "in a sky parlor at the Palais Royal," where he employed himself in remodelling pieces from the French stage, and adapting them to English representation.

Soon after this dramatic agreement, Mr. Irving made a visit to his brother Peter, upon which he had long set his heart. During this absence, Payne rented some apartments in Paris, and having transferred to them his furniture from Versailles, re-let them to Mr. Irving on his return, reserving a small room for himself. In a letter to Peter, dated the day of his return, October 3, Mr. Irving thus speaks of lodgings he was to occupy for an almost unbroken period of more than a year:—

I am just about moving to my new quarters, No. 89 Rue Richelieu. I am greatly pleased with them. It is in one of the best private hotels in Paris; everything about the establishment is particularly genteel and well-regulated. My apartments consist of bed-room, sitting-room, and dining-room, with use of kitchen and appurtenances and a cellar. Payne has furnished them very handsomely. They have a warm southern exposure, and look into a very spacious and handsome court, and being newly finished and fitted up are very complete. You would be quite charmed with them. I shall have a bed for you whenever you choose to pay Paris a visit. I shall live very much at home, having an excellent *femme de ménage* to cook, etc., etc. The hotel is near the Rue Feydeau, between the old opera house and the Boulevards, one of the most central spots in Paris. As my room is pretty high up and separated by the court from the street, I am not incommoded by noise, and have plenty of daylight and sunshine.

A more important advantage is specified in a later description of his bachelor "nest" to his sister, Mrs. Paris: "The great national library, one of the very best in the world, is within five minutes' walk of my lodgings, and I have the privilege of having any books from it I please."

Soon after his occupation of his new lodgings he sends Peter this picture of himself and Payne at their joint labor.

Payne is busy upon "Azendai," making a literal translation. I am looking over it as he translates, and making notes where there must be alterations, songs, choruses, etc. It will have to be quite re-written, as the dialogue is flimsy and pointless; still the construction will answer, and that is the main point.

Ten days later he writes to Peter: "Payne sets off

privately for London on Wednesday, to treat with Kemble about 'Richelieu' and 'Belles and Bailiffs;'" another adaptation from the French, in which, under the title of "Married and Single," he had altered some scenes. He adds: "I shall send with him the rough copy of 'Azendai,' that it may be shown to Bishop, and the proper directions procured for the music."

It was to avoid arrest for his theatrical entanglements in London that Payne left "privately." The author of "Home, sweet Home" had made handsomely by the success of some of his pieces, yet it was seldom that he was long free from pecuniary perplexity. He speaks with bitter jocularity in one of his letters, of the hard tug he had had with life since he grew too portly for the stage and began "to *fatten* on trouble and starvation." His first letter does not disclose a very auspicious beginning to the dramatic speculation.

LONDON, November 7, 1823.

MY DEAR IRVING :—

I was detained at Dieppe ten days waiting for a boat. At last I got out in the storm which made so many wrecks, and was in a gale all Monday night and part of Tuesday, sixteen hours and a half. The same night I went to the play at Brighton, and had the happiness of finding I had just missed "*Clari*," which had had a very considerable run some nights before. I got here on Wednesday, day before last, too late to do anything, and having rode all the way outside in a terrible rain, was stiff, and stupid, and tired. However, I packed off my things ["Richelieu," and "Married and Single"] instantly to Charles Kemble. Yesterday I delivered all your letters, inquired for your music, got my passport signed by Smith, dined with Leslie and Newton, got a lodging under the name of

Hayward (which I am every minute forgetting), and, heartily weary, found my bed was over a livery stable, where the hackney coaches entered every hour, and in which every horse had a violent cough. I feel as if I had not slept for a month.

Now for business. I saw Charles to-day and was very well received by the Committee,* but when I asked what they had to say about my pieces, they had not seen them ! I caused a hunt, and at last the parcel was found unopened. So much for the necessity of having come over. Charles took them home. My description of "Azendai," and my disclosure of your confidential communication, seemed to excite him. He asked me to his box to-night and to dinner either to-day or to-morrow ; but there will be no chance of specific arrangements till after Monday, I fear. I shall hand him "Azendai" to-night. If I had the "*Roulier*," I could make a market of it. Pray send it to me immediately. I mean the printed copy. Nothing answers now but the horses. I could not speak of terms at a first interview. No news of your music at Birchell's, and they have no room for "Abul Hassan" † this season, unless, as some one observed, horses could be put in it !

I think I shall dine with Miller to-day and Charles to-morrow. I am to go to a private box this evening to see the Horses. If you can think of any opportunity for a grand equestrian spectacle, it might do. I am almost afraid they will insist on bringing Richelieu in on horseback. Charles says he thinks you ought to produce better comic pieces than any one he knows, judging from the story of the "Unknown Gentleman," whose other half only is seen.

. . . . Newton and Leslie are very anxious to see you. They talk of you with a sort of affectionate idolatry. . . . . I have just received my passport to return, from the French ambassador, so "all's right." You will hear from me again on Monday.

About eighteen days after the date of this letter, Mr.

* The Committee of Management.

† A German opera which Mr. Irving had translated at Dresden.

Irving transmitted to Payne the manuscript of "Charles II., or the Merry Monarch," a piece in three acts altered from "La Jeunesse de Henry V.," and of which he speaks to Peter as being rather of a light kind and dependent on good genteel acting. Payne writes on its receipt: "I consider it one of the best pieces of the kind I ever read; there is a never diminishing vein of wit running through it, which, coming in aid of situations eminently dramatic, gives it a claim to rank with the best works in the language."

January 27th.—Payne writes to Mr. Irving that he had at length finished "the long pending negotiation respecting this piece and 'Richelieu,' and sold them to Covent Garden for two hundred guineas down," which he considered "a good sum," and he adds, "the copy-rights may double it."

As Mr. Irving's letters to Payne are missing, I cannot say how far he was satisfied with this result of his theatrical speculations, but perhaps it may not be without interest to trace the further fortunes of the pieces thus bargained for, which went to their ordeal at different dates.

"Charles II." was produced May 27th, 1824, and met with the most decided success. "The piece will grow upon the public on representation," writes Payne to Mr. Irving, "and I am convinced become a *stock* piece. The points all told *amazingly*. *My* notion about Copp's always trying a song, and never being able to get it out, was very

effective in representation."* The conception and execution of this song, which Payne jestingly speaks of as *my* notion, were his coadjutor's, done, as he once told me, to hit the English taste for broad fun. Some time later, after a series of successful representations, Payne writes in regard to this song: "Charles Lamb tells me he can't get Copp's song out of his head, and is very anxious for the rest of it. He says the *hiatus* keeps him awake o' nights."

Payne disposed of the copy-right for fifty guineas, after Mr. Irving had assisted him in pruning the piece, and reducing it to two acts. As the latter had stipulated for the concealment of his name, the only allusion Payne could permit himself in the preface was an intimation that the manuscript had been revised by a literary friend, to whom he was "indebted for invaluable touches."

"Richelieu" was not brought out until February, 1826; its appearance having been delayed under various pretexts. First nothing could be done until after the Christmas holidays; then there arose a difficulty about the cast, Charles Kemble inclining to one character, and Payne insisting it would be the ruin of the piece if he

* The following brief extract from the play presents the racy old Captain in his first abortive effort at being delivered of "the only song" he "ever knew:"

"In the time of the Rump,
As old Admiral Trump
With his broom swept the chops of the Channel;
And his crew of Big Breeches,
Those Dutch sons of ——

Mary—[*Putting her hand on his mouth*]. O, Uncle, Uncle, don't sing that horrible rough song."

did not take another; then he wished that part, which was Richelieu, to be written up, and Dubois, Richelieu's secretary, who was too prominent, to be written down; and so, from one cause or another, it was not produced until the commencement of the year 1826, when Mr. Irving was at Madrid. The note of preparation began to be sounded in December, 1825. It was read in the green-room by Charles Kemble about the middle of this month, and one of the persons who was to act in it wrote Mr. Payne that all present were deeply affected, and that it was considered as one of the best plays which had been heard for some years. It was played a few nights and then withdrawn, exception being taken to the plot. "I went to see it last night," writes a literary friend to Mr. Irving. "It is very well got up; the dresses are beautiful, and the effect is more that produced by a piece at the Français, than anything I have seen. The dialogue is particularly well done, and the laughter all in the dress circle. It is thought highly of, and only wants a little correction to be the best thing we have seen of the age." It was put to press in New York, by a Mr. Murden, a publisher of plays, at the close of 1826, with the following dedication by Payne :—

TO WASHINGTON IRVING.

My dear Irving :—

It is about twenty years since I first had the pleasure of knowing you; and it is not very often that people are found better friends at the later

part of so long an acquaintance than at the beginning. Such, however, has been the case with us ; and the admiration which I felt for you when I was a boy, has been succeeded by gratitude for steady and intrepid kindness now that I am no longer one.

Although I have had better opportunities to know you than the world, by whom you are valued so highly, I should not have ventured to make a public display of our acquaintanceship under any other circumstances than those by which it is drawn forth at present. I am under obligations to you beyond the common kindnesses between friends of long standing, which it is fitting I should acknowledge. In the little comedy of "Charles the Second," I have referred to the assistance you gave me, without venturing to violate your injunction with regard to the concealment of your name. But that aid has been repeated to such an extent in the present work, as to render it imperative upon me to offer you my thanks publicly, and to beg you will suffer me to dedicate it to one from whose pen it has received its highest value. I only regret it is not in my power to make a more adequate return for the many encouragements amid discomfort, which you have so frequently and so spontaneously bestowed upon,

My dear Irving,

Your sincere and grateful friend,

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

PARIS, No. 89 RUE DE RICHELIEU,
February 13, 1826.

March 15, 1827, we have this final allusion to "Richelieu," in a letter of Ebenezer to his brother Washington: "I have not been able to make anything out of your friend Payne's drama of 'Richelieu.' The publisher tried hard to get it performed at one of our theatres, but could not succeed; the managers were afraid to attempt it, alleging that it was deficient in *incident*, particularly in the latter scenes. The publisher had one thousand

copies printed at his own expense, seven hundred of which are in my hands. The other three hundred he has to repay him his expenses."

This is the last trace I get of "Richelieu." Whatever its merit as a composition, the plot was objectionable, and the play much better suited to the closet than the stage.

CHAPTER II.

REVOLVING LITERARY PLANS.—EXTRACTS FROM NOTE-BOOK.—TALMA.—KENNEY'S ANECDOTES.—CAPTAIN MEDWIN.—BYRON.—PASTA.—CORRECTS "SALMAGUNDI" FOR GALIGNANI.—LETTER TO LESLIE.—PROPOSITION OF GALIGNANI FOR AN EDITION OF BRITISH AUTHORS.—PROJECT OF A SECOND "SKETCH BOOK."—LETTERS TO MURRAY ABOUT "TALES OF A TRAVELLER."

AVING glanced at this theatrical episode in the author's life, I now resume the regular course of my narrative, going back to a period shortly succeeding Payne's departure for London, and just after Peter had left Havre for Paris, to become a member of his bachelor establishment. At this time, November 8, 1823, Murray applies the following spur to his lagging pen.

November 8th.—"Mr. H. Payne tells me he is a fellow-lodger with you at Paris, and as he is expected quickly to return, I cannot refrain from sending compliments to you, and of adding an inquiry as to your literary occupations, and what your publisher may be allowed to expect from you in the course of the winter. I am perfectly ready for you, and the sooner you take the field the better." Thus stimulated, he felt increased impatience to

mature some of the literary plans he had been revolving. "Wrote a little at 'History of an Author,'"* is one passage in his memorandum book. "Tried to commence work on Germany, but could not do anything," is another. Then follows: "Toward twelve o'clock, an idea of a plan dawned on me—made it out a little, and minuted down heads of it. Felt more encouraged—felt as if I should make something out of it." This was a plan, as he once told me, to mingle up the legendary superstitions of Germany, in the form of tales, with local descriptions and a little of the cream of travelling incidents, but he added, "there was a rawness about every attempt to bring it into shape. It needed time to mellow in my mind." At a later date, December 17, I evolve from the scarcely legible leaves of his pencilled memorandum this passage: "Woke early—felt depressed and desponding—suddenly a thought struck me how to arrange the MSS. on hand, so as to make two volumes of 'Sketch Book'—that quite enlivened me. At breakfast communicated it to Peter [now sharing his lodgings], who was highly pleased with it." Under this animating impulse, he writes to Murray, December 22, telling him he should "probably have two volumes of the 'Sketch Book' ready for him in the spring," and his note-book shows him at work the next day on an article on "French and English

* This was the title selected for the novel in which he was intending to expand *Buckthorne and his Friends*, as before mentioned; which purpose, however, he never fulfilled.

animosity and character," probably intended for the new "Sketch Book." A few of the succeeding days are given to the story of "Wolfert Webber," the rough draft of which he finished January 3, and then, after a little retouching and altering with a feeling of exhaustion, "and heavy and clogged in his faculties by cold," he drops the pen.

A few more leaves gleaned from his memorandum book, as he styles the miscellaneous registry, gives us some other glimpses and anecdotes of his life during this sojourn in Paris, which precedes the publication of the "Tales of a Traveller."

Friday, November 28th, 1823.—Dined at Beauvilliers, in company with Talma and others. Talma was in fine spirits ; very frank, natural, and communicative. He speaks English well, and appeared to like the English character. He thinks the English are a noble people, but the French are more amiable and agreeable to live among. The intelligent English are disposed to do generous actions, but the common people are not so liberal as the same class among the French. The common English have bitter national prejudices. If a French prisoner escaped in England, the common people were against him. When the fight was going on round Paris, the Austrian and other prisoners were brought in wounded and passed along the boulevards ; the people pitied them, and gave them money, bread, etc. He spoke of two French prisoners that escaped in England, and made their way to a seaport to get over to France. All their money, however, was exhausted, and they had not wherewithal to hire a boat. Seeing a banker's name over a door, they went in, stated their case frankly, and asked for a little pecuniary assistance, promising to refund. He at once gave them one hundred pounds. They offered a bill or receipt. He declined. "If you be not men of honor," said he,

"such paper would be of no use, and if you are men of honor, there is no need of it." This was related to Talma by one of the parties obliged.

He recollects seeing Franklin during the revolution.

Saturday, November 29th.—Reduced "Azendai" to two acts and sent it to Payne, to whom I also write—went to *manège* and took exercise on horseback—dined at home—passed the evening at Mr. Storrow's [an American family residing in Paris, with whom he was very intimate].

December 4th.—Kenney breakfasted with me—much talk about the theatres—incredible the rivalships and feuds between the actors—Kean is impatient of having any one in same piece that has a good part—asked Elliston last season: "How long, sir, am I to act with that d——d jesuitical bug——r, Young?"—Kenney told story of young empty officer who brought accounts of battle of Waterloo—invited to Holland House—in great spirits, imagining he should make his way famously by giving account of the battle—talked largely at table—Lady Holland, as Luttrell said, kept eyeing him with a look that seemed to say, "I'll be d——d if you are ever in this house again"—after breakfast, as the day was mild and did not rain, went to Galignani's, then to Louvre— . . . . returned and dressed for dinner—dined *tête-à-tête* with Lord John Russell at his lodgings, Bains de Tivoli - talked of Moore.

Moore has abandoned his great poem—the Loves of the Angels was an episode of it which he enlarged. Its want of success discouraged him—Lady Donegal wrote to him, "It both displeases and disappoints me"—this was a sore blow—Lord Lansdowne, who had read and liked it, just then arrived down in the country, but neglected to write Moore for some days on the subject—Moore took this as a tacit disapprobation, and was very much disheartened.

Wednesday, January 7th.—Call this morning at Galignani's—agree to correct "Salmagundi" for him.* Get Byron's last cantos of "Don Juan"—- . . . . Pass evening at home dozing and reading part of ninth canto of "Don Juan," which I do not much relish.

* Payne had just written him from London (December 26): "A great fuss has been made here by Tegg in republishing *Salmagundi* under your name. I will send you a copy."

Thursday, 8th.—Call on Villamil, who has been confined some time with the gout—find there Lord John Russell, Capt. Medwin, a friend of Lord Byron, and author of the "Wandering Jew"—dissertation by Villamil on craniology—[he was a determined craniologist].—Captain Medwin says Byron is very abstemious, and has reduced himself quite thin—is in excellent health.

Friday, 9th.—Dined at Madame de Quandt's, Hotel Mirabeau, a German lady—blue-stocking—met there Dr. Gall—middle-sized old gent, with bald head—hair bushy each side—round forehead—wrinkled—dry, brownish, Chinese complexion—black eyes.

January 12th, 1824.—Go in evening to Théâtre Français—École des Vieillards—Talma and Mlle. Mars admirable.

14th.—Very cold weather—feel symptoms of having caught cold—great hoarseness—stiffness of the muscles of the throat—after breakfast send copy of "Salmagundi" to Galignani—go there—return him "Don Juan"—read papers.

15th.—Dined at Grattan's *—present, Lady Vavasour, Miss Pollard, Mr. Horace Smith, etc.—Horace Smith pleasant, but a cold witty man.

Saturday, 17th.—After breakfast read Gresset's "*Ver-vert*, or History of a Parrot"—excellent—full of wit and waggery, and delightfully versified.

January 22d, 1824.—Read in "Don Carlos"—call at Galignani's—read papers and return home, and lie on sofa all day reading "Don Carlos"—send books to the King's Library, and get out History of Normandy—dine at General Airey's—very pleasant dinner—General Airey's story of Irishman, who asked the other why he did not go to some public amusement: "Why, my wife has been dead but a month." "Well, what of that, she'll never be deader."

January 26th.—Read the "Wanderer," a poem by Captain Medwin—has many beautiful passages—called on Captain M.—promised to dine with him to-morrow—he is cousin to Mr. Shelley—character of Julian in the "Wanderer," Shelley's. . . . . Mr. Foy called at two—sat for my likeness.

* Author of *Highways and Byways*.

January 30th.—Visit from Mr. Goodrich of Conn.—brought letters from John T. Irving—received letter from Payne, inclosing fifty pounds to pay certain bills—he has concluded bargain with managers—two hundred guineas—[for "Richelieu" and "Charles II.," as stated in the preceding chapter].

February 1st.— . . . . Drove with Captain Medwin in his cabriolet to Bois de Boulogne—long talk about Lord Byron—he writes at fits—has intervals when he cannot write, continuing two and three weeks—does not revise nor correct much—writes sometimes in bed—rises at twelve—sometimes two—eats a crust in a cup of tea with egg—rides out at four—when in writing mood writes at any time—if persons are present often writes and talks—does not seclude and deny himself—never speaks ill of Lady Byron—when her father died he wrote a most affectionate and moving letter—wished a reconciliation—received no reply, but a cold message through his sister—when he dines by himself is very abstemious as to wine—when he has company he drinks freely—gives away large sums—reads miscellaneously all the modern works—reads much—does not study—never touches the classics—is not a good Grecian—understands Italian well—reads history, etc., relative to the subject he is writing on—has an excellent memory, but not for dates—a poetical memory—does not like to meet strangers who are desirous to see him—says they expect great things, and he is but a common man in conversation.

February 3d.—Last night and this morning read "St. Ronan's Well"—evening to opera—Tancredi—sat in Dr. G.'s box—Pasta vexed in course of evening by a duet being called for which had been omitted, Pasta being indisposed—Miss G. says Pasta is very pleasant—not well informed, but of good natural talent—feels strongly what she plays, and is often over-powered by her characters, particularly the few first representations—does not seem to be happy—her husband gambles—when Pasta sits by her at music the tears will stream down her cheeks—is a little high-tempered and capricious, but amiable—has a fine little girl about seven—anecdote of Miss G.—her English servant being sent for a coiffeur went for a confessor.

February 7th.—Read miscellaneously and look over MSS., but cannot write.

February 9th.—This morning finished correcting "Salmagundi"—write to Leslie.

I give the letter in which he mentions that he is trying to get some manuscripts in order for a couple more volumes of the "Sketch Book;" a plan afterward relinquished for "The Tales of a Traveller," as we shall see by some further quotations from his memorandum book, and the letter to Murray, which is to follow.

[*To Charles R. Leslie.*]

PARIS, February 8, 1824.

MY DEAR LESLIE :—

It is a long while since I have heard from either you or Newton. How are you both, and what are you doing? I see among the pictures to be exhibited at the British Gallery a "Don Quixote" by Newton, which I presume is the little picture made from poor Ogilvie, which I have before heard of. Do you not intend to have anything ready for the next Exhibition? I long to see you again to have some good long talks with you. I wish you were here at present, I think you would do me good. I am trying to get some manuscripts in order for a couple more volumes of the "Sketch Book," but I have been visited by a fit of sterility for this month past that throws me all aback, and discourages me as to the hope of getting ready for a spring appearance. I have a Dutch story written, which I have shown to friend Foy, for I like to consult brother artists. He thinks it equal to any of my others. I think you would like it. I have determined also to introduce my "History of an Author," breaking it into parts and distributing it through the two volumes. It had grown stale with me, and I never could get into the vein sufficient to carry it on and finish it as a separate work. . . . .

I am sorry to see "Salmagundi" is published at London, with all its faults upon its head. I have corrected a copy for Galignani, whom I found bent upon putting it to press. My corrections consist almost entirely in expunging words, and here and there an offensive sentence. I have a set of your illustrations of my works; they are admirable. I wish you had made others for "Bracebridge Hall," or that you would still do so. I still think your "Dutch Fireside" worthy of being painted by you as a cabinet picture. It is admirable. The engraving from Newton's portrait of me is thought an excellent likeness by my brother and by others here.

I see Mr. Foy very frequently, and the more I see of him the better I like him. I thank you for making me acquainted with him. I am very much incommoded by visits and invitations, for in spite of every exertion I find it impossible to keep clear of society entirely without downright churlishness and incivility.

Do let me hear from you, my dear Leslie, as soon as you can spare a moment to the pen. I am sure a letter from you will be of service to me, as a visit from you has often been, when in one of my dispirited moods. Give my best remembrances to your sister, and to Newton when you see him.

Yours ever,

W. I.

I resume with some leaves from his memorandum book, beginning nine days after the letter just given.

February 17th.—Wake very early—get up at six o'clock, and write till eight at introductory part of Italian tale—after breakfast resume my pen and write all day at the Italian story—finish the introduction and commence the tale—write twenty-eight pages this day—clean and neat writing.

February 18th.—Slept ill last night—rise unrefreshed—while breakfast things are removing, scrawl the story of the "Bold Dragoon"—after breakfast resume the Italian story—rewrite what I wrote yesterday, and add eight or nine pages—feel haggard from want of rest last night.

February 19th.—Wake very early in the morning and try in vain to

sleep again—after breakfast resume the story of the "Mysterious Picture"—Captain Medwin calls, but I continue writing—finish the story by half past three, having written twenty-three pages since half past nine—dine at Dr. Maclaughlin's—present several gentlemen whom I knew by sight, but not by name, except Colonel Thornton—Thornton speaks of the handsome manner in which General Jackson sent back watches and epaulettes, that had been taken from officers at New Orleans—speaks of the custom in war, not to fire upon individuals—even if reconnoitring parties advance too near, when no actual engagement is going on, they are hailed and desired to keep back.

February 20th.—Slept ill last night—after breakfast this morning, resume and write the stories of the "Aunt," and the "Bold Dragoon"—twenty-three pages—at four o'clock go to Galignani's—Galignani proposes my editing an edition of "British Classics"—promise to think of it—he is about publishing Knickerbocker—dined at Medwin's with Mr. Jenkinson and Mr. Mills—I was oppressed by torpor and heaviness.

February 22d.—Rewrite the story of "My Uncle and the Marquis"—fourteen pages.

February 23d.—This morning write introduction to Robber tales—twelve pages—interrupted by various circumstances—Galignani and Didot call to engage me as editor of their edition of "British Classics"—refer them to Peter.

February 24th.—Wakeful at night—write five pages—story of Popkins—all the worse for writing—went with Peter to Galignani's—talked of the editing of British authors—they offered 20,000 francs—stated my terms.

February 25th.—Awoke early—felt greatly relieved by the bath and sleep of last night—wrote in bed on the Robber story, namely, the adventure of Popkins—ten pages before breakfast—after breakfast wrote the concluding adventure of the attack of the escort—ten pages.

March 11th.—Write from five o'clock this morning at author—Mr. Galignani calls this morning about my editing suite of English authors—we cannot agree about the first condition—namely, an advance of £100—he goes off to consult Didot.

March 13th.—Galignani called to-day and acceded to my terms.

March 14th.—Write prospectus and terms for collection of British Literature—Galignani calls and agrees to my terms—250 francs a volume —2,500 francs in advance.

He asks an advance because he did not wish to put his name, which was his capital, to a doubtful enterprise without some certain remuneration.

March 15th.—Write introduction to "Wolfert Webber"—received a present of books from Galignani and Baudry, for my correction of "Salmagundi" and Knickerbocker, consisting of thirty-three volumes octavo, elegantly bound, of choice French authors—Racine, La Fontaine, Molière, etc.

March 17th.—Write a little this morning at Buckthorne story—merely arranging it.

March 22d.—Wrote this morning at "Goldsmith's Life"—[for the collection of British Literature he had just agreed to edit]—at two o'clock went to a wedding, etc.—return home and find letter from Murray full of kindness and friendly profession—offers 1,200 guineas for my new work in two vols., without seeing it till in print.

March 25th.—Write to Murray requiring £1,500.

I give the letter, which shows that he had now abandoned his project of a second Sketch Book.

[*To John Murray.*]

PARIS, March 25, 1824.

MY DEAR SIR :—

Your letter of the 18th was a very gratifying one, as it so satisfactorily accounted for a silence which quite perplexed me. I do not regret having turned aside from my idea of preparing two more volumes of the "Sketch

Book," as I think I have run into a plan and thrown off writings which will be more novel and attractive. I have the materials for two volumes nearly prepared, but there will yet be a little rewriting and filling up necessary. I hope, however, to lay the work before you in the course of six weeks. I think the title will be "Tales of a Traveller," by Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. Your offer of twelve hundred guineas without seeing the MSS. is, I confess, a liberal one, and made in your own gentlemanlike manner, but I would rather you would see the MS. and make it *fifteen hundred.* Don't think me greedy after money; but in fact I have need of all I can get just now, as I can do five pounds' worth of good with every pound I can spare, and since the world won't let me live as I please, I find it very expensive to live with the world.

Those who have seen various parts of what I have prepared, think the work will be the best thing I have written, and that it will be very successful with the public. An author is not, perhaps, the best judge of his productions, otherwise I might throw my own opinion into the scale.

I shall go on to finish the work as soon as possible, and shall bring it over to England before long, as I can write upon it while there, and indeed while it is printing.

I write in excessive haste to save the mail, which is nearly closing.

Present my most kind remembrances to Mrs. Murray, and believe me, dear sir, Very sincerely, your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

I am writing with a bewildered head and feverish hand, having returned at almost daylight from a fancy ball at the British ambassador's—the most magnificent thing I have ever seen, and which must dazzle all Paris.

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON.—LETTER TO PETER.—INTERVIEW WITH MURRAY.—ATTENDS REPRESENTATION OF "CHARLES II."—LESLIE.—NEWTON.—MOORE.—WILLIAM SPENCER.—ROGERS.—LADY CAROLINE LAMB.—THE MAN OF MANY INVITATIONS.—LEAVES LONDON WITH MILLS FOR MANOR HOUSE, LYNDHURST.—GOES TO BATH TO MEET MOORE.—ELWYN'S DINNER.—EXTRACTS FROM MEMORANDUM BOOK.—FAREWELL TO MOORE.—LETTER TO PETER.—INTENT ON LITERARY OCCUPATION.—DINNER WITH ROGERS.—HIS GOOD STORY OF A FRENCH ABBÉ.—FALLS SHORT IN MANUSCRIPT FOR "TALES OF A TRAVELLER."—SUPPLIES THE DEFICIENCY.—STARTS FOR FRANCE.—LETTER TO MOORE ON THE WAY.—MOORE'S REPLY.—KENNEY AND SCROOPE DAVIES.

TWO months after the date of the letter to Murray, given at the close of the preceding chapter, leaving Peter in his bachelor quarters at No. 89 Rue Richelieu, Mr. Irving took his work over to England, and in a letter dated London, May 31, 1824, thus addresses that brother:—

My dear Brother:—

I arrived here safe and sound on Friday evening, after a very pleasant journey. I saw Murray on Saturday, and arranged the business in two minutes. He behaved like a gentleman. Told me he had not replied to my last letter, because he was in daily expectation of my arrival. That he agreed to my terms without seeing the MSS. That it could be put to press the moment I was ready, and should be printed as fast or as slowly

as I pleased. In a word, everything went as smoothly and pleasantly as heart could wish.

. . . . I got in time on Friday evening to see the second represen tation of "Charles II." It succeeds very well, though the critics attack the *language*. The fact is, the first act is extremely heavy, in consequence of being extremely ill played. . . . . The second act goes off famously, and so does the greater part of the third, in consequence of the excellent acting of Fawcett in Copp. He makes it one of the best things I ever saw him do. I shall assist Payne in pruning the piece to-day, and I have no doubt it will have a good run. Payne intends putting it to press immediately.

Leslie has completely established his reputation by his "Sancho in the Apartment of the Duchess." It is a lovely painting; one of the most charming things I have seen in modern art. It is decidedly the crack picture of the exhibition, and is greatly talked of. Lord Egremont is the owner of it. He has taken Leslie by the hand for this year or two past in a generous manner.

. . . . Newton's "Dr. Porceaugnac" is far beyond my expectations, and does him great credit. For composition and execution it is far the best thing he has done; and he has managed the subject so as to obviate the objections we apprehended. He is getting reputation as fast as could be wished.

I am rejoiced that I got my work ready before coming here, or I should have been full of perplexity and annoyance, as I am kept in a continual whirl. Moore is in town. I was with him a great part of the day before yesterday; yesterday he passed in the country; to-day we dine together.

I write in extreme haste, just to give you the main points of information. I will write fuller at more leisure.

Colonel Aspinwall tells me he has copious particulars about Kidd to give me.

Affectionately your brother,

W. I.

William Spencer has just invited me to take up my quarters at his lodgings, No. 4 Mount St., Grosvenor Square. Address to me there.

William Spencer, here mentioned, was the author of those exquisite lines familiar to every reader of poetry, beginning: "Too late I stayed—forgive the crime." Besides the literary characters mentioned in this letter, his memorandum book presents the following glimpses of Rogers, and specimens of his table talk. Byron, it will be remembered, had died at Missolonghi, in April, and his executors had insisted upon the total destruction of the Memoirs presented to Moore.

Sunday, May 30th.—Breakfasted with Rogers in company with Newton, Leslie, and Proctor, the poet. Rogers said that when Lord Byron and Lady Caroline Lamb quarreled, Lord Byron told him when men and women fell out the one that keeps the ground longest wins. "Lady Caroline gave in two minutes before me." Lady Caroline took all Lord Byron's letters, made a funeral pyre of them, put his miniature on the top, had a number of young girls to dance round, singing a kind of incantation, and burnt them; but mark you, they were only copies, and what made the ridiculousness complete was, that there was no one present to be taken in by it but herself, and *she was in the secret.*

He said when Lord and Lady Byron separated, Byron told all his friends, and Rogers among the number, that he alone was to blame.

Rogers thinks Murray the great loser by the burning of the MSS., as he bought a *post obit* work not to be available until the death of a man younger than himself; of course he ran a great risk; unexpectedly the death of that person makes the MSS. available in the course of a year, but he is deprived of his bargain.

Rogers says Moore does not recollect the MSS., and he says he does not believe he read it; as while in Paris he was so continually engaged he had not time to read even his billet doux.

Rogers suspected he himself is handled harshly in the Memoir, as Moore did not show it to him.

A few days later, his memorandum book contains this further specimen of the table-talk of the poet, who, it will be remembered, was one of the men most sought after in high society in England.

Saturday, June 5th.—Called on Rogers. He gave me an amusing instance of the sincerity of dinner invitations. He was invited by Lady J. to dine with her on a certain day. He endeavored to excuse himself, as he was about to leave town on a country excursion. She would take no excuse ; he must come ; would be glad to have him on any terms ; would take her chance, etc., etc. He accordingly promised to come if he should return from the country in time. He was asked by Lady B——— P——— to come on the same day ; he made the same excuse. She would not listen to it; he had disappointed her so often, he must come ; she would expect him, etc., etc.

The Duchess of S——— told him that when he returned to town he must come and dine with her ; she was always at home and would always be glad to see him, etc., etc., etc.

He returned to town on the day designated in the invitations ; made a morning call on Lady J———. "Well," cried she, "you are coming to dine ; that's so good of you; that's so friendly!"

"I will come with pleasure," replied Rogers, "if your table is not made up ; otherwise make no stranger of me ; I can dine elsewhere ; Lady B——— P——— has asked me," etc., etc.

"Why, really ; to treat you as a friend, we are expecting a great many ; our table is full, and if you could dine with Lady B——— ; you see I make no ceremony," etc., etc.

Rogers took his leave good-humoredly, and went to Lady B———.

"Ah! you are coming to say yes ; you mean to dine with us to-day ; that's so good of you, I'll never forget it," etc., etc.

"Why, indeed, I have come to accept, but yet don't put yourself to inconvenience : I can dine elsewhere."

"Why, really, we have issued invitations for as many as our table will

hold, but L. has not replied; if you could see him, and know whether he comes or not. If he does not come and you would take his place we would be *so* obliged," etc., etc.

Rogers had now his *dernier ressort*, the Duchess of S——, who was always at home and was always glad to see him, and would always take it as a favor if he would come *sans ceremonie*. He accordingly called on her, but she never said a word about his coming to dinner. In fine, the man of many invitations ate his dinner at a coffee-house, and spent a dull evening at a theatre.

A few days after the date of this record, he writes to Peter in a letter dated Manor House, Lyndhurst, June 10, 1824 :—

I passed about nine days in town, in a complete hurry. To attend to any literary concerns was impossible. Payne copied part of my MS., and got other parts copied by others, excepting about fifty pages which are to be sent to me here. I shall be able to forward all by the fifteenth *via* Liverpool. I left London on Monday last with Mills, and got here the same day to dinner. I have been here three days, the weather beautiful, and have taken advantage of it to see the neighborhood. The scenery about here is very fine ; a great deal of wild forest land. I am delighted with the manor house and its inhabitants. Mr. Compton * is . . . . a complete specimen of an English country gentleman. His whole establishment is perfect in its kind, and quite a study. . . . . I shall stay here until the 14th, when I go to Bath to meet Moore (whom I saw a great deal of in London). It will be the time of the musical festival. I shall pass a couple of days at Bath and then go on to Brummy.

I shall wait a few days longer before I put my work to press in London, as I wish the American edition to have a little chance for a start.

From this place Mr. Irving proceeded to Bath, where

* Brother-in-law of Frank Mills, an Oxford scholar with whom he had become acquainted at Paris, and whom he accompanied on this visit.

he had engaged to meet Moore, and on the 17th we have this record in his memorandum book.

Thursday, June 17th.—Breakfasted with Moore—rambled together about Bath—called at Catalani's, who was not up—left Bath at eleven in post-chaise with Moore for his cottage—drove through very pleasant country—Moore told me entertaining story of his becoming acquainted with a lady who had just buried her husband—arrived at the cottage between twelve and one—very pleasantly situated and a delightfully arranged little retreat—we rambled about the fields and to Bowood, the seat of Lord Lansdowne, a princely mansion of stone, with columns in front—fine park around—found Lord Lansdowne at home, who received us very kindly—walked over the grounds with us—pretty waterfall—wished us to stay to dinner—accompanied us part of the way back—begged me to call on him when I came to town—returned to the cottage to dinner—pleasant dinner—in the evening a delightful walk—passed the evening at the rectory—rector ill abed—large family of sons and daughters—very pleasant—returned home about half past nine, and went to my room at ten, but remained reading Lord Byron's MS. Memoirs till half past twelve.

Not *the* memoirs, of course, which had been destroyed, and which he had already read.

Moore's diary of this date has the following:—

June 17th.—Took Irving after dinner to show him to the Starkeys, but he was sleepy and did not open his mouth; the same at Elwyn's dinner. Not strong as a lion, but delightful as a domestic animal.

Elwyn's dinner was at Bath, on the 16th, and was given to a number of guests of both sexes. The modest American, a stranger to all probably but Moore, was not apt to "come out" on such occasions. Indeed, it was only in

the easy familiarity of domestic life, that he could be seen to the greatest advantage. It was here that the riches of his conversation were most apparent. His forte in this respect was his humor; much of which, however, was of a kind of which language can give no idea; it was not more in what he said, than in the way he said it; the play of feature, the eye, the tone, the gesture. There was a natural, easy, delightful sportiveness about his conversation when under no restraints of form or ceremony, a mixture of wit, whim, fun, and drollery, of which few could resist the fascination. His vivacity, however, was apt to desert him when he most needed it, and especially when among strangers, where he was conscious of particular or critical observation. Moore, on the other hand, was always a sprightly and reliable conversationalist, and ever ready to extract enjoyment from the flying moment, wherever passed. He seemed ever to rise in the morning, as Mr. Irving once remarked of him, with the words of the song on his lips:—

"Say, what shall be our sport to-day?"

I continue with the memorandum book:—

June 18*th.*—Rose at seven—read more of Lord Byron while dressing—pleasant breakfast—after breakfast adjourned to Moore's study, where I prepared a despatch for Murray of part of the MS. of "Strange Stories"—dined a little after two that I might get to ——— in time for the coach—after dinner set off with Moore, Mrs. Moore and Mr. Brannegan accompanying us part of the way—had a very pleasant walk with Moore through Lord Lansdowne's grounds to Mr. ——— where we found the

coach had just passed—stopped there and took tea while they sent for a chaise—Bowles church and parsonage in sight—had a pleasant gossiping cup of tea and then took an affectionate leave of that charming fellow Moore—a brilliant in head and heart.

From Birmingham, where he went from Moore's, to make a visit of a few days to his sister's family, he writes to Peter, July 29: "I have furnished Murray with MSS. of part of the first volume, but have received no proof sheet as yet:" and nine days later, we have the following letter addressed to this brother touching on various literary matters, and dated, as will be seen, from the residence of his Dresden friends, the Fosters, where he was now on a visit.

BRICKHILL, near BEDFORD, July 7, 1824.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

I arrived here from town last night on a visit to my kind Dresden friends, the Fosters, who have welcomed me as to my own home. I shall stay here seven or eight days at least.

I went from Birmingham to town to put the printers in motion, as I received no proof sheets. It was well I did, as I found Murray had intended keeping the work back till November. On finding the danger of being anticipated by an American edition, he changed his plan and has advertised it for the first of August, and set the press hard at work. I now receive proof sheets daily and can push the publication as briskly as I please; but I do not wish to hurry it too quickly. I fancy it will appear about the tenth of August. I shall take care to forward sheets to America. There is no danger of the work's being pirated in America, under any circumstances. The public would set their faces against it.

Five days later, July 12, he writes from the same place to Peter:—

I shall leave here on Thursday next for London, but shall leave it almost immediately on a hasty excursion to Yorkshire ; which performed, I shall think of getting over to France as soon as possible, and if you are still at Havre, will come that way. I wish to get back to Paris, and get to work again. . . . .

I told you in my last, that I am to prepare an improved and enlarged edition of "Salmagundi" for Murray. I shall get materials for Rogers' and Campbell's biographies in London, and then, if I can get a quiet room at Auteuil for the month of August, I think I can get a profitable little lot of work done. I feel the impulse strong on me to keep my pen moving, and am resolved not to flag nor falter until I have secured plenty of the needful to make life easy.

The last entry in his memorandum book gives us a further allusion to Rogers, whose biography and that of Campbell he was intending to prepare for the collection of British Literature, for which Galignani had engaged his pen, though he never got beyond a brief life of Goldsmith, in an undertaking which soon fell to the ground.

Called at Rogers'—found Kenney and Rogers' brother breakfasting with him—sat and chatted till twelve—went with Kenney to Leslie's.—Dined with Rogers *tête-à-tête*—he was very critical and censorious on Moore and others—told a good story of the French Abbés—before the French Revolution, at the houses of the principal noblemen there would be a plate left for some chance Abbé—and the first that arrived took it—about dinner time you would see the Abbés [illegible] picking their way from the top of one stone to another—ringing or rapping at the *port-cocher*, and inquiring—*y-a-t-il de place ? Non, Monsieur ;* then he would tillup onward.—On one occasion, at the commencement of the revolution, there was a party dining—the cart went by carrying criminals to the guillotine—all the company ran to the windows—the Abbé being a short

man tried to peep on tiptoe, but in vain, so he went down to the *port-cocher.*—As the vehicle went by, one of the victims, who knew the Abbé, bowed to him—the Abbé returned the salutation—"What! you are his friend—you are one of them—away with him"—the poor Abbé was hoisted into the cart and hurried to the guillotine.—The company having satisfied their curiosity, returned to the table—the Abbé's place was vacant—*Mais où est M. l'Abbé?*—Alas! the poor Abbé was already headless.

July 30th, he writes to Peter from London:—

I had hoped by this time to be on my way for France, but the work has been thrown back this last week, by finding the MSS. not sufficient to furnish matter for two octavo volumes, so I am obliged to supply a couple of sheets for each volume.

The first volume I help out by introduction, and by introducing passages into "Buckthorne's Life."

I have just scribbled off another robber tale for the second, which will nearly supply the needful, and I think will increase the effect of the third part. It makes me feel more confident of the series of Banditti tales.

The moment I have corrected the last proof sheet, I shall start.

Having risen early on the morning of August 13, and corrected proof sheets till nine, and received Murray's drafts for the "Tales of a Traveller" at six, nine, and twelve months, for 500 guineas each; he left London at two o'clock in coach for Brighton, crossed thence the next day to Dieppe, and the day following had engaged lodgings at Auteuil, a few miles from Paris, where, as we have seen, he was hoping to do a profitable lot of work.

It was at Brighton, on his way, that he addressed to Moore, this, as the poet terms it in his diary, "very amus-

ing letter," for a copy of which I am indebted to the courtesy of the poet's biographer, Lord John, now Earl Russell.

[*To Thomas Moore.*]

BRIGHTON, August 14, 1824.

"My boat is on the shore
And my bark is on the sea;"

I forget how the song ends, but here I am at Brighton just on the point of embarking for France. I have dragged myself out of London as a horse drags himself out of the slough or a fly out of a honey pot, almost leaving a limb behind him at every tug. Not that I have been immersed in pleasure and surrounded by sweets, but rather up to the ears in ink and harassed by printer's devils.

I never have had such fagging in altering, adding, and correcting; and I have been detained beyond all patience by the delays of the press. Yesterday I absolutely broke away without waiting for the last sheets. They are to be sent after me here by mail to be corrected this morning, or else they must take their chance. From the time I first started pen in hand on this work, it has been nothing but hard driving with me.

I have not been able to get to Tunbridge to see the Donegals, which I really and greatly regret. Indeed I have seen nobody except a friend or two, who had the kindness to hunt me out. Among these was Mr. Story, and I ate a dinner there that it took me a week to digest, having been obliged to swallow so much hard-favored nonsense from a loud-talking baronet whose name, thank God, I forget, but who maintained Byron was not a man of courage, and therefore his poetry was not readable. I was really afraid he would bring John Story to the same way of thinking.

I went a few evenings since to see Kenney's new piece, the "Alcaid." It went off lamely, and the "Alcaid" is rather a bore, and comes near to be generally thought so. Poor Kenney came to my room next even-

ing, and I could not have believed that one night could have ruined a man so completely. I swear to you I thought at first it was a flimsy suit of clothes had left some bedside and walked into my room without waiting for the owner to get up ; or that it was one of those frames on which clothiers stretch coats at their shop doors, until I perceived a thin face sticking edgeways out of the collar of the coat like the axe in a bundle of fasces. He was so thin, and pale, and nervous, and exhausted—he made a dozen difficulties in getting over a spot in the carpet, and never would have accomplished it if he had not lifted himself over by the points of his shirt collar.

I saw Rogers just as I was leaving town. He told me he had seen you, and that the christening was soon to take place.

I had not time to ask Rogers any particulars about you, and indeed he is not exactly the man from whom I would ask news about my friends. I dined *tête-à-tête* with him some time since, and he served up his friends as he served up his fish, with a squeeze of lemon over each. It was very piquant, but it rather set my teeth on edge.

I hope you are working at Lord Byron's life. Sheridan's can keep without disadvantage, but now is the time to work at Lord B. so as to bring it out before the interest shall have died away, or that others shall have usurped the public mind with respect to him.

I met Mrs. Brannegan one evening at the opera, and on parting inquired her address. I was too busy to call for a day or two, and made my call the very day she had departed.

Farewell, my dear Moore. Let me hear from you, if but a line ; particularly if my work pleases you, but don't say a word against it. I am easily put out of humor with what I do. Give as much love to Mrs. Moore, as it is respectable in a husband to countenance, and tell her I have ordered a copy of my work to be sent to her,

Yours ever,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following is Moore's reply :—

1824.

MY DEAR IRVING :—

I take the opportunity of a packet to Paris to tell you that your book is delightful. I never can answer for what the public will like, but if they do not devour this with their best appetite, then is good writing, good fun, good sense, and all other goods of authorship thrown away upon them. I had to listen to Lord Lansdowne the other evening reading over whole pages of "Buckthorne" which I already knew by heart, but which he seemed so pleased with that it would have been a sin to stop him. Luttrell also has been warm in your praises, and altogether your muse, I think, treads upon velvet.

We have had Bowood swarming with aristocracy and wit, and I have been gallanting the fair Genoese, Madlle Durazzo, to mass [at Wardour] and other gayeties. Lord Bath's also has been among my visiting places, and upon the whole I have been quite as idle as I ought *not* to have been.

Your lively letter from Brighton was far too sprightly to be kept under cork, and accordingly it effervesced out at Bowood, much to poor Kenney's exposure and the delight of every one. I *never* read anything so good, even in your books. That "*infidus scurra*," Kenney (as I could collect from Rogers), showed me up for the dinner I made my good-natured friend in Cleveland Row give you all. It *was* an officious trick of me, I own.

We had little Russell christened while Lord John was here, and I am afraid he will be a chip of the old block, for he was laughing at the parson all the time of the operation.

God bless you, my dear Irving,

Ever heartily yours,

THOMAS MOORE.

Bessy likes you rather too well to make her praise of your book worth much, but she is enchanted.

The dinner here alluded to, is touched upon in Mr. Irving's diary in this way: "Dined at Mr. Moore's near the park—with Kenney, Moore, Newton, and Fitzroy

Stanhope—sat long at table—talked about Scroope Davies—from thence went to Mrs. Story's to supper—all the party dull and heavy." In conversation I have heard him allude to Kenney's annoyance at an incessant interchange of anecdotes about "Scroope Davies," that was kept up between Moore and Fitzroy Stanhope, whom Moore included at the last moment in the dinner, at first intended only for Kenney, Newton, and Irving, which would have made "a good *ensemble*." Fitzroy Stanhope was a stranger to all but Moore, and did not fit in to the party. He was decidedly *de trop* for the "unrestrained flow of soul" which Kenney and the other two had promised themselves. "You have spoiled the dinner," said Mr. Irving to Moore, when he told him of the innovation; "he is a stranger to us all and will not be of accord." "Never you fear," said Moore, "we'll spread him over the scale, like a false note in music." "But I was right," said Mr. Irving, in relating the anecdote; "it spoiled the dinner." "O!" said Kenney to him on their way to Mrs. Story's, "it was nothing but Scroope Davies this, and Scroope Davies that; they killed me with their Scroope Davies." It was probably after this infliction that Kenney related the anecdote, which I quote from Moore's Diary, and which may have had a significance which Moore knew how to interpret, when he wrote his letter to Mr. Irving.

Kenney mentioned to-day Charles Lamb's being once bored by a lady praising to him such a "charming man!" etc., etc., ending with: "I

know him, bless him!" on which Lamb said, "Well, I don't, but damn him at a hazard!"

Kenney was no doubt ready with a similar chance imprecation upon Scroope Davies, specimens of whose wit formed the burden of the feast.

In a letter received by Mr. Irving soon after from Newton is this passage: "When you see Kenney give my best regards to him. I hope he has recovered entirely from Scroope Davies; his friend Stanhope is looking remarkably well."

CHAPTER IV.

PUBLICATION OF THE "TALES OF A TRAVELLER."—INTERRUPTIONS OF SOCIETY. —HIS EVIL GENIUS.—DOWNHEARTED. —LETTER TO PIERRE PARIS IRVING. —LETTER TO LESLIE.—LETTER TO BREVOORT.—CLOSE OF 1824.

THE "Tales of a Traveller" was published in London on the 25th of August, in two octavo volumes, and at a price fixed by Murray, which occasioned some murmurs, though it sold rapidly. In New York it was published in four parts; the first part consisting of "Strange Stories," by a Nervous Gentleman, August 24; the second part, "Buckthorne and his Friends," September 7; the thirt part, "The Italian Banditti," September 25; and the fourth, "The Money Diggers," October 9; this last, nearly seven weeks later than the appearance of the entire volumes in London.

The reputation of the author was fully kept up by the work, but it did not excite so much surprise, and consequently obtain as much popularity with the public, as his previous productions; "wherein," says Newton, in a letter dated October 7, 1824, "you will only find the lot of all popular writers when they give the world a

work, however well executed, but resembling in its nature what they have already done; the better, the worse for them." Newton thought he never did anything better than "The Bold Dragoon;" "the dance of the furniture is capital indeed;" "'Buckthorne,' too," he says, "and all the 'Money Digging' part told amazingly well," but, he adds, "the 'Young Italian' seemed to be as much a favorite as any. I heard Hallam quoting it the other day, as one of the finest specimens of your writing."

The "Tales of a Traveller," however, which in his view contained some of the best things he had ever written, found little favor with some of the British critics; and in his own country, which felt a generous pride in his extended reputation, it had hardly proceeded to the publication of the first and second parts, before he was told there were some "violent demonstrations of hostility" on the part of the press.

A leaf in his note-book gives the following disclosure:—

November 23d.—Went to Galignani's—met my evil genius there, who told me the critics were attacking me like the devil in England—returned home for a short time, but could not remain—downhearted.

The letters which follow, somewhat varying in tone and character, will now be in place.

The first is addressed to the eldest son of his brother Ebenezer, who, at the early age of eighteen, had ventured into print in some contributions to a little periodical

called "The Fly," which ran through five numbers and expired.

[*To Pierre Paris Irving.*]

PARIS, December 7, 1824.

MY DEAR PIERRE :—

I have long intended to answer your letter, but I am so much occupied at one time and interrupted at another, that I am compelled to be a very irregular correspondent. I have been much gratified by the good accounts I hear of you from various quarters, and have been pleased with the little periodical work which you sent me, which gave proof of very promising talent. I am sorry, however, to find you venturing into print at so early an age, as I consider it extremely disadvantageous. I would have you study assiduously for several years to come, without suffering yourself, either by your own inclinations or the suggestions of your friends, to be persuaded to commit the merest trifle to the press. Let me impress this most earnestly upon you. I speak from observation and experience as to the pernicious effects of early publishing. It begets an eagerness to reap before one has sown. It produces too often an indisposition to further study, and a restless craving after popular applause. There is nothing that a very young man can write that will not be full of faults and errors, and when once printed they remain to cause him chagrin and self-reproach in his after years. The article you wrote in the periodical work, for instance, was very clever as to composition, and was all that could be expected from a writer of your age ; but then you showed yourself ignorant of music, though you undertook to satirize a musical performance; at a riper age you would not have committed this error. The composition you were ridiculing must have been one of the sublime productions of Handel or Haydn, and the performer, whose gesticulation you describe so extravagantly, must have been the leader of the band, who by look and sign has to regulate the performance of the whole band, keep them all in time, and direct their style of playing, according to the expression of the music. I mention this only to let you

see how readily one is betrayed into error by writing, or rather publishing, at an early and uninformed age.

I hope, however, your literary vein has been but a transient one, and that you are preparing to establish your fortune and reputation on a better basis than literary success. I hope none of those whose interests and happiness are dear to me will be induced to follow my footsteps, and wander into the seductive but treacherous paths of literature. There is no life more precarious in its profits and fallacious in its enjoyments than that of an author. I speak from an experience which may be considered a favorable and prosperous one ; and I would earnestly dissuade all those with whom my voice has any effect from trusting their fortunes to the pen. For my part, I look forward with impatience to the time when a moderate competency will place me above the necessity of writing for the press. I have long since discovered that it is indeed "vanity and vexation of spirit."

I trust you will take a wiser and surer course. If you have entered upon the profession of the law, fit yourself for the exercise of it by profound and extensive study ; do not rest satisfied with the mere technicalities of it ; but enter widely into the noble studies connected with it. Discipline yourself well ; consider what you have learned at college as merely preparatory to a wider range of inquiry. Make yourself an excellent scholar, and store your mind with general, yet accurately acquired and well-digested information. Do not meddle much with works of the imagination. Your imagination needs no feeding ; indeed it is a mental quality that always takes care of itself ; and is too apt to interfere with the others. Strengthen your judgment ; cultivate habits of close thinking; and in all your reading let KNOWLEDGE be the great object. I feel myself called upon to urge these matters ; because, from some passages in your letter, it would seem that some idle writing of mine had caught your fancy, and awakened a desire to follow my footsteps. If you think my path has been a flowery one, you are greatly mistaken ; it has too often lain among thorns and brambles, and been darkened by care and despondency. Many and many a time have I regretted that at my early outset in life I had not been imperiously bound down to some regular and

useful mode of life, and been thoroughly inured to habits of business; and I have a thousand times regretted with bitterness that ever I was led away by my imagination. Believe me, the man who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, eats oftener a sweeter morsel, however coarse, than he who procures it by the labor of his brains.

I wish to impress these matters upon you, because you are the eldest of your father's family. The oldest son should consider himself the second father of the family. I am anxious to hear of your making a valuable practical man of business, whatever profession or mode of life you adopt; and that by your example and your attentions you may guide and instruct your brothers. Our country is a glorious one for merit to make its way in, and wherever talents are properly matured, and are supported by honorable principles and amiable manners, they are sure to succeed. As for the talk about modest merit being neglected, it is too often a cant, by which indolent and irresolute men seek to lay their want of success at the door of the public. Modest merit is too apt to be inactive or negligent, or uninstructed merit. Well-matured and well-disciplined talent is always sure of a market, provided it exerts itself; but it must not cower at home and expect to be sought for. There is a good deal of cant, too, in the whining about the success of forward and impudent men, while men of retiring worth are passed over with neglect. But it happens often that those forward men have that valuable quality of promptness and activity, without which worth is a mere inoperative property.

A barking dog is often more useful than a sleeping lion. Endeavor to make your talents convertible to ready use, prompt for the occasion, and adapted to the ordinary purposes of life; cultivate strength rather than gracefulness; in our country it is the useful, not the ornamental, that is in demand.

I will now advert to another thing which is very near to my heart, and a constant cause of solicitude. There is a large family connection of you growing up. I wish to urge the cultivation of a common union of interest and affection among you. The good of one should be considered the good of the whole. You should stand by each other in word and deed; "in evil report and in good report;" discarding every petty spirit of jealousy;

promoting each other's happiness, and building up each other's prosperity. In this way you may contribute wonderfully to each other's respectability and success in life. Endeavor also to make the name you bear one that shall be synonymous with honor, sincerity, and perfect faith. Whatever be your dealings, public or private, let no temporary advantage, however flattering, entice you away from the strict line of open probity. However great the immediate sacrifice, frank and open truth always gains in the end. . . . .

Give my best love to the family, and believe me ever,

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To C. R. Leslie.*]

PARIS, Rue Richelieu, No. 89, December 8th, 1824.

MY DEAR LESLIE :—

I have been for a long time intending to write to you, but my spirit has been so inert as not to be able to summon up a page full of ideas. However, as Brockedon is on the point of starting, and will take a letter free of cost, I will scrawl a line, if it is only in testimony of constant recollection.

The "Childe" has given me a mere inkling of his northern visit, just enough to tantalize curiosity. I wish you would give me a few anecdotes on the subject. You must have had a rare time; and I envy above everything your residence at Abbotsford. I am told, the Great Unknown was absolutely besieged by a legion of "panthers," that you really surrounded him ; one taking a point-blank elevation of him in full front, another in profile, another in rear ; happy to sketch a likeness whichever side presented.

To you the visit must have been peculiarly interesting and advantageous ; for knowing your taste and turn of mind, I am sure you would find Scott full of precious matter, and would derive a world of valuable hints from your conversation with him. I long to hear something of your visit at Abbotsford, and would give anything for a good long talk with you on the subject.

Have you begun your new picture for Lord Egremont? Brockedon speaks with great emphasis of your "Autolycus." I do not know whether you have done anything to it since I saw it, or whether he means the picture in its half-finished state. I certainly think your head of "Autolycus" one of your happiest efforts of character and expression. But, in fact, you have now but to dash boldly at whatever you conceive; you have the power of achieving whatever you attempt, and the certainty of having whatever you achieve appreciated by the public.

When you see Newton, remember me affectionately to him. Let me know what he is doing, and how he is doing it. I often look back with fondness and regret on the times we lived together in London, in a delightful community of thought and feeling; struggling our way onward in the world, but cheering and encouraging each other. I find nothing to supply the place of that heartfelt fellowship. I trust that you and Newton have a long career of increasing success and popularity before you. Of my own fate I sometimes feel a doubt. I am isolated in English literature, without any of the usual aids and influences by which an author's popularity is maintained and promoted. I have no literary coterie to cry me up; no partial reviewer to pat me on the back; the very review of my publisher is hostile to everything American. I have nothing to depend on but the justice and courtesy of the public, and how long the public may continue to favor the writings of a stranger, or how soon it may be prejudiced by the scribblers of the press, is with me a matter of extreme uncertainty. I have one proud reflection, however, to sustain myself with—that I have never in any way sought to sue the praises nor deprecate the censures of reviewers, but have left my works to rise or fall by their own deserts. If the public will keep with me a little longer, until I can secure a bare competency, I feel as if I shall be disposed to throw by the pen, or only to use it as a mere recreation. Do write to me soon. I long to hear from you. How often do I miss you in moments when I feel cast down and out of heart; and how often at times when some of the odd scenes of life present themselves, which we used to enjoy so heartily together.

Three days later he wrote as follows :—

[*To Henry Brevoort.*]

PARIS, Rue Richelieu, No. 89, December 11, 1824.

. . . . I cannot tell you what pleasure I have received from long chats with Lynch * about old times and old associates. His animated and descriptive manner has put all New York before me, and made me long to be once more there. I do not know whether it be the force of early impressions and associations, or whether it be really well-founded, but there is a charm about that little spot of earth ; that beautiful city and its environs, that has a perfect spell over my imagination. The bay, the rivers and their wild and woody shores, the haunts of my boyhood, both on land and water, absolutely have a witchery over my mind. I thank God for my having been born in so beautiful a place among such beautiful scenery; I am convinced I owe a vast deal of what is good and pleasant in my nature to the circumstance.

I feel continually indebted to your kindness for the interest you have taken in my affairs, and in the success of my works in America. I begin to feel extremely anxious to secure a little income from my literary property, that shall put me beyond the danger of recurring penury; and shall render me independent of the necessity of laboring for the press. I should like to write occasionally for my amusement, and to have the power of throwing my writings either into my portfolio, or into the fire. I enjoy the first conception and first sketchings down of my ideas, but the correcting and preparing them for the press is irksome, and publishing is detestable.

My last work has a good run in England, and has been extremely well spoken of by some of the worthies of literature, though it has met with some handling from the press. The fact is, I have kept myself so aloof from all clanship in literature that I have no allies among the scribblers

* Dominick Lynch of New York.

for the periodical press ; and some of them have taken a pique against me for having treated them a little cavalierly in my writings. However, as I do not read criticism, good or bad, I am out of the reach of attack. If my writings are worth anything, they will outlive temporary criticism; if not, they are not worth caring about. Some parts of my last work were written rather hastily ; yet I am convinced that a great part of it was written in a free and happier vein than almost any of my former writings. . . . . I fancy much of what I value myself upon in writing, escapes the observation of the great mass of my readers, who are intent more upon the story than the way in which it is told. For my part, I consider a story merely as a frame on which to stretch my materials. It is the play of thought, and sentiment, and language ; the weaving in of characters, lightly, yet expressively delineated ; the familiar and faithful exhibition of scenes in common life ; and the half-concealed vein of humor that is often playing through the whole,—these are among what I aim at, and upon which I felicitate myself in proportion as I think I succeed. I have preferred adopting the mode of sketches and short tales rather than long works, because I choose to take a line of writing peculiar to myself, rather than fall into the manner or school of any other writer ; and there is a constant activity of thought and a nicety of execution required in writings of the kind, more than the world appears to imagine. It is comparatively easy to swell a story to any size when you have once the scheme and the characters in your mind; the mere interest of the story, too, carries the reader on through pages and pages of careless writing, and the author may often be dull for half a volume at a time, if he has some striking scene at the end of it ; but in these shorter writings, every page must have its merit. The author must be continually piquant ; woe to him if he makes an awkward sentence or writes a stupid page; the critics are sure to pounce upon it. Yet if he succeed, the very variety and piquancy of his writings—nay, their very brevity, make them frequently recurred to, and when the mere interest of the story is exhausted, he begins to get credit for his touches of pathos or humor ; his points of wit or turns of language. I give these as some of the reasons that have induced me to keep on thus far in the way

I had opened for myself ; because I find by recent letters from E. I. that you are joining in the oft-repeated advice that I should write a novel. I believe the works that I have written will be oftener re-read than any novel of the size that I could have written. It is true other writers have crowded into the same branch of literature, and I now begin to find myself elbowed by men who have followed my footsteps ; but at at any rate I have had the merit of adopting a line for myself, instead of following others.

Three days after the date of this letter, his diary has this record :

"*December* 14*th.* — Received letter from New York, signed 'a friend,' inclosing scurrilous newspaper tirade against me." Repetitions of such "friendship" left no doubt of its malignant origin, and the ill-will displayed by its continuance, combined with the services of his "evil genius" at Galignani's, to which allusion has been already made, will help to interpret the extracts which follow from his diary, closing his record of the year.

December 28*th.*—Returned home—find letter to Peter from Beasley, inclosing American paper [no doubt containing another attack]. 29*th.*—A restless, sleepless night, full of uncomfortable thoughts—woke before four—studied Spanish after breakfast—took lesson from eleven to twelve—went to Galignani's—read a very favorable critique on French translation of "Tales of a Traveller"—two French translations have appeared—called at Mr. West's [William E. West, the American artist]—Mrs. Patterson sitting for her picture—Lynch there—stayed till half-past three—walked in Palais Royal—returned home—dined with Peter—studied Spanish in the evening—a triste day, though laughed a good deal both at West's and at dinner—a merry head may sometimes go with a

heavy heart. 30*th*.—Rather low in spirits—but frequent gleams of resolution and self-promises of better things. 31*st*.—Retire to bed at eleven —this has been a dismal day of depression, and closes a year, part of which has been full of sanguine hope, of social enjoyment, peace of mind, and health of body ; and the latter part saddened by disappointments and distrust of the world and of myself ; by sleepless nights and joyless days. May the coming year prove more thoroughly propitious !

CHAPTER V.

LETTER TO PIERRE PARIS IRVING.—OVERTURES FOR A LIFE OF WASHINGTON.—UNABLE TO APPLY HIMSELF.—PAULDING'S REBUKE.—DETERMINES TO GO TO WORK.—LEAVES PARIS WITH PETER FOR BORDEAUX.—THE VINTAGE.—"AMERICAN ESSAYS."—AN ILL-BODING FAILURE.—EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.—CLOSE OF 1825.

I GIVE the following letter from a copy placed in my hands by the party to whom it is addressed. The reader will remember that in a previous letter, to the same juvenile correspondent, his uncle had rather rebuked his premature literary outbreak. In this communication he touches, among other things, on the subject of languages.

[*To Pierre Paris Irving.*]

PARIS, March 29, 1825.

MY DEAR PIERRE :—

I am very much gratified by your letter ; it is full of good sense and good feeling. You have taken the observations of my former letter, however, much too strongly, if you have suffered them to produce anything like mortification. They were rather meant to warn you for the future, not to censure you for the past. I had felt in my own case how insensibly a young man gets beguiled away by the imagination, and wanders from

the safe *beaten* path of life, to lose himself in the mazes of literature Scarcely any author ever set forth with the intention or surmise of becoming such ; he becomes so by degrees ; and I have seen enough of literary life to warn all of those who are dear to me, should I see any danger of their straying into it. . . . .

I am glad you do not relinquish your studies. On the contrary, task yourself to become a valuable man at all points. . . . . When you have leisure, do not waste it in idle society ; by idle, I mean what is termed fashionable society. Of all places I was ever in, New York is one where more time is wasted at that precious period of life when the seeds of knowledge are to be sown, and the habits formed that are to determine the character and fortunes of after life. I speak this from sad experience. How many an hour of hard labor and hard study have I had to subject myself to, to atone in a slight degree for the hours which I suffered society to cheat me out of. Young people enter into society in America at an age that they are cooped up in schools in Europe. . . . .

I suppose you know something of modern languages. French is the great medium of general conversation throughout the world, and should be completely mastered. It is one of the most difficult, unless taken up at an early age, on account of the nicety of its sounds or rather half-sounds ; all other languages have a fullness of tone that the ear and the tongue catch pretty soon ; but the French, with its semi-tones, is barbarous on an unpracticed tongue. It is the most limited, too, of modern languages, abounding in constructions and terms of expression and idiomatical phrases, to supply the defect of its paucity of words ; these make it a barren language in the mouth of any one who is not well acquainted with its idioms, and who has not studied it well. But as the course of events has made it a universal language, in preference to others which are more sonorous and copious, it is necessary to become well acquainted with it. The Spanish language, on the contrary, is full of power, magnificence, and melody. To my taste it excels the Italian in variety and expression. It has twice the quantity of words that the French has. I do not know anything that delights me more than the old Spanish literature. You will find some splendid histories in the language, and

then its poetry is full of animation, pathos, humor, beauty, sublimity. The old literature of Spain partakes of the character of its history and its people ; there is an oriental splendor about it. The mixture of Arabic fervor, magnificence, and romance, with old Castilian pride and punctilio; the chivalrous heroism ; the immaculate virtue ; the sublimated notions of honor and courtesy, all contrast finely with the sensual amours, the self-indulgences, the unprincipled and crafty intrigues, which so often form the groundwork of Italian story.

With all the charms of Italian literature, the greater part of its *belles-lettres* is unfit for youthful reading, particularly for female reading ; it depicts a most immoral and despicable state of society ; it breathes profligacy. The Italian language is rich in historical works. As far as I can judge from my own reading, the literatures the most free from licentiousness in morals are the Spanish and the German. The Spanish, because the greater part was written at a time when romantic notions prevailed in Spain of manly honor and female virtue ; and the German, because almost all its *belles-lettres* have been produced within the last fifty years under the restraints of modern decency. I don't know any dramatists who have written so much, and whose writings are so free from any thing that would call up a blush on the most sensitive cheek, as old Calderon among the Spaniards and Schiller among the Germans, and I do not know any that have shown a freer scope of imagination and finer sallies of language.

But I am running away into a kind of dissertation, when I only meant to make an incidental remark on the subject of languages. . . . . I again repeat, devote as much of your time as you can spare from business and healthful exercise, to the storing your mind with valuable information, such as will make you a useful man and an important member of a busy community. Do not be impatient to enter into society and make a figure in drawing-rooms. A man can seldom figure to any purpose until he has acquired the knowledge and experience of years ; and as to the trifling distinction that a clever young man sometimes gains, it is transient ; often injurious to himself, and never conducive to any valuable and permanent result.

In July of this year, Mr. Irving, still at Paris, received overtures from Constable for a life of Washington, while at the same time Murray hoped seriously that he had not been idle, and that he would allow him to look for a communication from him "on the subject of an original work," which he was "happy to say the public would be much delighted to receive." But he was not at all anxious to undertake anything for publication at this period of his career. He had in fact become distrustful of the continuance of public favor, and under the discouragement of some ill-natured flings from the American press, and the persevering malevolence of the anonymous individual, who was assiduous in forwarding them, he had lost heart in his vocation, and lacked the needed stimulus to exertion. His old friend and literary associate, to whom he had given expression to his doubts and misgivings, rebukes the cloudy humor in the following characteristic fashion.

It gives me some little dissatisfaction to perceive [writes Paulding, September 3] that you suffer yourself to be influenced in the pursuit of a great object by the squibs and crackers of criticism. For my part I have not, like you, been sufficiently praised to feel much the want of it; I am a hardened sinner, and if I know myself, care very little about the decisions of tribunals whose judgments can eventually have little influence on the opinions of posterity. Whatever little rubs of this kind you may receive, place them to the account of the spleen and envy of unsuccessful rivals, who not being able to raise themselves to you, seek to bring you down to them. As to the voice of your own country, it is entirely in your favor. She is proud of you, and the most obscure recesses

of the land, even old "Sleepy Hollow," are becoming almost classical, in consequence of the notice you have taken of them. Old Knickerbocker will last forever, as the great popular work of this country, quoted by wags for its humor, and referred to by historians for its accuracy. You know I am rather a cynic than a flatterer, and you ought to know that of all men I would not flatter you. Your works continue to be regularly called for and sold, now that the moment of novelty is passed, and this is the best indication of a substantial reputation.

But prior to the date of this extract, Washington was beginning once more to "feel power and confidence to write," and had made up his "mind to go to work." "I think we must manage to see the vintage at Bordeaux," he writes to Peter at Havre, August 26, "though for the present I have given up the idea of my Spanish tour, and am determined not to make it until I have wielded the pen a little, and at least earned the cost of the expedition."

On the 22d of September, the two brothers left Paris, and on the 30th reached Bordeaux, where, under the auspices of their hospitable friend, Mr. Guestier of Chateau Margaux, they *saw the vintage.*

I close the history of this year with a few extracts from his diary while in this city, where he remained four months.

October 31*st.*—Dined at Mr. Johnston's with the Guestiers—before dinner, Mr. Guestier mentioned the contents of a letter from Beasley from London, containing the disastrous intelligence of the failure of Samuel Williams—passed a restless night—my mind haunted by apprehensions of evil. [He feared that his own fortunes and the fortunes of relatives were entangled in this calamity.]

November 1st.—Tried to write this morning, but the news of Mr. Williams' failure had incapacitated me—in evening tolerably tranquil in mind, though full of doubts.

November 24th.—In bed this morning thought of a plan of a miscellany—talked over the name at breakfast with Peter—the plan developed in the progress of conversation—both felt cheered and animated by it—write late at night on Essays—go to bed after twelve—some time before I can get to sleep—make notes, etc.

November 25th.—Awoke early—made notes for Essays—*Mem.:* last night dreamt of being in a large old house—found it giving way above—escaped and saw it falling to ruins—it took fire—thought all my property and especially my manuscripts were in it—rushed toward the house exclaiming, I am now not worth a sixpence—found one room of the house uninjured, and my brother, E. I., in it arranging papers, wiping books, etc.—told me that he had just managed to save everything that belonged to us by putting them into this one room that remained uninjured.

This dream was doubtless occasioned by my letter to E. I. written yesterday, and requesting him in case of difficulty to place my literary property, etc., in the hands of Brevoort, or J. T. I. [John T. Irving.]

November 26th.—Awoke early—mind busy—made notes in memorandum book—after breakfast wrote at my Essay—naval remarks—walked out at three o'clock—called on Mr. Strobel, and looked for lodgings—dined at *table-d'hôte*—napped—went to *Café*—read newspapers—took coffee—returned home and wrote until past twelve o'clock—ever since I have resumed my pen, my spirits have revived and my mind is rising into tone.

November 27th.—Did not get asleep until near two—woke at four—made notes for "American Essays"—after breakfast wrote a little.

November 28th.—Write this morning at "Essay on Manners"—paid off bill at Hotel de France, and moved to lodgings No. 24 Rue Roland—second floor—two rooms at fifty francs a month.

November 29th.—Slept well last night—write at the "American Essays."

November 30th.—Slept well—mind tranquil—write this morning at Essay on treatment of strangers in America.

December 1st.—Write a little at Essays—subject, national prejudices.

December 3d.—A night of broken sleep—though not of uneasy thoughts—write at Essays till one.

December 9th.—A night of broken sleep and uneasy thoughts—dreamt I was at Welles, who was making out an account—nervous in the morning but excitable—scribbled a little on Essays—subject, theatres—made minutes for Essay on effect of natural scenery on character—get extremely excited—Mr. Guestier came in and sat some little while—found afterwards that I could not write.

December 10th.—Full of excitement, and anxious to sketch "Essay on American Scenery," but harassed by noises in the house, until I had to go out in despair, and write in Mr. Guestier's library.

December 25th.—Christmas— . . . . For some time past, indeed ever since I have resumed my pen, my mind has been tranquil. I sleep better and feel pleasanter.

Saturday, December 31st.—Write letters—walk out—fine cool weather—all the world buying *bonbons*—dined at home—afterwards walked out with Mr. Johnston, accompanying him through Boutiques of *bonbons*—evening at Mrs Johnston's—play chess—in the night, military music in the street—serenading the commandant, who lives opposite. So closes the year—tranquil in mind, though doubtful of fortune and full of uncertainties—a year very little of which I would willingly live over again, though some parts have been tolerably pleasant.

CHAPTER VI.

LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.—A TRANSLATION OF NAVARRETE SUGGESTED TO HIM BY MR. EVERETT.—LETTER THEREUPON.—ARRIVAL AT MADRID.—THE AMERICAN CONSUL, O. RICH.—DETERMINES UPON A REGULAR LIFE OF COLUMBUS.—LITERARY ACTIVITY.—DIVERTED FROM "COLUMBUS" TO "CONQUEST OF GRANADA."—LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER SLIDELL.—CLOSE OF 1826.—PASSAGES FROM LETTER TO P. M. IRVING.—LETTER TO BREVOORT.—COOPER.—HALLECK.—BRYANT.—PAULDING.—OFFERS "COLUMBUS" TO MURRAY.—LONGFELLOW.—WILKIE.—CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1827.

IT was during this period, while busying himself on these "American Essays," none of which have ever appeared in print or been preserved, that he addressed a letter to Mr. Alexander H. Everett, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States at Madrid, whom he had met in Paris in the summer of 1825, in which he says:—

You mentioned last summer that should you come to Spain, you would attach me to the embassy, by way of a protection. Now being so near Spain, and having a strong inclination to visit it, I may be induced to do so in the course of the spring, should circumstances permit. This will depend entirely upon letters which I am waiting here to receive, and which will determine my movements. Could I come into Spain at once I would do so, but it is out of my power. As I may enter Spain by the Mediterranean Sea, and make a tour before visiting Madrid, it would be

perhaps an advantage and protection to me in the present state of the country, to be able at any time to announce myself as attached to the embassy. May I therefore consider myself as an attaché, and can I be so attached while at a distance, and before coming to Madrid? I am quite ignorant whether there are any forms necessary, or whether it does not rest with the minister by his mere word, expressed or written, to attach whom he pleases to his mission. At any rate, as this is a mere matter of travelling accommodation, I do not wish any trouble to be taken about it, nor that it should cause any departure from common usage and etiquette. So, as I said before, if there is the least shadow of objection, do not hesitate to say so, and there let the matter end.

On the 30th of January he received a reply from Mr. Everett, attaching him to the Legation, inclosing passport, and proposing his translating "Navarrete's Voyages of Columbus," which were about to appear, suggesting also the probability of his receiving £1,500 or £1,000 for it. The allusion to Murray at the close of the letter I now give, will be understood when the reader is told that Murray was about setting up a newspaper, for which, as Mr. Irving was informed by one of his correspondents, he had already deposited £40,000 in the Bank of England.

[*To Alexander H. Everett, U. S. Minister at Madrid.*]

BORDEAUX, January 31, 1826.

MY DEAR SIR :—

I feel very much obliged to you for the passport you have been so prompt in forwarding to me, and am highly gratified in being attached to a legation that is so ably and creditably filled. I must return you my thanks also for the literary undertaking you have suggested to me. The

very idea of it animates me ; it is just the kind of employment I would wish at present for my spare hours. I will thank you, therefore, to secure it for me. I shall write immediately to London to have propositions made to Murray, and, in case he does not accept them, to some other eminent publisher. I doubt whether I shall be able to get as much as you suppose for a translation, as there is always a chance for competition and piracy ; but, be that as it may, there is something in the job itself that interests and pleases me, and will assist to compensate me for my trouble. I feel the more emboldened to take hold of the thing from my brother's having promised to assist me in it, so as to enable me to execute it speedily and yet not negligently, and at the same time without suffering it to interfere entirely with other pursuits. My brother is but slightly acquainted with the Spanish language, sufficiently, however, to render me great service occasionally, and he will improve in the language if he exercises it. We shall leave this for Madrid as soon as possible, and shall come on by diligence.

. . . . You will perceive by the papers the failure of Constable and Co., at Edinburgh, and Hurst, Robinson and Co., at London. These are severe shocks in the trading world of literature. Pray heaven Murray may stand unmoved and not go into the "Gazette," instead of publishing one.

The invocation with which this letter concludes, was well-nigh prophetic. A year later, Murray explains some remissness to Mr. Irving as follows :—

"One cause of my not writing to you during one whole year was my 'entanglement,' as Lady G——— says, with a newspaper, which absorbed my money, and distracted and depressed my mind ; but I have cut the knot of evil, which I could not remedy, and am now, 'by the blessing of God,' again returned 'to reason and the shop.'"

Three days after the date of this letter to Mr. Everett,

Mr. Irving finished an "Essay on the Education of Youth," on which he was engaged at the time, and which, like the others recorded in his diary, was "water spilt upon the ground," and soon after he set off with his brother for Madrid, which he reached about the middle of February.

Two days after his arrival he had hired apartments under the roof of the American consul, O. Rich, Esq., to use the language of his preface to "Columbus," "one of the most indefatigable bibliographers in Europe, who, for several years, had made particular researches after every document relative to the early history of America. In his extensive and curious library," continues the preface, "I found one of the best collections extant of Spanish colonial history, containing many documents for which I might search elsewhere in vain." Such was his situation when, soon after his arrival, the publication of M. Navarrete made its appearance, which he found, to quote again his own words, "to contain many documents hitherto unknown, which threw additional light on the discovery of the New World;" but "the whole" presenting "rather a mass of rich materials for history than a history itself. And, invaluable as such stores" might be "to the laborious inquirer," the sight of "disconnected papers and official documents" had the effect to make him hesitate in his intended translation; and on the 25th of the following month, I find by his note-book that he had abandoned the idea, and was already engaged

in making researches, examining manuscripts, and taking notes for a regular life, which he trusted would be more acceptable to others, as it was undoubtedly a more satisfactory occupation to himself.

From this date until the 1st of September, laying aside his "American Essays," which he never resumed, he labored unremittingly at his task, with the exception of an excursion of a few days in August to Segovia. Sometimes he would write all day and until twelve at night; in one instance his note-book shows him to have written from five in the morning until eight at night, stopping only for meals.

It was during this interval of intense literary activity that, in passing through Madrid in a youthful tour in Europe, the writer of the present memoir came unexpectedly upon Mr. Irving, whom he had supposed to be still in France. I found him in the midst of books and manuscripts, full of the subject on which he was engaged, and in excellent spirits, though once, in a long walk which we took together on the Prado, he adverted with deep feeling to the cloud which had been thrown over him by the persevering malignity with which all sort of disagreeable things had been forwarded to him from America by some secret enemy. He felt this the more keenly, perhaps, from the total absence of everything of the kind in his own nature. He could not, I am satisfied, have harbored malice toward his worst enemy. Alluding to this inexplicable persecution, one of his corre-

spondents remarks: "Even you have enemies, and who then can escape?"

My stay in Madrid was short, as I had already passed some time in other parts of Spain, and was now on my way to Paris. On the ninth of August, six weeks after I parted with Mr. Irving, it appears by his note-book that his attention was diverted to the "Conquest of Granada," at which he commenced at once, and on which he worked incessantly, with the exception of an excursion of four days to the Escurial in October, until the 18th of November, when, having completed a rough sketch of the work, he threw it aside to resume his "Columbus;" and on the 22d of December he wrote to Murray, informing him, rather prematurely, as the sequel shows, of the work being nearly ready for the press.

Six weeks previous to this date, Lieutenant Alexander Slidell (afterwards Mackenzie), of the United States Navy, arrived in Madrid, and during his stay furnished for the appendix of Mr. Irving's work what the author styles, in the revised edition of 1850, "the very masterly paper on the route of Columbus." It was after his departure from Madrid that he met with the robbery, of which he gives such a graphic account in his "Year in Spain," an interesting work, of which Mr. Irving wrote a review for the "London Quarterly" in 1831.

The record of December 30 in the author's note-book is as follows: "All day at 'Columbus,'" and the closing record of the year is:—

Columbus—go out—return home and write a little, but sleepy and go to bed—and so ends the year 1826, which has been a year of the hardest application and toil of the pen I have ever passed. I feel more satisfied, however, with the manner in which I have passed it than I have been with that of many gayer years, and close this year of my life in better humor with myself than I have often done.

The labors of the author on "Columbus" were by no means so near their completion as he had supposed when he wrote to Murray. A few extracts from his letters to myself, to whom he was thinking of committing the superintendence of its publication in London, when he supposed he was finishing his task, will serve to throw light on this portion of his literary history :—

[*To Pierre Monro Irving.*]

January 18th, 1827.— . . . . I had hoped by this time to have had "Columbus" ready for the press, but there are points continually rising to be inquired into and discussed, which cause delay ; and I played truant to my main work for two or three months and rambled into another, which is all sketched out in the rough, so that "Columbus" has yet to receive the finishing touches. I received a letter from Murray the day before yesterday on the subject of "Columbus." He is extremely anxious to receive it as soon as possible, that he may put it immediately to press. I have felt very much worried and perplexed how to manage, as I should have to get the work copied here to send out to America, and that would cause great delay. Your letter from Paris has arrived in the very critical moment to put me at my ease ; I must get you to superintend the publication of my work in London, correcting the proof sheets, etc. As you will be able to decipher my handwriting, and from your knowledge of languages will be able to see the quotations in Spanish,

Italian, etc., are printed correctly, I need not lose time in getting it copied here. You will send out proof sheets to E. Irving as fast as they are printed, for the work to be reprinted in America. Thus you see you will really be of vast service to me, and the task I impose on you will give you a curious peep into some departments of literary life in London. . . . . This arrangement will enable me to forward my work by piecemeal as I get it ready, and will greatly expedite its publication, while it will make me feel easy as to the manner in which it will be brought out in London, which I should not have done had I committed it to the superintendence of strangers. It will probably be a month yet before I have any of it ready to forward, and as there are always preparations to be made with printers, etc., I think that there is no likelihood of its going to press until some time in March, if so soon. I will write to you again, however, shortly, and wish you not to leave Paris until you hear from me.

MADRID, February 22, 1827.

. . . . . In my last I wished you to attend to the correcting of the proof sheets of my work on "Columbus" while printing in England, and expected by this time to have had a considerable part of the manuscript in the printers' hands. I have been disappointed. I have been obliged to wait for a sight of documents, and then to make considerable alterations. I find the finishing off of a work of the kind involving so many points foreign to my usual course of reading and pursuits, requires time and care ; and above all, I find it next to impossible to procure copiers in this place. I have been for four or five weeks past endeavoring to get manuscript copied, and have not yet succeeded in getting twenty pages. This delay is extremely irksome to me, as I wish to get the work off of my hands and leave Madrid, and indeed to make a rapid tour and leave Spain as soon as possible.

While these obstacles occur to delay the forwarding my manuscript to England, I do not wish, in case you should have received my previous letter, to interfere with any of your travelling plans. Follow your own inclinations. Let me hear from you, where you are and what are your

plans, and if I can get my work copied and sent off soon, I may yet require your aid while in England; but that must depend entirely upon your movements and convenience.

I have been working very hard at the "History of Columbus," and have had to rewrite many parts that I had thought finished, in consequence of procuring better sources of information, which throw new light upon various points. It is a kind of work that will not bear hurrying; many questions have been started connected with it which have been perplexed by tedious controversies, and which must all be looked into. I had no idea of what a complete labyrinth I had entangled myself in when I took hold of the work.

In a subsequent letter, March 20th, he gives up all idea of forwarding the manuscript to me:

I have repeatedly [he says] made efforts to hurry forward, but have every time lost ground by making errors or omissions, which obliged me afterwards to go over the same ground again. . . . . I have now got a copying-machine, and will be able to strike off copies of the remainder of my work as fast as I make corrected transcripts of the chapters. Still I find time runs away insensibly, and week slips after week without my bringing my labors to a close.

It was at a period when he had relinquished all thoughts of expediting the publication of his "Life of Columbus" that Mr. Irving addressed the following letter to Brevoort, from whom he had just heard in explanation of a long and to him unaccountable silence. The American reader may be interested in its mention of Cooper, Halleck, Bryant, and Paulding—names, all but the last, which had grown into fame since he left his native land:—

MADRID, April 4, 1827.

MY DEAR BREVOORT :-

Your letter of the 1st January was one of the most acceptable that I ever received. . . . . The letter you sent to me to the care of Mr. Welles never reached me, and for upwards of two years I had no reply to the letters and messages which I sent you. . . . .

I am conscious that my long absence from home has subjected me to unfavorable representations, and has been used to my disadvantage. A man, however, must have firmness enough to pursue his plans when justified by his own conscience, without being diverted from them by the idle surmises and misconceptions of others. If my character and conduct are worth inquiring into, they will ultimately be understood and appreciated according to their merits ; nor can anything I could say or do in contradiction place them an iota above or below their real standard. With the world, therefore, let these matters take their course ; I shall not court it nor rail at it ; but with cherished friends like yourself, my dear Brevoort, the present feeling is all-important to me. Do not let yourself be persuaded, therefore, that time or distance has estranged me in thought or feeling from my native country, my native place, or the friends of my youth. The fact is, that the longer I remain from home the greater charm it has in my eyes, and all the coloring that the imagination once gave to distant Europe now gathers about the scenes of my native country. I look forward to my return as to the only event of any very desirable kind that may yet be in store for me. I do not know whether it is the case with other wanderers, but with me, the various shifting scenes through which I have passed in Europe have pushed each other out of place successively and alternately faded away from my mind, while the scenes and friends of my youth alone remain fixed in my memory and my affections with their original strength and freshness. . . . .

Since my arrival in Spain, I have been completely immersed in old Spanish literature. My residence under the roof of Mr. Rich, the American consul, has been particularly favorable to my pursuits ; he is a diligent collector of rare works, and has the most valuable works in print and manuscript of the Spanish writers. . . . .

I left Paris a considerable time before the arrival of Mr. Cooper, and regret extremely that I missed him. I have a great desire to make his acquaintance, for I am delighted with his novels ; at least with those which I have read. His "Mohicans," which I am told is his best, I have yet to read. His naval scenes and characters in the "Pilot" are admirable. I am fond of the sea, and have seen a little of nautical life, and am therefore more able to appreciate them. I have been charmed, likewise, with what I have seen of the writings of Bryant and Halleck. Are you acquainted with them ? I should like to know something about them personally ; their vein of thinking is quite above that of ordinary men and ordinary poets, and they are masters of the magic of poetical language.

I have not heard for some time past from Paulding. His last letters were full of kind feeling and interesting anecdotes ; I am too glad to find that he is settled in the old homestead of the Kemble family, that scene of so many happy hours. As to his retired mode of life, I fancy it is the happiest when a man has a family for his world, books at his elbow, and his pen as an amusement. I have not seen two or three of his late publications. All of those that I have met with bears his usual stamp of originality, his vein of curious and beautiful thought, his turns of picturesque language, mingled with the faults that arise from hasty and negligent composition. Early habits and associations have given a charm to his writings in my eyes ; I always find in them passages that strike on some chord of old remembrance. . . . .

P. S. I have written much of this letter in an open and garrulous vein about my private feelings. I trust you will receive it with indulgence, and show it to no one. I never had any reserve with you, and I write to you as I used to talk, without caring to disguise any error or weakness.

In one of the last letters which Mr. Irving had received from his old friend and fellow-laborer, Paulding, after mentioning the death of his father-in-law, Mr. Kemble, and his transfer from Washington to the city of New

York, with the appointment of Navy Agent, writes: "In the division of the estate, the old house which we have so often haunted in Whitehall Street has fallen to my share. Here I have set up my tent, and if living in a great house constitutes a great man, after the fashion of New York, a great man am I, at your service."

It appears by his note-book that Mr. Irving continued to labor at "Columbus" with little or no intermission up to the close of July, when he addressed the following letter to Murray, which I give from a copy retained among his papers:—

[*To John Murray.*]

MADRID, July 29, 1827.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I have at length eoneluded my "History of Columbus." As I eannot come to London to make arrangements for its publieation, and as time might be lost in negotiating at this distauce, I have transmitted a portion of the manuscript to my friend, Col. Aspinwall, Ameriean consul at London, who will arrange the matter with you in my name. I have sent as mueh of the MS. as I could venture to intrude upon the civility of an English courier. The rest will be forwarded by the first opportunity. The first volume will end with the last chapter of the tenth book, forming seven hundred and fifty-six manuscript pages, besides a preface of a few pages. The second volume may possibly be a little larger, eontaining, besides the remaining eight books, a number of illustrations which I have endeavored to make as interesting and entertaining as possible, and a few important documents. The latter eight books contain the third voyage of Columbus, the troubles of himself and his brothers in the island of Hispaniola with the natives and the rebels; his being sent to Spain in ehains; his fourth voyage, in the course of whieh I have brought for-

ward many particulars of his singular and disastrous voyage along the coast of Veraguas or Isthmus of Panama; the transactions in the island of Jamaica, where he lived for a year in the wrecks of his stranded ships, etc., etc., so that the latter part of the work is full of incident and interest. I have woven into my work many curious particulars not hitherto known concerning Columbus, and I think I have thrown light upon some parts of his character which have not been brought out by his former biographers. I have labored hard to make the work complete and accurate as to all the information extant relative to the subject, while I have sought to execute it in such a manner as would render it agreeable to the general reader. Considering its magnitude and the toil it has cost me, I should not be willing to part with the copy-right under three thousand guineas. As I mentioned in one of my letters, however, I am willing to publish it on shares. The mode of doing so, as I once understood from Sir Walter Scott, is to agree about the number of copies in an edition, and the retail price to be placed upon them; to multiply the number of copies by the price of each, and divide the gross amount by six. For this sixth part, the publisher to give his notes to the author. If this meets with your approbation, all the incidental arrangements can be made with Col. Aspinwall. I should like, however, to have an advance of two or three hundred guineas on the work as a matter of private accommodation, my funds being all in America, from whence I find both loss and trouble in procuring them.

Should you undertake the present work, the sooner it is put to press the better, as I have other writings in preparation which I should soon be able to furnish. I hope you will let me hear from you as soon as possible.

I close the history of this year with a few extracts from the author's note-book.

August 20th.—At American copy of "Columbus."

22*d.*—Dine with Smith [John Adams Smith, the American Secretary of Legation] and Longfellow.

This was Henry W. Longfellow, the now celebrated American poet, then a youth of twenty-one, who had received the offer of a professorship of modern languages in Bowdoin College, Maine, for which he was preparing himself by a residence in the different capitals in Europe. I had parted with him at Paris early in the year. His sojourn in Madrid had commenced with the 6th of March; Mr. Irving, in a letter to me of the 8th, having this mention of him: "Mr. Longfellow arrived safe and cheerily the day before yesterday, having met with no robbers." I cannot refrain from giving here the poet's own beautiful allusion to this meeting with Mr. Irving in Spain. In an address before the Massachusetts Historical Society, on occasion of the author's decease, after alluding to his early admiration of the "Sketch Book," published when he was a school-boy, he says:—

> Many years afterwards I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Irving in Spain, and found the author, whom I had loved, repeated in the man. The same playful humor; the same touches of sentiment; the same poetic atmosphere; and, what I admired still more, the entire absence of all literary jealousy, of all that mean avarice of fame, which counts what is given to another as so much taken from one's self—
>
> "And trembling, hears in every breeze,
> The laurels of Miltiades."

At this time Mr. Irving was at Madrid, engaged upon his "Life of Columbus;" and if the work itself did not bear ample testimony to his zealous and conscientious labor, I could do so from personal observation. He seemed to be always at work. "Sit down," he would say, "I will talk with you in a moment, but I must first finish this sentence."

One summer morning, passing his house at the early hour of six, I saw his study window already wide open. On my mentioning it to him afterwards he said: "Yes, I am always at my work as early as six." Since then, I have often remembered that sunny morning and that open window, so suggestive of his sunny temperament and his open heart, and equally so of his patient and persistent toil; and have recalled those striking words of Dante:—

"Seggendo in piuma,
In fama non si vien nè sotto coltre;
Senza la qual, chi sua vita consuma,
Cotal vestigio in terra, di se lascia
Qual fummo in aere ed in acqua la schiuma.

"Seated upon down,
Or in his bed, man cometh not to fame;
Withouten which, whoso his life consumes,
Such vestige of himself on earth shall leave
As smoke in air and in the water foam."

I return to the diary:—

August 30*th*.—Write letters of introduction for Mr. Longfellow, to Rumigny, Bottiger, Lowenstein, Sir Walter Scott, Mr. Philips, Sotheby.

September 8*th*.—All day writing at "Don Roderick," and till eleven at night.

17*th*.—King's Library—memorandums about Fernando Gonzalez—evening at Mr. D'Oubril's—[the Russian Minister, at whose house he became very intimate]

October 8*th*.—King's Library—"Cid"—receive letter from Colonel Aspinwall, informing me of his arrangement with Murray for "History of Columbus"—3,000 guineas—[that is—Murray elected to pay the 3,000 guineas rather than publish on shares].

Aspinwall writes: "Murray says of the work, it is beautiful, beautiful—the best thing he has ever written;"

and informs his correspondent that the terms upon which he had concluded to become the purchaser of the copyright were as follows :—

£300 down,					
450 in note at 6 months from January 1, 1828.					
400	"	9	"	"	"
400	"	12	"	"	"
400	"	15	"	"	"
400	"	18	"	"	"
400	"	21	"	"	"
400	"	24	"	"	"
£3,150					

The periods of payment were protracted to a year beyond the period within which the payments for his former works were made, his wish being to regulate his payments in some measure according to the prospect of reimbursement from sales.

Newton writes to him from London the same day, October 8, in a letter received on the 22d :—

I hope you are satisfied with the pecuniary arrangement the colonel has made ; he seems to have been very wary, and to have gained great credit with Murray as a sharp bargainer, who, on the other hand, is delighted with his bargain, so much so as to make the sincerity of his encomiums on the worthy colonel's shrewdness doubtful. You will be glad to hear that Southey, to whom the manuscript was first shown, pronounced the most unqualified praise of it, both as to matter and manner ; there seems to be no doubt, from what I hear, that this work will greatly raise your name in literature.

I resume my extracts from the author's note-book :—

October 10*th*.—King's Library—Cid—afternoon Wilkie, the painter, calls on me—just arrived—visit him with Peter in the evening—afterwards go to D'Oubril's.

Thursday 11*th*.—Morning go to Museum with Mr. Wilkie—Peter and Dolgorouki [Prince Demetri Ivanovitch Dolgorouki, attached to the Russian Embassy].

Sunday 14*th*.—Dine at Mr. Bosanquet's—British chargé d'affaires—present Lord Mahon [the historian], son of Earl of Stanhope, and his brother, Hon. Mr. Stanhope—Mr. Wilkie, Prince Dolgorouki—evening at Mr. D'Oubril's with Wilkie—pass evening with the children.

Monday 15*th*.—Write to Murray, sending corrections of MSS.—Go to bull-fight with Wilkie and Peter—evening at Wilkie's.

Friday 19*th*.—At seven o'clock in the morning set off in diligence with Peter for Escurial—in company with Lord Mahon, and his brother Mr. Stanhope of the British Legation—arrived at Escurial at half past eleven, and put up at Fleur de Lys, where we found Wilkie—Prince Dolgorouki of the Russian Legation joined us in the course of the day, having come too late for the diligence and followed in a calasina—visited the church, vault, etc.—Anniversary of the death of Queen Margaret—coffin with crown and pall, etc., in the centre of the chapel—in the evening the Infanta, wife of Don Carlos, goes down into the Pantheon which is illuminated—meet Marquis of —— who introduces me to the prior, a fat, pleasant-faced man—get permission for Wilkie to go all over the Escurial at all times.

Thursday 25*th*.—Leave Madrid at seven o'clock with Lord Mahon, Mr. Wilkie, and Peter, for Toledo—in a coach with six mules—arrive at Aranjuez at two o'clock—seven leagues—put up at Posada of Andalusia—visit Palace, Gardens, etc.

October 26*th*.—Leave Aranjuez at seven o'clock— . . . . arrive at Toledo at two o'clock—seven leagues.

October 27*th*.—Visit various parts of town—church and convent of

Capuchins— . . . . see young monk confessing to old one—Wilkie much struck with it.

[This visit to Toledo, in the illustrations to the "Legend of Don Roderick," is erroneously stated to have been in 1826.]

In the latter part of this year, Mr. Irving would seem, from his memorandum book, to have been engaged in taking notes for a suite of works he had projected, illustrative of the domination of the Arabs in Spain, and also for a "Conquest of Mexico," a theme upon which he had been brooding, but which was destined to employ the pen of another gifted American.

December 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, the record is: "History of the Moors and Montezuma." The last record of the year is as follows:—

Monday December 31*st.*—Almanzor—call at Mr. Roberts and get $100—evening at Mr. D'Oubril's till near twelve o'clock—return home about twelve.

So ends the year 1827—tranquilly.—It has been a year of labor, but much more comfortable than most I have passed in Europe, and leaves me in a state of moderate hope as to the future.

CHAPTER VII.

PUBLICATION OF "COLUMBUS" BY MURRAY IN LONDON, BY THE CARVILLS IN NEW YORK.—LETTER TO BREVOORT.—DEPARTURE FROM MADRID ON A TOUR THROUGH THE SOUTHERN PARTS OF SPAIN.—LETTERS TO MADEMOISELLE BOLLVILLER.—DESCRIPTION OF THE JOURNEY FROM CORDOVA TO GRANADA.—THE ALHAMBRA.—A DESPATCH FROM THE COURT OF LIONS.—QUEST FOR THE PORTAL BY WHICH BOABDIL SALLIED FORTH.—THE POOR DEVIL GUIDE.—THE ALPUJARRAS.—FROM MALAGA TO SEVILLE.—GOING TO WORK ON THE CONQUEST OF GRANADA.

THE "Life and Voyages of Columbus" was published by Murray in four large volumes. He was much found fault with for the price, the size, and the gross typographical errors with which it abounded. He had assured Mr. Aspinwall that he would have the correction of the proofs done by some competent person; but Mr. Irving had given no directions on the subject, and he was very badly represented on the occasion.

The first American edition of two thousand copies, in three octavo volumes, was sold to the Messrs. Carvill, the principal booksellers of New York, after having been first offered by Ebenezer Irving to Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey, of Philadelphia.

E. I. [writes Peter to Washington] offered the edition to Messrs. Carey in sheets, three volumes at $2 per volumes, at 40 per cent. discount, or in boards at 33⅓. They replied that they would wish to sell it to the trade at those discounts, and that the terms he proposed were out of all bounds, and would not permit them even to make him an offer. He showed the letter to Brevoort, and on consultation they considered it necessary to seek another publisher. Brevoort applied to Messrs. Carvill, whom he knew, and who agreed to give seven thousand dollars for the two thousand copies in sheets, one thousand dollars on delivery, the remainder in four, six, and nine months, giving you a profit on the edition of about three thousand dollars. Messrs. Carvill are the first booksellers in New York.

Mr. Carey came on to New York about the beginning of February, and after considerable conversation offered a profit of two thousand five hundred dollars, and when he found that it would not procure it manifested a disposition to augment the proffer, but was informed that it was too late.

The price at which the book is to be published is two dollars and a quarter per volume, or six dollars and three quarters for the three volumes.*

Having glanced for a moment at these mercantile arrangements respecting the publication of "Columbus," which were left entirely to the control of his brother Ebenezer, I now introduce a letter to Brevoort, which gives a further insight into the author's feelings on offering to the world a work which told the history of one of

* In a letter to the author written about this time, Carey makes a proposition to him respecting any future publications; and about the last of March, 1828, put the question to his brother and agent, Ebenezer, what he would ask for the right of publishing the four previous works, *History of New York*, *Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, and *Tales of a Traveller*, for seven or ten years.

The result was an arrangement soon after with that house for a seven years' lease of the copy-right of these works at six hundred dollars per annum, payable semi-annually, and to take the stock on hand at sixty-five cents per copy.

the most stupendous and memorable events in the annals of mankind, and was to be pronounced more honorable to the literature of his own country than any that had yet appeared in it. In the estimation of an eminent American critic, Mr. Alexander H. Everett, then Minister at Madrid, but soon to exchange that diplomatic situation for the editorship of the "North American Review," he had already secured and would permanently retain, in our literary annals, the brilliant position of the harbinger and founder of the American school of polite learning; but he naturally felt anxious as to his reception in this new department of literature, in which Moore, in his "Life of Sheridan," and Scott, in his "Napoleon," works but recently published, were considered to have failed.

MADRID, February 23, 1828.

MY DEAR BREVOORT :—

I have received two letters from you, the last dated December 19, and both full of the most interesting domestic intelligence. I feel under the greatest obligation to you for the kind interest you have taken in my "History of Columbus." I find by the London papers it was to be published by Murray on the 11th instant. . . . . If the work succeeds, it will be of immense service to me ; if it fails it will be, most probably, what many have anticipated, who suppose, from my having dealt so much in fiction, it must be impossible for me to tell truth with plausibility.

I am sorry to find by your letters that you have had your share of the rubs and cares of the times ; I had hoped you were safe in port and out of the reach of storms and disasters ; but so it is ; we are none of us completely sheltered from misfortune. If we do not put to sea, the sea overflows its bounds and drowns us on the land. For my own part, with all my exertions, I seem always to keep about up to my chin in troubled

water, while the world, I suppose, thinks I am sailing smoothly with wind and tide in my favor.

On the 1st of March, 1828, Mr. Irving set off in the diligence for Cordova, in company with Mr. Gessler, Russian Consul-general, and Mr. Stoffregen, Secretary of the Russian Embassy, to make a tour through the most beautiful, romantic, and historical part of Andalusia. His brother Peter had originally intended to accompany him on this tour, but he found his health too feeble and uncertain for the rough exposures to which he would be subject in travel in Spain, and he therefore left Madrid to proceed by slow journeys to Paris, the same day that Washington started for the south of Spain. "It seemed," says Washington, in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Paris, "on taking leave of him at Madrid, as if I had parted with half of myself."

At Cordova, where they arrived on the 4th, they made arrangements for horses to take them to Granada; and, as a story was afloat of eleven robbers, mounted, on the Rambla road, they engaged an escort of four men. As they were about to start, the diligence brought a reinforcement to their party in the person of an English clergyman, a Mr. Tomlinson, and an American, who proposed to join them; and for these an additional escort was secured—Bautiste Serrano de Ecija, a stout man with a fierce eye. "Would have to pay him high—first-rate fellow—knows all the robbers—has been a robber himself," whispered the landlord to Mr. Irving.

A description of his journey from Cordova to Granada, and of his first visit to the Alhambra, the scene of his future elysian abode, will be found in the following letter. The lady to whom it is addressed was a niece of Madame D'Oubril, and an intelligent and cherished inmate of the domestic circle of Mr. D'Oubril, the Russian Minister, whose house became a frequent and favorite resort of Mr. Irving, during his prolonged stay of two years in the Spanish capital.

[*To Mademoiselle Antoinette Bollviller.*]

GRANADA, March 15, 1828.

I promised, my dear Mademoiselle Bollviller, to write to you in the course of our tour, but when I made such a promise I had little idea of the difficulty of performing it while travelling in Spain. One is exhausted by incessant fatigue, and put out of all tune by the squalid miseries of the Spanish posadas. I am now so surrounded by dirt and villainy of all kinds that I am almost ashamed to despatch a letter to your pure hands from so scoundrel a place.

Our journey has hitherto been auspicious, that is to say, we have escaped being robbed, though we have been in dens as perilous as that of Daniel and the lions; our greatest risk, however, has, I am convinced, been from our own escort, which for part of the way has been composed of half-reformed robbers, retired from business, but who seemed to have a great hankering after their old trade. . . . .

Our journey through La Mancha was cold and uninteresting, excepting when we passed through the scenes of some of the exploits of Don Quixote. We were repaid, however, by a night amidst the scenery of the Sierra Morena, seen by the light of the full moon. I do not know how this scenery would appear in the day-time, but by moonlight it is wonderfully wild and romantic, especially after passing the summit of the

Sierra. As the day dawned we entered the stern and savage defiles of the Despeña Perros, which equals the wild landscapes of Salvator Rosa. For some time we continued winding along the brinks of precipices, overhung with cragged and fantastic rocks ; and after a succession of such rude and sterile scenes we swept down to Carolina, and found ourselves in another climate. The orange-trees, the aloes and myrtle began to make their appearance ; we felt the warm temperature of the sweet South, and began to breathe the balmy air of Andalusia. At Andujar we were delighted with the neatness and cleanliness of the houses, the patios planted with orange and citron trees and refreshed by fountains ; we passed a charming evening on the banks of the famous Guadalquivir, enjoying the mild balmy air of a southern evening, and rejoicing in the certainty that we were at length in this land of promise.

While at Cordova we made excursions on horseback among the heights of the Sierra Morena which rise behind the city, visiting the celebrated hermitage and the convent of St. Geronimo. The mountains were clothed with aromatic shrubs, and with flowers which in other countries are the forced productions of gardens and hothouses. From these heights the eye revels over a delicious landscape ; a broad green valley fertilized by the windings of the shining Guadalquivir, and bounded by long lines of mountains famous in the hardy predatory wars of the Moors and Christians. The snowy summit of the Sierra Nevada lies likes a brilliant cloud in the distance, marking the situation of Granada, the city of romantic history. Every mountain summit in this country spreads before you a mass of history, filled with places renowned for some wild and heroic achievement.

But Granada, *bellissima* Granada ! think what must have been our delight, when, after passing the famous bridge of Pinos, the scene of many a bloody encounter between Moor and Christian, and remarkable for having been the place where Columbus was overtaken by the messenger of Isabella, when about to abandon Spain in despair, we turned a promontory of the arid mountains of Elvira, and Granada, with its towers, its Alhambra, and its snowy mountains, burst upon our sight. The evening sun shone gloriously upon its red towers as we approached

it, and gave a mellow tone to the rich scenery of the vega. It was like the magic glow which poetry and romance have shed over this enchanting place.

For several days past we have been incessantly occupied traversing the city and its environs; but the Alhambra and Generalife have most excited our enthusiasm. The more I contemplate these places the more my admiration is awakened of the elegant habits and delicate taste of the Moorish monarchs. The delicately ornamented walls; the aromatic groves, mingling with the freshness and the enlivening sound of fountains and runs of water; the retired baths, bespeaking purity and refinement, the balconies and galleries open to the fresh mountain breeze, and overlooking the loveliest scenery of the valley of the Darrow and the magnificent expanse of the vega—it is impossible to contemplate this delicious abode and not feel an admiration of the genius and the poetical spirit of those who first devised this earthly paradise. There is an intoxication of heart and soul in looking over such scenery at this genial season. All nature is just teeming with new life and putting on the first delicate verdure and bloom of spring. The almond-trees are in blossom. the fig-trees are beginning to sprout; everything is in the tender bud, the young leaf, or the half-open flower. The beauty of the season is but half developed, so that while there is enough to yield present delight, there is the flattering promise of still further enjoyment. Good heavens! after passing two years amidst the sunburnt wastes of Castile, to be let loose to rove at large over this fragrant and lovely land! what a fullness of pure and healthful pleasure gushes into the heart; and how do we look back with distaste upon the pale and artificial life of the city, and wonder how we could have condemned ourselves to its formal and frivolous routine!

COURT OF THE LIONS, ALHAMBRA.

I think I told you that I would write you a letter from the Alhambra; I have escaped from the noise and dirt of the posada, and have come here partly to perform my promise, partly to enjoy a little tranquillity. It is now near the hour of sunset of a warm day, the sun is still shining upon

the towers which overlook this court, and a beautiful, mellow light is spread about its colonnades and marble halls. The fountain is immediately before me, ever memorable from the tragic fate of the gallant Abencerrages. I have just diluted my ink with its water; and here I sit quietly inditing a gossiping letter on the place that has been the scene of an atrocious massacre. We talk of realizing past scenes when we tread in the traces of renowned historical events, but I find it impossible to get into the vein of feeling consonant to such a place. The verity of the present checks and chills the imagination in its picturings of the past. I have been trying to conjure up images of Boabdil passing in regal splendor through these courts ; of his beautiful queen ; of the Abencerrages, the Gomares, and the other Moorish cavaliers who once filled these halls with the glitter of arms and the splendor of oriental luxury; but I am continually awakened from my reveries by the jargon of an Andalusian peasant who is setting out rose-bushes, and the song of a pretty Andalusian girl who shows the Alhambra, and who is chanting a little romance that has probably been handed down from generation to generation since the time of the Moors.

For the greater part of this day I have been occupied exploring the neglected parts of the Alhambra and the towers which lie in ruins. I have been in quest of the portal by which the unfortunate King Boabdil sallied forth when he descended to the vega to surrender the keys to Ferdinand and Isabella. He descended outside of the city walls, by the same road by which the Grand Cardinal of Spain ascended at the head of a band of cavaliers to take possession of the Alhambra. Boabdil asked of the sovereign, as a melancholy boon, that no one might be permitted to enter the Alhambra by the portal at which he had sallied forth. This prayer was granted ; the portal was walled up, and has continued so to the present day. I found this interesting anecdote in an old chronicle, but no one here knew anything of it or of the condemned portal. I set a poor devil at work, however, who inherits a hovel in the ruins ; and to my great joy he has found out the gateway for me. He inquired of some old people upwards of eighty years of age, who had passed their lives in the Alhambra, and they pointed out the gateway which had been walled up ever since their recollection ; and one remembered to have heard his

parents say it was the gate by which the Moorish king had departed, when he took his last leave of the Alhambra. This gateway is in a ruined tower that has been blown up by the French. With the keen relish of antiquarian research, I traced the whole route of the Moorish monarch down to the vega, to a small chapel dedicated to St. Sebastian, but which in former times was a mosque. Here an inscription on the wall designated it as the place where the unfortunate Boabdil met the Catholic sovereigns and surrendered to them his throne.

Beside the satisfaction of having settled this point of inquiry, I received from my poor devil guide many most curious particulars of the superstitions which circulate among the poor people inhabiting the Alhambra respecting its old, mouldering towers. I have noted down these amusing little anecdotes, and he has promised to furnish me with others. They generally relate to the Moors and the treasures they have buried in the Alhambra, and the apparitions of their troubled spirits about the towers and ruins where their gold lies hidden. When I have more time and paper, I may recount you some of these traditions, as I know you have a great relish for the marvelous. At present the sun is set ; the old halls begin to darken around me, and the bat is flitting about the court in place of the birds which were lately chirping here. I have performed my promise, and have written to you from the halls of the Alhambra. How unworthy is my scribbling of the place ; but depend upon it, half of the pretended day-dreams of travellers about celebrated places are quietly dreamt in comfortable quarters, far from the scenes they celebrate. The present letter I will finish by lamp-light at the posada. I will gather you a flower, however, from the Court of the Lions, and inclose it in the letter to atone for the want of flowers in my style. And so farewell at present to the Alhambra and all its tragical and poetical associations.

[*To Mademoiselle Bollviller, Madrid.*]

MALAGA, April 2, 1828.

I am glad, my dear Mademoiselle Antoinette, that you wrote to me in English, notwithstanding I had entreated the contrary. I have been so

accustomed to converse with you in that language that when I read your letter it seemed as if you were talking to me, and even if a little error of idiom should now and then occur it is rather agreeable than otherwise, and gives a *naïveté* to your style. . . . .

We have hitherto had a most laborious, fatiguing, but wild, romantic, and delightful tour. I can hardly imagine that I am travelling in one of the old and civilized countries of Europe. Nothing in the savage parts of my own country and among its native savages could be more original and wild than some of our mountain scramblings among the mountains of the Alpujarras.

I took a last look at Granada from the height on the road of Padul, where the unfortunate King Boabdil wept as he was about to lose sight of his late capital forever. It still bears the poetical name of *el suspiro del Moro*, and they pretend to show in a rock the print of the hoofs of Boabdil's horse, when he stood as his rider gazed with tearful eyes upon Granada. The view is from amidst arid hills. You have a mere peep at a part of the vega, and you see Granada glittering beyond, with the red tower of the Alhambra surrounded by tufted groves. As you turn from this scene to pursue the route of the unfortunate king, a dreary waste of naked and sunburnt mountains extends before you. Poor Boabdil may have contemplated it as emblematical of his lot. He had turned his back upon all that was sweet and pleasant in life, and a stern, and rugged, and joyless futurity lay before him.

In the course of our progress through the mountains, after leaving the beautiful village of Lanjaron, we fell in with a singular character, just at the foot of one of the wildest and most solitary passes. He had all the air of one of those predatory rovers who hover like hawks among the Spanish mountains to pounce upon the traveller. He was mounted on a young and active mule that bounded among the rocks like a goat. He wore the Andalusian hat and jacket, and pantaloons bordered by silver lace ; a cartridge belt of crimson velvet slung over one shoulder and passing under the other arm ; two carabines slung behind his saddle, pistols in front, a cutlass by his side, a long Spanish knife in the pocket of his vest, in a sheath ornamented with silver. He was a complete sub-

ject for Wilkie's pencil. He joined us and kept with us for the rest of the morning, through some savage defiles of the mountains. We were somewhat puzzled to make out his character, or to know whether he were bandit, soldado, contrabandista, or simply caballero, for though he talked very freely about himself he had the Andalusian propensity of inventing facts as fast as his tongue could wag. Stoffregen took a violent dislike to his whole conduct and demeanor, and as we had but a solitary *escopeta* to defend us, he seemed to think we had fallen into very unsafe company. We took a repast together in a little venta in a deep gorge of the mountains, and from further conversation with our new comrade I conceived a better opinion of him, and considered him one of the amusing Fanfarons common to this part of Spain. He told us he was concerned in the mines of Berja whither we were travelling, and offered to conduct us by a more direct route through the mountains, which would save us at least half a day's travelling. After consulting with our muleteers, who we found knew this man, and confirmed the truth of what he said, Gessler and myself concluded to follow the route he pointed out. I found afterward that Stoffregen assented to this change of route only with the utmost repugnance, and on subsequent reflection he was right, for though the man turned out to be an honest person, and the route really was the shortest and best, yet it was extremely imprudent in us to put ourselves so completely under the guidance of an utter stranger in those wild regions, so infested by desperate characters. . . . . Toward sunset we arrived at the village of Cadiar, surrounded by olive orchards, with a small vega, through which ran the river bordered with willows. Here we put up at one of the most wretched posadas I ever met with in Spain. Our *caballero andante* introduced us to a family of his relations, the principal persons of the place, who lived in a spacious and well-furnished mansion, and who pressed us to take up our lodgings with them for the night, but we preferred the independence of our miserable posada. The next morning we resumed our journey, and the *caballero andante* sent a guide with us to show us the way through some of the intricate parts of the mountains, and lent us one of his carabines as an additional security. He turned out to be a sergeant of a company of Douaniers. It was in

this day's journey that we passed through some scenes, the extraordinary rudeness and savage sublimity of which I shall never forget. Those who would know the Alpujarras in their true wildness must explore such lonely passes. We were at one time on the dizzy verge of vast precipices, with a chaos of marble mountains spread before us ; at other times we travelled through deep barrancos and ramblas, with red rocks of immense height absolutely impending over us. Our muleteer and our *escopeta* proceeded warily and took every precaution to guard against attack, for it is in these savage and solitary defiles that the traveller is exposed to most danger. . . . .

In the loneliest and most savage parts of these scenes the cross by the roadside gives an inexpressible touch of horror. It is generally in some turn or angle of the road where the murderer could lie in wait, or on the brow of some hill where he could see from afar the approach of the unfortunate traveller. As the most beautiful scenes of nature derive tenfold interest by anything that indicates the cheerful residence of man, so the wildest and most awful scenes derive tenfold horror from these mementos of human crime and passion. The cross stuck in the fissure of a rock by the roadside in a mountain pass of a deep broken barranco, spreads a character of ferocity over the whole scene.

Our mode of travelling in these parts has in it something that partakes of the rude nature of the country. Our muleteers have the air of veritable brigands, and doubtless now and then indulge in the profession as a gentleman occasionally lays by his humanity and indulges in the pleasures of the chase. Our repasts are in the true brigand style ; sometimes at a brook among the rocks by the roadside, sometimes on the sea-shore under the shade of a fisherman's hovel, sometimes on the brow of a mountain. You cannot conceive the luxury of these repasts in the open air, in wild and picturesque places ; and how charmingly the magic leather bottle of Gessler diffuses an enchantment over the scene. . . . .

We have been greatly pleased with our sojourn at Malaga. It is a finely situated place, in a fertile valley surrounded by mountains, and open to the Mediterranean. We have had beautiful moonlight nights, and

you can have no idea of the charming appearance of one of these southern Mediterranean ports by moonlight.

From Malaga, where he passed several days, Mr. Irving "took the circuitous route to Gibraltar by the mountains of Ronda." "The people of these mountains," he writes, "are the finest I have seen in Spain, and the contrabandista of Ronda is the knight errant of the Spanish vulgar." He remained four days at Gibraltar, then proceeded to Cadiz, which he pronounces one of the most beautiful cities he had ever seen, and after remaining there part of two days, he embarked on a steamboat for Seville, where he landed the same day.

To Peter he writes the day after his arrival at Seville, which he considered the end of his tour:—

> Wilkie is here and will remain here a few days longer, when he returns to Madrid, and thence proceeds to Paris. He has sketched out on canvas his "Defense of Saragossa," in which he has introduced an excellent likeness of Palafox. The Prince Dolgorouki writes to me in the highest terms of this picture. My stay in Seville is uncertain. I have not seen the libraries. I shall probably remain here some weeks, till I can get the work we talked of in order for the press.

The work here alluded to was the "Conquest of Granada," which he had brought with him in an unfinished state from Madrid. "If I continue in motion," he adds, "I shall lose the fall season. I think a little close application and hard work will soon get all in train." He also anticipated the necessity of considerable emendations in

the second edition of "Columbus," from some English publications which Murray had sent him, and some curtailments to reduce the volume of the work.

Instead of the few weeks which he speaks of as the probable limit of his stay in Seville, his sojourn in that beautiful city and its vicinity was prolonged to more than a year.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.—WILKIE AND THE PAINTING OF "ST. THOMAS."—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.—LETTER TO PRINCE DOLGOROUKI.—CHARACTER OF THE ANDALUSIANS.—LETTER TO MADEMOISELLE BOLLVILLER.—BULL-FIGHTS, HIS NOTION OF.—SAN JUAN DE ALFARACHE.—RELICS OF MOORISH LABOR AND MOORISH TASTE.

I INTRODUCE a few extracts from his diary :—

Friday, April 18th.—Went with Wilkie and Mr. ———, and a young gentleman of Lima to see the church of La Caridad —noble painting of Moses striking the rock—opposite, the miracle of the loaves and fishes.

Went into chapel of St. Thomas—saw St. Thomas, by ———, fine painting—much admired by Wilkie. [The artist for whose name Mr. Irving, when making his record, was evidently at a loss, was Zurbaran, who preceded Murillo ; the painting, St. Thomas Aquinas. I have heard him speak of the impression it produced on Wilkie, who stood gazing at it for a long while in deep admiration, and then gave vent to his surprise at the early perfection of Spanish art : "And this they had before Murillo !"]

Tuesday, April 22d.—Sat to Wilkie this morning for a sketch of my portrait—go with him and Sig. ——— to the library of the city—small collection—old friar very kind and attentive—likenesses of Murillo and Velasquez painted by themselves.

Wednesday, 23d.—Write letter to Mr. Everett—call on Wilkie, who finishes my portrait—dine with Gessler and Stoffregen at Mrs. Stalker's [an English boarding-house].

I give the letter to Mr. Everett, which is in answer to one referring to a notice of "Columbus" from the London "Times," and announcing his intention of preparing a review of the work for the "North American," in which it appeared in the succeeding January.

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, April 23, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR:—

. . . . I am much obliged to you for the kind interest you express in my literary concerns, and am happy to find you intend to review my work, as I am sure it will meet with a fair and able criticism from your pen. Mr. Rich has inclosed me the review from the "Times." I rather derive encouragement from it than otherwise. The great fault found by the critic is, that my work contains but little novelty of fact, the main body of information being already in existence in the works of Las Casas, Herrera, and Fernando Colon. He ought to have added Peter Martyr and the Curate de los Palacios. This is only to say what I have said myself in my preface, that the information relative to Columbus was scattered through a variety of works, and substantiates my assertion that a history combining all that had been related by different historians as well as the minor but very interesting facts existing in various documents recently discovered, was a desideratum in literature. What general reader will hunt up the various works I have mentioned to obtain from them full information respecting Columbus and his voyages? yet unless he read them all he will be but partially informed on the subject.

The English reader hitherto has derived his information on this head almost exclusively from the notice of Columbus in Dr. Robertson's history; this, though admirably executed, is but a general outline. It occupies one hundred and twenty or thirty pages. I found a faithful narration of all that was likely to be interesting to the reader, particularly the American reader, would occupy at least one thousand. No one is more

likely to be well informed on this subject than yourself, and I recollect in a conversation with you at the time I undertook the work you expressed your surprise that no complete history of Columbus was in existence.

If, therefore, as this critic says, my work is "elegantly and agreeably written," so as to form to those who learn the history of Columbus from it for the first time, "a most delightful production," I have in a great measure attained my end.

I have received much encouragement from various private letters, expressing the opinions of my correspondents themselves, and others of note, particularly of Sir James Mackintosh, who has been very flattering in his eulogiums.

As to Murray, he sends me a verbal message by Mr. Rich, requesting alterations and corrections, instead of writing particularly to me on the subject. I have always foreseen that there would be many corrections required in the second edition, and would have been glad to have had any errors I had committed clearly pointed out that I might amend them.

I have visited the archives of the Indias, and presented a letter of introduction to the chief. He tells me, however, that it is necessary to have an express order from the king before I can inspect the archives or make any extracts or copies. I wish very much to examine some documents prior to publishing the second edition of my work. Can you, without inconvenience, in your intercourse at court *proporcionar* me an order of the kind ?

Mr. Wilkie leaves Seville to-morrow in the diligence for Madrid, where he proposes to remain a week and then to continue on to Paris.

I have been much interested in visiting some of the masterpieces of the Spanish painters with him. His observations on paintings are full of maxims on the art, and of maxims that apply to art generally. You will find a conversation with him on his return extremely gratifying, and he will feel a pleasure in conversing with you, for he entertains a very high opinion of you as well as a grateful sense of the kind services you have rendered him

Mr. Irving parted with Wilkie on the 24th of April, and soon after changed his lodgings from the Fonda de la Reyna to Mrs. Stalker's, where he remained during the months of May and June. Here he formed the acquaintance of John Nalder Hall, a young Englishman in delicate health, of whom mention will be made hereafter.

The three letters which follow were addressed from these quarters.

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, May 7, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR :—

. . . . I cannot tell you how gratified I am by the very favorable opinion you have expressed of my work. To tell you the truth, I stood in great awe of your opinion. I knew you to be more competent than most men to judge in the matter, and that you had a terribly keen searching eye in literature as well as politics. I can only say that since I read your letter my mind has been relieved from a thousand doubts and anxieties, and I have enjoyed a tranquillity as to the ultimate success of my work, which none of the previous letters I had received from my friends has been able to produce.

I shall immediately set about the corrections for the second edition, which I perceive will be by no means so important as I had apprehended.

As to visiting the archives here, if it is a matter of such difficulty on the part of the government, I would not wish you to press it. I had supposed a simple application would have been sufficient. There are some documents concerning Columbus of which Mr. Navarrete has obtained copies, which he intends to publish in his third volume, and of which I have never been able to obtain a full sight at Madrid. I should have wished to get a sight of these, as I fear the third volume of Mr. Navarrete will be as long in making its appearance as the Jewish Messiah. It is not, however, a matter of much moment.

The documents are probably of greater importance in the eyes of Mr. Navarrete than they would be in the eyes of the public, and I believe I have already either ascertained or divined the substance of them. When Mr. Rich returns, he will probably be able to procure me a copy of Navarrete's third volume, if it is actually in the press. . . . .

[*To Prince Demetri Ivanovitch Dolgorouki.*]

SEVILLE, May 18, 1828.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI :—

. . . . You talk in your letters of the possibility of your paying Seville a visit. I fear you will defer it till after my departure. The weather will soon be too hot to admit of your travelling so far to the south ; and I question my remaining here until the cool autumnal months. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to ramble about Seville and its vicinity, in company with you. It is a place full of interest, both as it relates to works of art, and to the character of the place itself and its inhabitants.

The Andalusians are further removed from the rest of Europeans in their characteristics, than any of the people of Spain that I have seen. They belong more to Africa in many of their traits and habitudes ; and when I am mingling among them in some of their old country towns, I can scarcely persuade myself that the expulsion of the Moors has been anything more than nominal.

Stoffregen has no doubt given you an account of a great cattle fair, which we visited a few leagues from Seville. When I was in the centre of this fair, with tents pitched around me, droves of cattle, and troops of horsemen in the Andalusian costume riding about the fields in every direction, I could scarce persuade myself that I was in Europe, and that it was not a wild, roving encampment of some predatory Arab army.

The churches here would furnish you with continual banquets. They are extremely rich in paintings, and, what gives the greatest zest to your enjoyment, is the idea that these paintings are but little known to the world at large. They are not like the great paintings of Italy, which

have been admired and extolled and criticised, and written about by every connoisseur or would-be connoisseur, who has made the grand tour. A celebrated Italian painting is like the belle of a metropolis, who is so much admired and talked about that the imagination grows weary of her; she seems to grow stale and common both to eye and ear; but one of these Spanish masterpieces, in an obscure convent seldom visited by the foot of a traveller, is like a beauty in a country village, fresh and sweet from being rarely seen and stared at. For my part, I feel less interest in great belles or great paintings, which all the world know and admire, than I do in those out-of-the-way beauties which one seems to have discovered. Indeed I carry this so far that I have two or three delicious little Murillos which I have found out in obscure and almost remote chapels or convents, and which I in a manner keep to myself. I carry on a kind of intrigue with them, visiting them quietly and alone; and I cannot tell you what delightful moments I pass in their company; enhanced by the idea of their being so private and retired. The moment a painting is drawn forth from its native chapel or convent, and introduced upon town in a public gallery, it loses half its charms with me; and as to those renowned "virgins" who are visited by all the rabble rout of travellers, they are not ladies for my money.

May 21st.—You tell me you are studying the English again; are you really *studying it*, or only dipping into it occasionally, leaving intervals sufficient between your lessons to forget them. A few weeks' steady application would put you in complete possession of the language, and I should be delighted when next we meet to have a free medium of communication between us. I fear I shall never acquire sufficient fluency in the French to speak it with ease and pleasure. I always feel shackled in it, and cannot express all that I think, nor give any turn or coloring to my thoughts; and what is social intercourse when one has to struggle with such impediments? Do therefore study English a little for my sake, and now and then take an extra lesson merely as an act of friendship.

You say you are in a state of warfare with Mademoiselle Antoinette; do not expect any aid or connivance on my part. I am her most faithful ally, and shall certainly take her part if you dare to advance beyond the

Pruth. In the meantime, until I see hostilities actually commenced, I remain as ever, your assured friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Mademoiselle Bollviller, Madrid.*]

SEVILLE, May 28, 1828.

I have suffered some time to elapse, my dear Mademoiselle Antoinette, without replying to your charming letter, but I have had a long arrearage of letters to pay off to correspondents in Europe and America and many lie by me yet unanswered. O ! this continually accumulating debt of correspondence ! It grows while we sleep, and recurs as fast as we can pay it off. Would that I had the turn and taste for letter-writing of our friend the prince, to whom it seems a perfect delight ; who, like an industrious spider, can sit in that little dark room and spin out a web of pleasant fancies from his own brain ; or rather, to make a more gracious comparison, like a honey bee goes humming about the world, and when he has visited every flower, returns buzz—buzz—buzz to his little hive, and works all that he has collected into a perfect honey-comb of a letter. For my part, I know no greater delight than to receive letters ; but the replying to them is a grievous tax upon my negligent nature. I sometimes think one of the greatest blessings we shall enjoy in heaven, will be to receive letters by every post and never be obliged to reply to them.

Do not think, however, that what I have said applies to my correspondence with you ; or with that truly good boy, the prince. With me it is in letter-writing as in conversation, I must feel a particular interest in a person to be able to acquit myself with any degree of attention and animation in either ; but there are those with whom it is a real pleasure, both to converse and correspond. It is the number of uninteresting persons with whom one must keep up correspondence and conversation of mere civility that makes a toil of the common intercourse of life.

You tell me you have been at a bull-fight, and that you have renounced all amusements of the kind forever. I should be much mistaken in the opinion I have formed of you, could you really relish those barbarous

spectacles. Depend upon it, it is neither the better nor the braver parts of our nature that is gratified by them. There appears to me a mixture of cowardice and ferocity in looking on in selfish security and enjoying the perils and sufferings of others. The "divinity that dwells within us" has nothing to do with pleasures of the kind ; they belong to our earthly, our gross and savage nature. I have sunk considerably in my own estimation since I have found I could derive gratification from these sights ; I should have been grieved to find you as bad in this respect as myself.

I am sorry to hear that you are to pass your summer in Madrid and not to visit Aranjuez or La Granja. What a pity that the diplomatic circle should be doomed to the sterile monotony of that city of the desert; what a residence this Seville might be made for a court ! Such a heavenly climate and delightful neighborhood ; such fine rides, such pleasant country retreats, such water excursions on the Guadalquivir ! I have visited some lovely places in the vicinity ; and whenever I find any situation peculiarly delicious, I am sure to find that it has been a favorite resort of those noble fellows, the Moors.

I made an excursion a few days since down the Guadalquivir to an old convent, called S. Juan de Alfarache, which is built among the ruins of a Moorish castle, and I dined at a country-seat in the neighborhood, which had been the retreat of some Moorish family. You cannot imagine scenery more soft, graceful, luxuriant, and beautiful. These retreats are built along the side of a ridge of hills overlooking the fertile valley of the Guadalquivir, and the serpentine windings of that river, with Seville and its towers rising at a distance, and the Ronda mountains bounding the landscape. But consider all this ridge of hills and the valley immediately below you a perfect garden, filled with oranges, citrons, figs, grapes, pomegranates ; hedged by the aloe and the Indian fig in blossom ; the whole country covered with flowers, such as in other countries are raised in hot-houses, but here growing wild ; for the very weeds are flowers and aromatic plants. Fancy all this lovely landscape rendered fresh and sweet by recent showers, the soft air loaded with fragrance and the hum of bees on every side, and the songs of thousands of nightingales reminding you of spring-time and the season of flowers.

In these country-seats one continually meets with the relics of Moorish labor and Moorish taste ; channels cut into the sides of the hills, through the living rock, in search of choice springs of cold and delicate water, and basins and fountains to collect it and to cool the courts and halls of the mansions.

The pleasantest excursion, however, that I have made from Seville was to Alcala de la Guadayra. It is situated on the Guadayra, a beautiful little winding stream that throws itself into the Guadalquivir near to Seville. At Alcala there are noble remains of an immense Moorish castle, the towers and walls in fine preservation.

Nothing can be more charming than the windings of the little river among banks hanging with gardens and orchards of all kinds of delicate southern fruits, and tufted with flowers and aromatic plants. The nightingales throng this lovely little valley as numerously as they do the gardens of Aranjuez. Every bend of the river presents a new landscape, for it is beset by old Moorish mills of the most picturesque forms ; each mill having an embattled tower—a memento of the valiant tenure by which those gallant fellows, the Moors, held this earthly paradise, having to be ready at all times for war, and as it were to work with one hand and fight with the other. It is impossible to travel about Andalusia and not imbibe a kind feeling for those Moors. They deserved this beautiful country. They won it bravely ; they enjoyed it generously and kindly. No lover ever delighted more to cherish and adorn a mistress, to heighten and illustrate her charms, and to vindicate and defend her against all the world than did the Moors to embellish, enrich, elevate, and defend their beloved Spain. Everywhere I meet traces of their sagacity, courage, urbanity, high poetical feeling, and elegant taste. The noblest institutions in this part of Spain, the best inventions for comfortable and agreeable living, and all those habitudes and customs which throw a peculiar and oriental charm over the Andalusian mode of living, may be traced to the Moors. Whenever I enter these beautiful marble patios, set out with shrubs and flowers, refreshed by fountains, sheltered with awnings from the sun ; where the air is cool at noonday, the ear delighted in sultry summer by the sound of falling water ; where, in a

word, a little paradise is shut up within the walls of home; I think on the poor Moors, the inventors of all these delights. I am at times almost ready to join in sentiment with a worthy friend and countryman of mine whom I met in Malaga, who swears the Moors are the only people that ever deserved the country, and prays to heaven they may come over from Africa and conquer it again.

You promise to give me the news of the gay world of Madrid. I shall be delighted to receive it from you, but you need not go out of the walls of your own house to find subjects full of interest for me. Let me have all the news you can of your domestic circle; you have a world within yourselves; at least it was all the world to me while at Madrid. Stoffregen, I presume, is like Sindbad when he returned from his voyages, he has so much to relate. The prince talks something of coming to Seville. Is there any probability of it? I should mark the day of his arrival with a white stone, and would be delighted to be his cicerone.

Tell me everything about the children. I suppose the discreet princess will soon consider it an indignity to be ranked among the number. I am told she is growing with might and main, and is determined not to stop until she is a woman outright. I would give all the money in my pocket to be with those dear little women at the round table in the saloon, or on the grass-plot in the garden, to tell them some marvelous tales.

Give my kind remembrances to Mr. and Madame D'Oubril, and to all the household, large and small. I hope Mademoiselle Constance keeps her little flock in order, and that Madame Agnes has as great command as ever over the little sons. Tell my little Marie I kiss her hand and hold myself her loyal and devoted knight. If she wishes at any time the head of a giant or the tail of a fiery dragon, she has but to call upon me. My arm and my court sword are always at her command.

With the greatest regard, your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER IX.

REMOVES TO A COTTAGE IN THE VICINITY OF SEVILLE.—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.—LETTER TO MADEMOISELLE BOLLVILLER.—THE CATHEDRAL OF SEVILLE.—LETTER TO PRINCE DOLGOROUKI. — WILKIE.—LETTER TO PETER IRVING.—"CONQUEST OF GRANADA."—ARRANGEMENT WITH CAREY. —JOURNEY TO PALOS.—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, IN REPLY TO ONE ANNOUNCING THE KING'S PERMISSION TO HIM TO INSPECT THE ARCHIVES OF THE INDIAS, AND GIVING HIM AN EXTRACT FROM HIS CRITIQUE ON "COLUMBUS."

N the first of July, Mr. Irving removed with John Nalder Hall, the young Englishman in delicate health, who had been his fellow-lodger at Mrs. Stalker's, to a cottage in the vicinity of Seville, where he passed six weeks, occupied upon the "Conquest of Granada" and a second edition of "Columbus." This cottage was inclosed by a high wall, and at sunset the keeper shut the gates and locked them in for the night. Occasionally the gates were closed also upon some suspicious-looking horsemen, who would come and go mysteriously, and to whom the keeper would appear to be giving harbor for the night.

The record in his diary of the second day's sojourn, would seem to mark their lonely abode for an ominous vicinity.

Wednesday, July 2d.—At Casa de Cera—write at "Granada"—evening go out with Hall who rides while I walk—make a tour by the river Guadayra—old Moorish mill—bridge near by, with cross on it of murdered traveller.

It was from this cottage, in which they hoped to get through the hot season better than they should at Seville, that the following letters were addressed.

In the second, which has more or less bearing upon his personal and literary life, will be found a description of these new quarters, for which he had exchanged his English boarding-house in Seville, and an allusion to the companion who shared them with him.

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, July 11, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR:—

. . . . I am so much out of the world here that I hear nothing. A newspaper three or four weeks old is full of intelligence to me, and quite fresh in its contents.

I have corrected my work on Columbus for a second edition, as far as I have the means of doing so. Mr. Rich writes me word that Mr. Navarrete says his third volume will contain some curious matter for my second edition. . . . I am told his work will not appear until September, and I presume we may allow a still more remote date in consequence of the customary delays in this country. I cannot defer the publication of the second edition for such an indefinite period. I believe the most material facts Mr. Navarrete alludes to are drawn from the papers of the pleito, between the heirs of Christopher Columbus and the Spanish crown. Should you have occasion to see Mr. Salmon in the course of your official transactions, I should take it as a kindness if you would pro-

cure me an order to inspect the papers and documents "in the pleito between the Admiral Don Diego Colon and the fiscal of the crown, *and any other papers that may relate to the history of Christopher Columbus.*" The part of the request underlined you may omit should it cause any difficulty. I believe an order will readily be granted for any specific documents. The difficulty only is with respect to general requests to search the archives. I find great kindness and attention here among the people of the cathedral and its librarians. In the course of my rummaging, I have come by chance upon a work on Cosmography, etc., by the Cardinal Pedro Aliaco, which is cited by Las Casas as having been several times in his hands, and full of marginal notes by Columbus and his brother, the Adelantado. I found the precise work, with all the marginal notes, mostly in Latin, remarkably neatly written. It is curious in the extreme, as containing relations, etc., of Columbus, of various things bearing upon his theory, and written prior to the discovery. None of the people of the library knew of its being the handwriting of Columbus ; or, indeed, seemed to attach any particular value to the book until I made them sensible of it. What a prize this would have been for friend Rich.

[*To Mademoiselle Bollviller Madrid.*]

Seville, July 20, 1828.

I ought to make you many excuses, my dear Mademoiselle Antoinette, for suffering so long a time to elapse without writing, but the weather set in exceedingly hot, and for a time seemed to incapacitate me for every mental exertion, and I afterwards became unsettled in all my customary habits by a change of residence, having taken up my quarters in a cottage about half a league from Seville. I shall now endeavor to get myself "*en train.*" From what I have written to you about scenes in Andalusia, I find you have taken an idea that this is a most lovely and most wonderful country ; but you must recollect I only speak of particular places The general appearance of Andalusian plains, for a great part of the year, is cheerless and sunburnt, from the heat of the climate and the want of trees, that prevalent defect in Spanish scenery. The cottage in which I

am residing looks out over an immense plain, called the "Tablada," which is now completely parched, and the air from it as warm as the vapor of a furnace. No trees are to be seen, except at a great distance a few plantations of olives—those wretched groves, which to my eye make a landscape still more arid. The great comfort of the cottage is a little garden behind it full of orange and citron trees, with a porch overhung with grape-vines and jessamines. I have taken up my quarters here with a young English gentleman, who is in a critical state of health from having broken a blood-vessel. The place suits me from its uninterrupted quiet. The mornings and evenings are cool from the prevalence of the sea breezes, and the nights are delicious. I pass my time here, therefore, completely undisturbed, having no visits either to pay or to receive; with a horse to ride about the plain for exercise, or to take me to Seville when I wish to visit the library. It is a long time since I have been so tranquil, so completely insulated, so freed from the noises and distractions of the town, and I cannot tell you how much I relish it. There is a quiet and deep enjoyment in sitting out in the air in the still serenity of the country, and passing one of these balmy summer nights in gazing at the stars. They have the purity and splendor in this clear atmosphere which I have witnessed nowhere else save in my own country. Though within only two miles of Seville, the landscape is as solitary as it would be at fifty miles' distance from a town in any other country; and nothing reminds one of the vicinity at night but the deep chimes of the cathedral bells, which are rich and melodious in their tones, and have a magnificent sound as heard across the plain. When I get for a time in the country, even in this comfortless and melancholy country of Spain, I feel such a tranquillity of the spirits, such a cessation of all those agitations and petty cares that perplex me in town, that I wonder at having passed so much of my life in scenes in which I take so little relish, and to which I feel myself so little adapted. We are great cheats to ourselves, and defraud ourselves out of a great portion of this our petty term of existence, filling it up with idle ceremonies and irksome occupations and unnecessary cares. By dint of passing our time in the distractions of a continual succession of society, we lose all intimacy with what ought to be our best and most cherished

society, *ourselves*. And by fixing our attention on the vapid amusements and paltry splendors of a town, we lose all perceptions of the serene and elevating pleasures and the magnificent spectacles presented us by nature. What *soirée* in Madrid could repay me for a calm, delicious evening passed here among the old trees of the garden, in untroubled thought or unbroken reverie—or what splendor of ball-room, or court itself, can equal the glory of sunset, or the serene magnificence of the moon and stars shining so clearly above me. . . . .

21*st*.—I have been dwelling most extravagantly, you will think, upon the charms of country life, and yet the deep chimes of the cathedral bells which throw such a solemn charm over the solitary plain in the evenings, seem to claim some testimony in favor of that noble building. If ever you come to Seville, be sure to visit its glorious cathedral. That, however, you will be sure to do; your good taste will not suffer you to keep away, but visit it more than once; visit it in the evenings, when the last rays of the sun, or rather the last glimmer of the daylight, is shining through its painted windows. Visit it at night, when its various chapels are partially lighted up, its immense aisles are dimly illuminated by their rows of silver lamps, and when mass is preparing amidst gleams of gold and clouds of incense at its high altar. Visit it at those times, and, if possible, go alone, or with as few gay ladies and gentlemen as possible, for they are the worst kind of companions for a cathedral. I do not think altogether, I have ever been equally delighted with any building of the kind. It is so majestic, ample, and complete; so sumptuous in all its appointments, and noble and august in its ceremonies. It is near the house where I lodged when in Seville, and was my daily resort. Indeed, I often visited it more than once in the course of the day. It is delightful to me to have a grand and solemn building of the kind near to me in a city. It is a resort where one gets rid of the noise, and nonsense, and littleness of the petty world around one, and can call up in some degree (though after all but slightly) a glow of solemn and poetical feeling ; the most difficult of all sentiments to be summoned up in a city.

A quiet saunter about a cathedral, particularly towards the evening, when the shades are deeper and the light of the painted windows more

dim and vague, has the effect upon me of a walk in one of our great American forests. I cannot compare the scenes, but their sublime and solitary features produce the same dilation of the heart and swelling of the spirit, the same aspiring and longing after something exalted and indefinite; something—I know not what, but something which I feel this world cannot give me. When my eye follows up these great clustering columns until lost in the obscurity of the lofty and spacious vaults, I feel as I have done when gazing up along the trunks of our mighty trees that have stood for ages, and tracing them out to the topmost branches which tower out of the brown forest into the deep blue sky—my thoughts and feelings seem carried up with them until they expand and are lost in the immensity. I find I am running into very long tirades in this letter, and am spinning out thoughts for the want of facts to relate. But I have no domestic gossip nor the chit-chat of a circle of acquaintances to communicate, which are the lively and interesting materials for a letter; you must excuse, therefore, my prosing. Give my love to all my dear little friends of the round table, from the discreet princess down to the little blue-eyed boy. Tell *la petite Marie* that I still remain true to her, though surrounded by all the beauties of Seville, and that I swear (but this she must keep between ourselves) that there is not a little woman to compare with her in all Andalusia. With my kindest remembrances to Mons. and Madame D'Oubril, and to my good friend, Mlle. Constance, I am, my dear friend, very truly yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

SEVILLE, July 21, 1828.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI :—

I find if one would not be forgotten by one's friends it is necessary to keep up a regular epistolary fire ; but what novelty can I furnish, vegetating as I do in the midst of a sunburnt Andalusian plain, to you, surrounded by the bustle of a diplomatic life, and the gayety and gossip of a capital? What can I tell you of Seville that you have not heard a thousand times? I know nothing of its inhabitants, for I have not mingled with them. As to the famed beauty of its women, I am inclined to set it

down as one of those traditional things that has commenced in fact, and been handed down from age to age, and from traveller to traveller, though it has long since become a falsehood. There are beautiful women in Seville, as (God be praised for all His mercies) there are in all other great cities ; but do not, my worthy and inquiring friend, do not come to Seville as I did, expecting a perfect beauty to be staring you in the face at every turn, or you will be awfully disappointed. Andalusia, generally speaking, derives its renown for the beauty of its women and the beauty of its landscapes, from the rare and captivating charms of individuals. The generality of its female faces are as sunburnt and void of bloom and freshness as its plains. I am convinced, the great fascination of Spanish women arises from their natural talent, their fire and soul, which beams through their dark and flashing eyes, and kindle up their whole countenance in the course of an interesting conversation. As I have but few opportunities of judging of them in this way, I can only criticise them with the eye of a sauntering observer. It is like judging of a fountain when it is not in play, or a fire when it lies dormant, and neither flames nor sparkles. After all, it is the divinity *within* which makes the divinity *without :* and I have been more fascinated by a woman of talent and intelligence, though deficient in personal charms, than I have been by the most regular beauty.

I presume your secretaryship* multiplies your labors, and with your usual *Duende* habits keeps you in a continual bustle. You repine at times at the futility of the gay and great world about you. The world is pretty much what we make it; and it will be filled up with nullities and trifles if we suffer them to occupy our attention. My dear Prince—I ask pardon—my dear Dolgorouki—you have everything before you, and heaven has given you talents to shape and mould this gay chaos to your own purposes if you will but set about it rightly. Fix your attention on noble objects and noble purposes, and sacrifice all temporary and trivial things to their attainment. Consider everything not as to its present importance and effect, but with relation to what it is to produce some time hence. If

* The Prince, before an attaché, was now Secretary of Legation to the Russian embassy.

a pursuit—whether it is to lead to a valuable accomplishment, to add to your stock of serviceable knowledge, to increase your intellectual means, and give future dignity to your name. In society, let what is merely amusing occupy but the waste moments of your leisure and the mere surface of your thoughts; cultivate such intimacies only as may ripen into lasting friendships, or furnish your memory with valuable recollections. Above all, mark *one line* in which to excel, and bend all your thoughts and exertions to rise to eminence or rather to advance towards perfection in that *line*. In this way you will find your views gradually converging towards one point, instead of being distracted by a thousand objects. You will be surprised how soon you will become disentangled from the thousand petty cares, and petty pleasures, and petty troubles that are now spun round you like spiders' webs, and you will be surprised also to find how full of really great objects the world is around you, but which you were prevented from seeing by the intruding trifles *at the end of your nose.*

Have you heard from Wilkie since his arrival in London? I am extremely anxious to know how he finds himself after his return in his own native country, and how his late paintings are relished by his countrymen. I saw lately the portrait he made of a little girl after his return to Madrid; it was sent here to be forwarded to London. When I recollect how slowly he used to work and how laboriously to finish, I am astonished to perceive the facility with which he has adopted so opposite a manner. I think he has gained greatly in the freedom of his pencil and the general effect of his paintings.

You once offered me a Spanish work, entitled, I think, "*El origen de los Indias.*" I am just now engaged in some researches in which I wish to consult it, but cannot procure it in this place. If you have an opportunity, I wish you would send it to me, and I will return it when I have done with it.

I regret extremely that there is no likelihood of your visiting Seville while I am here. . . . . The chances of my return to Madrid are very slight, yet I cannot endure the idea that I am to leave Spain without seeing anything more of any of your household. But to return to Madrid would interfere with all my plans, and throw me again into the midst of

friendly connections from which it would cost me painful exertions again to tear myself. . . . .

Farewell, my dear Dolgorouki. Your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

On the eleventh of August, Mr. Irving set out in a calesa, on a rough journey to Palos, fourteen leagues distant, whence the little squadron of Columbus made sail for the New World. He gave to the public an interesting sketch of this visit in the Appendix to the second edition of "Columbus," and the reader will also find some allusion to it in the following letter to Mr. Everett, which is in reply to one from that gentleman, inclosing a letter from Mr. Salmon, the Secretary of State, announcing the king's permission for him to inspect the archives of the Indias, and giving him an extract from a critique on "Columbus," which he was preparing for the "North American Review."

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, August 20, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR :—

Your letter of the 12th inst. has made me most deeply and irretrievably your debtor. I thank you a thousand times for your persevering kindness in procuring me the royal permission to inspect the archives of the Indias; and I cannot but feel gratified by the very handsome manner in which it was communicated to you by the prime minister. I believe the keeper of the archives had not received the order, but the moment he read the letter of Mr. Salmon, he put everything at my disposition, and he and his colleagues have shown me the most particular and unremitted atten-

tions whenever I have visited the archives since. I find nothing relative to Columbus that has not been published by Navarrete, excepting the documents in the lawsuit between the heirs of Columbus and the Fiscal, from which I have made some minutes.

You are the best judge of the propriety of presenting a copy of my work to the king, and I will thank you to do as you think proper in the business. I should have felt diffident of such a thing, as savoring of the vanity of authorship, had the idea originated with myself, but I have no hesitation when sanctioned by your advice. I beg you will also express to Mr. Salmon how much I feel indebted to him for his repeated courtesies.

The extract from your critique on "Columbus" is so exceedingly flattering, that it quite agitates me. If I thought I could really merit the extent of your encomiums! yet they are opinions which you are deliberately giving to the press, and I know you do not commit your judgment lightly or rashly.

. . . . . .

Last week I made a journey to Palos, to visit the place from whence Columbus sailed on his first voyage of discovery. The journey was rather rough, and I had to put up with the usual evils of Spanish posadas, but I was extremely gratified. I had a letter to one of the descendants of the Pinzons, a most respectable and pleasant old gentleman, seventy-two years of age, healthful, cheerful, and active. He entertained me with great hospitality, made me acquainted with his family connection, and accompanied me to every place memorable in the history of the expedition. The Pinzon family is still numerous and apparently flourishing, and ever since the time of Columbus has continued in the neighborhood, principally at Moguer, where the best houses are occupied by members of the family, and they, for centuries, have filled the posts of trust and dignity of the little city. I visited Palos, the convent of La Rabida, the church at which Columbus read the order for the caravels, the church where he watched and prayed all night after his return, according to a vow which he had made in a storm at sea; in short, I sought everything that had any connection with him and his history. . . . .

CHAPTER X.

CHANGE OF QUARTERS TO PORT ST. MARY.—EXTRACTS FROM LETTER TO PETER. —LITERARY PLANS.—LONGING TO RETURN TO AMERICA.—EXTRACTS FROM DIARY.—REMOVAL FROM THE CERILLO TO THE CARACOL.—MURRAY'S OFFER TO HIM TO CONDUCT A MAGAZINE, AND TO WRITE FOR THE "QUARTERLY." —REPUGNANCE TO THE PROPOSAL.—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT, NOTICING MURRAY'S OFFER.—"CONQUEST OF GRANADA."—SALE OF AMERICAN COPYRIGHT.—RETURN TO SEVILLE.—ABRIDGMENT OF "COLUMBUS." —GIVEN GRATUITOUSLY TO MURRAY.—BARGAIN WITH THE CARVILLS FOR "COLUMBUS" AND ABRIDGMENT.—DEATH OF HALL.—ANECDOTE OF INVOCATION.—BARGAIN WITH MURRAY FOR "CONQUEST OF GRANADA."—CLOSE OF 1828.

FINDING the heat too great at their cottage on the sunburnt "tablada" of Seville, Mr. Irving and Mr. Hall removed to a little country-seat about three quarters of a mile from the town of St. Mary, about eight miles from Cadiz, on the opposite side of the Bay.

It stands on a hill, [writes Washington to his brother Peter, September 2, the day after they had taken possession,] commanding an extensive prospect of sea and land, with Cadiz and its beautiful bay on one side and the distant mountains of Ronda on another.

The letter continues:—

I shall remain here until the end of September, perhaps a little longer, and think I may then pay another visit to Seville, to look into the archives of the Indias. Mr. Everett procured me the royal permission to inspect the archives of the Indias, but it did not arrive until about a week before I left Seville, when the weather was so hot that it was almost impossible to do anything.

I shall remain some little time longer in Spain, until I can get more manuscript in sufficient train to insure its completion hereafter without difficulty—the getting up the work on Granada and the correcting of "Columbus" have hitherto engrossed me, and may occupy me some little time longer; after which I will endeavor to arrange other things, so as to be beyond the reach of chance or change of mind. I have quiet and leisure here to work, and with a little assiduity may make ample provision for all future wants; but when I once leave Spain, I fear I shall for a long time be unsettled and incapable of working. I am haunted by an incessant and increasing desire to visit America, and if I once get in motion it is a chance if I come to anchor again until I find myself at New York. I will endeavor, therefore, to provide against the possibility of such restlessness.

I give a few extracts from his diary, commencing the eleventh day after he and Mr. Hall had taken possession of Cerillo, the country-seat about a mile from Port St. Mary, before mentioned.

Thursday, 11*th*.—Find the persons of Mr. Crowley's house are coming out to take refuge in the Cerillo, through fear of the fever—cross to Cadiz to consult with Mr. Burton [the American consul] what course to take, as we must leave the Cerillo, and the country is alarmed by reports of fever in Gibraltar, and cordons are drawing in various places.

Friday, 12*th*.—Make preparations to return to Seville—learn that the steamboats are not permitted to come from Seville—our retreat in that direction cut off.

Monday, 15*th*.—Agree to take the Caracol at about $15 a month, partly furnished—move there this afternoon.—[This little retreat was a short distance from Port St. Mary, and commanded a fine view of the bay and city of Cadiz.—Here Hall was destined to find his end.]

October 12.—Receive letter from Murray ; offers £1,000 a year to conduct a monthly magazine, and to pay liberally besides for any original articles I may insert; offers one hundred guineas an article for contributions for the "Quarterly Review."

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

PUERTO STA. MARIA, October 21, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR :—

Murray has offered me a thousand pounds a year to conduct a periodical magazine he is about setting up, to be devoted entirely to literature and the arts, without the least mixture of politics or personality, and to pay me liberally besides for any articles I may contribute to it. I have declined, as I do not wish to engage in any undertaking that would oblige me to fix my residence out of America ; and, indeed, I am unwilling to shackle myself with any periodical labor. He also offers me a hundred guineas an article for contributions to the "Quarterly." This is extremely liberal, but, unfortunately, his review has been so hostile to our country, that I cannot think of writing a line for it. Had it been otherwise, I could hardly have resisted such a temptation. Since my tour in the old kingdom of Granada, I have finished and transmitted a work for publication on the subject of the Conquest by Ferdinand and Isabella. I collected materials for it about two years since, having been struck with the subject while writing the "Life of Columbus." My brother assisted me in my researches, but after I had roughly thrown it into form, I felt distrust on the subject, and let it lie. My tour reassured me, and I took it up resolutely at Seville, and worked it into regular form. Colonel Aspinwall, to whom I remitted the first part some weeks since, appears highly pleased with it, and has put it in Murray's hands, from whom I await a reply. It is in the form of a Chronicle, made up from all the old

Spanish historians I could lay my hands on, colored and tinted by the imagination so as to have a romantic air, without destroying the historical basis or the chronological order of events. I fancy it is as near the truth as any of the chronicles from which it is digested, and has the advantage of containing the striking facts and achievements, true or false, of them all. Of course it will have no pretensions as a grave historical production, or a work of authority, but I cannot help thinking it will present a lively picture of the war, and one somewhat characteristic of the times, so much of the materials having been drawn from contemporary historians.

The manuscript of the "Conquest of Granada," the work here alluded to as in the form of a Chronicle, had been despatched to America from Cadiz, a short time before, and the copyright was sold to Messrs. Carey & Co., of Philadelphia, for a term of five years, for $4,750 payable in two, four, eight, twelve, and eighteen months from the day of publication. In noticing Murray's offer of a hundred guineas an article for contributions to the "London Quarterly," in a communication to his brother Peter, which includes an allusion to the entire proposition, he says: "As for the 'Review' itself, it has always been so hostile to our country, I cannot draw a pen in its service."

It is a noteworthy fact in this connection, that it was afterwards made matter of opprobrium against him that he was a frequent contributor to the "London Quarterly," at a time when that periodical was distinguished for its hostility to the United States. But of this I may speak hereafter.

On the 3d of November Mr. Irving carried out his intention of running to Seville, "to make researches in the library left by Fernando Columbus, and in the archives of the Indias," leaving his companion at the "Caracol," expecting soon to follow him. A fortnight later, as appears by his diary, November 18, he received a letter from his brother Peter, informing him that some anonymous person in America was about to publish an abridgment of his "Life of Columbus," which, in his view, would be extremely injurious to both the work and himself: "as," he writes, "he must of course garble it, and mangle the style by alterations to avoid the law respecting copyright."

As the history would probably come to an abridgment, as a class or school book, Mr. Irving had intended to make one himself, but had delayed, fearing it might prejudice the sale of the larger work, if issued too soon; but now that he found himself menaced with this interference with his rights and the produce of his labors, before the extended history had been six months from the press, he set to work at once to carry out his purpose, writing immediately to his brother Ebenezer, to announce a forthcoming epitome by himself. To this course he was strongly urged by his brother Peter, to whom it appeared important to his interest, and the reputation of his work, that he should prepare an epitome of it to prevent its being garbled and mangled in the manner threatened. "Gibbon," he reminds him, "abridged his 'Decline and

Fall of the Roman Empire;' Goldsmith abridged his histories of Rome and Greece, and the public was thus put in possession of valuable school-books from the pens of those original authors." Then after one or two suggestions as to the reasons for the abridgments it might be well to state in the preface, to prevent the charge of book-making, he adds pleasantly: "By the way, your case is similar to that of Goldsmith, stated in the preface to a collection of his scattered Essays. You recollect his story of the fat voyager, who was to furnish slices of his own bacon, to support his shipwrecked companions, and insisted on having the first *cut* himself."

In his reply, dated November 19, the day succeeding the receipt of this unpalatable news, Washington writes:

> Your information of the intended piracy upon Columbus annoyed me at first excessively, for I have had so much fagging already with that work, that the idea of attempting an abridgment was intolerable, especially as I have so much other matter to employ my time upon during the short period I can yet linger in Spain. Still I cannot endure the idea that a paltry poacher should carry off the fruits of my labors. I sat down, therefore, this morning, and have already written about twenty pages, and now think I shall be able to digest the work into a very spirited and compact form, that will eventually be more profitable than the more bulky one, if not a better piece of literature.

In a subsequent letter to Peter, of November 30, he writes that he was getting on easily and rapidly with the abridgment; convinced that it would make a most compact, interesting, and entertaining work in one volume, of

a size to be widely and permanently salable. "I think," he adds, "the literary pirate will eventually prove a benefactor."

A fortnight later, he writes to the same brother:—

I have finished the abridgment, and shall send it off to America by the brig *Francis*, which sails from Cadiz for New York, about the 22d instant. I have had it copied, that I might forward a copy to Murray. It will make about five hundred pages of the "Sketch Book," or four hundred good full pages of ordinary printing. I finished it in nineteen days,—hard work, but I think it will be all the better for being written off at a heat. I have no doubt that it will prove a work of extensive and durable sale. All the passages and scenes of striking interest are given almost entire, and the other parts are compressed with clearness and fluency, and without losing in language, I think they gain in spirit by conciseness. The vessel by which it goes to America was originally advertised for the 15th, and to enable me to forward the MSS., man, woman, and child of my acquaintance here that understood English, volunteered to assist in copying it, so that I had it copied in the course of a very few days.

I have had no intelligence from Colonel Aspinwall of any definite arrangement with Murray for the "Conquest of Granada." From the tenor of his last letter, however, I feel satisfied he will get full terms; but I begin to fear the work will not be published until spring.

The copy of the abridgment for Murray, mentioned in this letter, he gave to that publisher without charge, who, it may be stated incidentally, disposed of an edition of ten thousand for his Family Library. If he failed of reimbursement from the more costly and extended history, the deficiency was no doubt made up by the gratuitous compendium.

The same day he writes to Mr. Everett, in reply to a letter not in my possession, respecting some points in the "History of Columbus," as follows:—

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, December 13, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I am not certain whether I have seen anything of the work of Count Nassione on the question of the birthplace of Columbus, but I have an idea that I found the amount of his arguments stated in some other work. It appears, however, that after writing two dissertations on the subject, he left it still undecided. I examined carefully and painfully every work and document I could find relative to the subject, and it cost me several days of hard and dry investigation. I came to the opinion in favor of Genoa from the reasons stated in my illustrations and from various other trivial reasons that I did not think it important to state. I conceived it proper to pay this respect to a question which has been made a subject of such voluminous controversy among grave men, but having once settled my opinion, I will take especial care not to unsettle it again. I have determined never to enter into disputes upon any of these contested points. They will continue to be contested until the day of judgment, and there will never be wanted champions on both sides in Italy to draw their pens and write volumes in the cause on the least provocation. As to the portrait at the Lonja, it is not likely to be a portrait of Columbus, but rather of his son Diego. It is too young for the admiral, and it is painted in a ruff, which article of dress was not worn in Spain until some years after his death, in the reign of Charles V. Should Count Massimino send you the work of Nassione, I shall feel much obliged to you if you will let me have a sight of it.

I have been indefatigably engaged for three weeks past in preparing an abridgment of "Columbus." I found that some literary pirate in America had advertised an intention to do so, which would not merely have

robbed me of part of the fruits of my labors, but would have presented my work in a mutilated and garbled state to my countrymen. . . . .

On the 19th of December, Mr. Irving transmits to his brother Ebenezer, "by Midshipman Farrand, who was recently in Seville," a copy of the abridgment for publication in America.

I beg you will have it published as quick as possible [he writes]. Print a good number ; let it make a volume of moderate size, and full, though clear and legible page, and let the price be moderate. Profit is of secondary importance. Manage the matter so as to command a circulation, and to drive the pirate ashore. . . . . If you have made a bargain with any bookseller for the publication of the second edition of "Columbus," you may modify the bargain so as to include the publication of this work, which I am confident will ultimately have a wide and general sale, for it has the marrow of the large work, and is abridged, I think, both spiritedly and fluently.

The brother to whom this letter is addressed, it may be here stated, made an arrangement with the Carvills, of New York, the purchasers of the first edition of Columbus, by which he disposed to them of the right of printing the second edition, and the abridgment for five years, for $6,000.

It was before the transmission of this abridgment, which was to find an undisputed field, and in the midst of the incessant labor of his hurried preparation, that Mr. Irving received the news of the death of the companion whom he had left at the "Caracol," and with whom he had spent so many months of lonely fellowship

on the tablada of Seville, and outside the walls of Port St. Mary. When he took leave of him, Hall was to have rejoined him in the course of a week or two.

In alluding to the death of this amiable and interesting companion in a letter to Brevoort, of December 20, Mr. Irving writes :—

> He was intelligent, well-bred, and accomplished. His malady confined him almost entirely to the house. Sometimes he rode out a little, and I accompanied him, either on horseback or on foot, but most of our time was passed at home, I writing, he drawing and studying Persian and Arabic. . . . . I cannot tell you, my dear Brevoort, how mournful an event this has been to me. It is a long while since I have lived in such domestic intimacy with any one but my brother. I first met with this young gentleman in the house in Seville where I am now boarding, and was insensibly interested in his precarious situation, and won by the amiableness and correctness of his manner. I could not have thought that a mere stranger in so short a space of time could have taken such a hold upon my feelings.

It was the spirit of this young Englishman that the author invoked, and as the anecdote has already found its way into print, I will give it in the words in which I had it from his own lips :—

> Hall [said Mr. Irving] was rather skeptical, and prone to speculate dubiously about the reality of a future life and the possibility of spectral visitation. In one of these moods, during a talk about ghosts, he turned suddenly towards me, and asked me somewhat abruptly whether I would be willing to receive a visit from him after death, if he should go before me, as he was so likely to do ? "Why, Hall," I replied, "you are such a good fellow, and we have lived so amicably together, I don't know why

I should fear to welcome your apparition, if you are able to come." "Nay," said Hall, "I am serious, and I wish you to say you will consent, if the thing is practicable." "Well, then," said I, "I am serious too, and I will." "Then," said Hall, "it is a compact; and, Irving, if I can solve the mystery for you, I engage to do it."

After his death, the horse of Hall was brought to him at Seville, and one evening he rode him to their old retreat, at Casa Cera, near that city. Here, solemnized by the scene and its associations, and recalling their strange compact, he breathed an appeal for the promised presence of his departed friend. "But," said he, "he did not come, and though I have made similar invocations before and since, they were never answered;" adding half playfully, half mournfully: "the ghosts have never been kind to me."

It would seem from a letter of Hall, addressed to Mr. Irving at Seville, only a week before his death, that their residence at the Caracol had not been without its romance. "Sebastian," he writes, "had got hold of a story of several robbers secreted in a cave, in the bank surrounding the Caracol. He has seen several crawl in and out on their hands and knees of the holes in the bank. The Capitaz says he fears to inform against them, lest they should have money to release them from prison, and then we should all be assassinated. We shall have thieves in the water-jars next."

It is a little singular, also, that their residence at Casa de Cera, on the tablada of Seville, was proved to have

been a sort of robber rendezvous, and the keeper and his wife, before Mr. Irving left Spain, were arrested for giving harbor to robbers, who were traced to their cottage.

On the 27th of December, Mr. Irving received a letter from Colonel Aspinwall, informing him that he had made an arrangement with Murray, for the purchase of the "Chronicles of Granada:" 2,000 guineas, at long dates. "I have concluded everything with Mr. Murray," writes that gentleman, December 12. "He gives you your own price, but the notes are to be at eight, twelve, sixteen, twenty, and twenty-four months, from January 10, 1829; the last note for £500, and all the rest for £400 each. The assignment is to be exactly like the last in terms, so that the property in the copyright will remain with you till the notes are paid."

In noticing this arrangement in a letter to Peter, of December 27, Washington writes:—

> You see, therefore, that the colonel has gone for the whole, and got me the outside price of 2,000 guineas. As to the length of the dates it is a matter of minor importance; between the old funds lying in the hands of the colonel and what I have in the hands of my banker at Madrid, I shall be able to get on until within reach of the first instalment, and shall probably have other funds arising, as I shall have to comply with the earnest request of an old literary friend, Allan Cunningham, to furnish him with an article for a Christmas work, to be illustrated by Newton, Leslie, Wilkie, etc. He offers me for a short sketch and tale, or for either, any sum I may ask, from £50 to £100. His object is, of course, to get my name in the list of his contributors. Murray also is very anxious for me to furnish him with a small popular volume.

I close the history of this year of the author's life with the following memoranda from his diary :—

December 30th.—Incapable of working—change my room—evening at the opera—Crocciato—introduced to the Marchioness of Arco Hermosa, daughter of Mr. Bohl.

Wednesday 31st.—Call this morning with Mr. and Mrs. Hipkins on the Marchioness of Arco Hermosa—make a long visit. The Marchioness relates many village anecdotes of the village of Dos Hermanos—return home and make a note of two of them—evening at home.

Thus ends the year—tranquilly.—It has been one of much literary application, and, generally speaking, one of the most tranquil in spirit of my whole life. The literary success of the "History of Columbus" has been greater than I anticipated, and gives me hopes that I have executed something which may have greater duration than I anticipate for my works of mere imagination. I look forward without any very sanguine anticipations, but without the gloom that has sometimes oppressed me. The only future event from which I promise myself any extraordinary gratification is the return to my native country, which, I trust, will now soon take place.

CHAPTER XI.

STILL AT SEVILLE.—LITERARY PLANS AND PURSUITS.—LETTER TO PETER.—LETTER TO PRINCE DOLGOROUKI.—RECEIVES DIPLOMA OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF HISTORY.—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.—THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.—HIS IMPRESSIONS OF ANDREW JACKSON.—REASON FOR ADOPTING A "NOM DE GUERRE" FOR THE "CONQUEST OF GRANADA."—LETTERS TO PETER.—PUBLICATION OF "CHRONICLES OF GRANADA."—LETTER TO ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.—ABOUT TO LEAVE SEVILLE FOR GRANADA.

THE period of Mr. Irving's sojourning at Seville, where he had been since the third of November, was continued through the months of January, February, March and April; a visit to the Barbary States which he had meditated in the interim, having failed of its accomplishment. In pursuance of the purpose which I keep steadily in view, to make the author his own biographer, I intermingle some passages from his letters and diary, which will illustrate in his own words his life and literary plans and pursuits during these four months.

[*To Peter Irving, at Havre.*]

SEVILLE, January 3, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

I shall endeavor to get up the chronicle of the invasion as soon as pos-

sible. The fag at the abridgment has rather thrown me out of the writing mood for a little while, but the fit is reviving. . . . .

In my last I mentioned my having received a letter from Allan Cunningham, begging me to furnish him with a short sketch and tale, or either one, for a yearly miscellany to be published next autumn, similar to the German almanacs. I have not yet replied, for I fear to crowd myself with work. Yet I remember Cunningham for a worthy, pleasant, clever man. He is a friend of Wilkie's, and his miscellany is to be illustrated by engravings from Wilkie, Newton, and Leslie. I shall endeavor to prepare something for him.* I feel anxious to make the most of my present sunshine, but the very anxiety agitates me, and I feel at times a little perplexed what to take hold of.

[*To Prince Dolgorouki.*]

SEVILLE, January 10, 1829.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI :—

I am very greatly obliged to you for your attention in forwarding me the diploma of the Royal Academy of History, and will thank you to remit the enclosed reply to Don Diego Clemencin, the Secretary. . . . . I feel very sensibly the compliment which the Royal Academy has paid me in making me a member, and should like to know to what member's proposition I am indebted for the measure.†

I fear my chronicle of the Conquest of Granada will not answer the high anticipations you appear to entertain of it. I have been hazarding a kind of experiment in literature, and the success is in some degree a matter of chance. The Conquest of Granada has hitherto been a fertile theme for tales of romance and chivalry ; in the account I have given of it, there is nothing of love or gallantry, and the chivalry is the chivalry of actual life, as it existed at the time, exhibited in rugged and daring enterprises, and rough, hard fighting. I have depicted the war as I

* He sent Cunningham *The Widow's Ordeal.*

† The proposition came from Navarrete.

found it in the old chronicles, a stern, iron conflict, more marked by bigotry than courtesy, and by wild and daring exploits of fierce soldiery, than the gallant contests of courteous cavaliers. However, the work will soon be published, and then you will be able to judge of its merits; but do not indulge in high expectations nor form any romantic idea of its nature.

The following is in reply to a letter of Mr. Everett, received on the 10th, giving him the result of the Presidential election, in which Andrew Jackson received 178 votes; John Quincy Adams, 83.

[*To Mr. Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, February 14, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR :—

Your statement of the relative number of votes for General Jackson and Mr. Adams quite surprises me. It shows how fallacious are all calculations upon the humor of the people, since many of our electioneering astrologers were confident in their predictions that Mr. Adams would be re-elected. I was rather sorry when Mr. Adams was first raised to the Presidency, but I am much more so at his being displaced; for he has made a far better President than I expected, and I am loth to see a man superseded who has filled his station worthily. These frequent changes in our administration are prejudicial to the country; we ought to be wary of using our power of changing our Chief Magistrate when the welfare of the country does not require it. In the present election there has, doubtless, been much honest, warm, grateful feeling toward Jackson, but I fear much pique, passion, and caprice as it respects Mr. Adams.

Since the old general was to be the man, however, I am well pleased upon the whole, that he has a great majority, as it will, for the reasons you mention produce a political calm in the country, and lull those angry passions which have been exasperated during Mr. Adams' administra-

tion, by the close contest of nearly balanced parties. As to the old general, with all his *hickory* characteristics, I suspect he has good stuff in him, and will make a sagacious, independent, and high-spirited President; and I doubt his making so high-handed a one as many imagine. . . . . As I give the old fellow credit for some degree of rough chivalry, I have no idea that he will play a petty, persecuting game with his opponents, when their opposition has been fair and honorable. I do not apprehend, therefore, many changes of office from mere political pique, and I believe that a person like yourself, who has filled his office faithfully, ably, and respectably, will never be molested. . . . .

The London newspaper has blundered with respect to the title of my new work. It is called "A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada," by Fray Antonio Agapida. I have adopted a *nom de guerre*, as allowing me a freer scope in touching up and coloring the subject from my imagination.

I received recently a diploma as corresponding member of the Royal Academy of History of Madrid; for which, I understand, I am indebted to the friendly services of Mr. Navarrete. I am quite anxious to see this third volume of voyages, which, I am told, is only waiting for a preface to be published.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

SEVILLE, March 3, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

. . . . Lent has just begun, and every amusement here is at an end. I shall remain in Seville to see Holy Week in April, which is celebrated here with great splendor. I shall then take my departure, and hope that by that time I shall have some manuscript in such forwardness as to be able to finish a work while moving from place to place, so as to have it out in the course of the summer. The loss of this winter has put me sadly behind my calculations. I have a craving desire to return to America, which has been increasing on me for the two years past, until now it incessantly haunts my mind and occupies all my dreams. I have

said nothing positively on the subject in my letters to our friends in America, nor shall I say anything, for so many circumstances and considerations have arisen to prolong my stay in Europe from year to year, that I do not like to state plans which may be frustrated. I am now resolved to go as soon as I can arrange my papers, so as to have materials to work upon for some few months without the necessity of much invention or planning. I know that otherwise, on returning home, I shall be so much distracted by society, etc., that I shall not be able to carry on any literary labor that requires leisure and calm thinking.

I may never have a more favorable time to return home than the present year, when I shall have one work just launched and another launching, and materials in hand for easy arrangement. If I defer it, God knows what may arise to prevent me.

"The work just launched," was the "Conquest of Granada," and the other "launching," was the "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus," now in readiness. "The materials on hand for easy arrangement" were a Sketch of the Life of Mahomet, prepared while at Madrid, and intended as introductory to other writings, which he had in contemplation connected with the Moorish domination in Spain; Legends of the Conquest of Spain; Chronicles of Don Pelayo, and the Successors of Don Pelayo; Chronicles of the Ommiades (or the house of Omeya, one of the two lines descended from Mahomet), Chronicle of Don Fernando Gonzalez, Count of Castile; Don Garcia Fernandez (his successor); the Seven Sons of Lara; and Chronicle of Fernando el Santo (the Conqueror of Seville); all of which, with the exception of Mahomet and the Legends, remained for a long time in a

crude state in his portfolio, and were afterwards worked upon though he never gave them to the press, except some fragments in the "Knickerbocker Magazine." We shall hereafter find, that as he was diverted from "Columbus" to engage upon the "Conquest of Granada," so he was led aside awhile from his "Life of Washington" to take hold of these chronicles.

[*To Peter Irving, Esq.*]

SEVILLE, March 11, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . I have a long letter from Wilkie, dated 30th January. He said he had met with Price* a few days before at a jovial dinner at Liston's ; he inquired much after you and me. His theatre, Wilkie says, is now the favorite one, and even excels Covent Garden in pantomime ; there is a moving picture in one of the pieces, painted by Stanfield, and said to be one of the finest works of art ever seen in a theatre. Young Braham and Liston form the strength of Drury Lane. Liston has twenty guineas a night. Wilkie had met Kenney at Mr. Samuel Rogers'. Kenney wears well. He had met with Leslie and Phillips (the portrait painter) and their whole families, men, women, and children, at Petworth, the seat of Lord Egremont. Such is the princely style in which that nobleman entertains. Leslie is a rising man, both in the esteem of his friends and the favor of the public. Newton has lately been elected associate of the Royal Academy by a great majority. He is painting a picture of Gil Blas receiving in the posada the first visit of the Queen of the Philippine Islands. Newton, Wilkie says, is more sought after, for his society, by the great people than any one in the profession. The very favorable notice of "Columbus" that appeared in the "Literary Ga-

* Stephen Price, formerly manager of the Park Theatre, New York.

zette," the first notice that was published of the work, was written, Wilkie says, by Lockhart. Sir Walter Scott has applied to Wilkie, Leslie, and Newton, for illustrations for a complete and new edition of the Waverley Novels.

[*To Peter Irving, Rouen.*]

SEVILLE, April 10, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

I have this day received a copy of the "Conquest of Granada," sent to me *via* Gibraltar. Murray informs me that he keeps back the publication of it in England until the Catholic question is settled, as the public can read, talk, and think of nothing else. He says he has begun to print Moore's "Life of Lord Byron;" he adds, "he has executed his task in the most masterly manner, and it will be, I feel confident, one of the most interesting pieces of biography that ever was written." I heartily rejoice to hear this; for Moore's "Life of Sheridan" did not seem to give sufficient satisfaction. I know he feels this subject ten times as much as he did the other. His "Life of Sheridan" was always a job that went against the grain with him. Murray concludes his letter with a painful piece of intelligence concerning Moore, that he was "in daily apprehension of losing his only daughter." Let me know if you hear anything on the subject. She was a lovely little girl, and her death would be a terrible blow to both her parents.

Murray has published the Chronicle in a beautiful style. I observe he has altered the title-page. I had put "A Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada, by Fray Antonio Agapida." He has inserted my name; I presume to make the work more immediately salable, but it is an unwarrantable liberty, and makes me gravely, in my own name, tell many round untruths. I here openly make myself responsible as an author for the existence of the manuscript of Agapida, etc., etc. Literary mystifications are excusable when given anonymously or under feigned names, but are impudent deceptions when sanctioned by an author's real name.

I have just looked into the work. It reads smoothly, and I trust will

have a good success among the literary ; but I suspect it will be heavy in the hands of mere readers for amusement. The former kind of success is most desirable and most advantageous in the long run. Should I find the Chronicle takes, I will be able to follow it up soon with the "Invasion," etc. . . . .

The "Chronicle," however, though regarded by Coleridge and other critical authorities as a "masterpiece of romantic narrative," and pronounced by our own noble poet, William Cullen Bryant, "one of the most delightful of his works," was not destined to achieve a sufficient popularity to encourage him to persevere in the same line.

Two days after the date of this letter to Peter, Prince Dolgorouki arrived in the diligence from Madrid, to whom Mr. Irving had written a fortnight before, in looking forward to his speedy coming :—

I am quite overjoyed at the prospect of soon meeting with you. I shall certainly remain in Seville until you come, and shall feel a new delight in revisiting with you all the lions of this place. I feel so attached to Spain, that the thoughts of soon leaving it are extremely painful to me ; and it will be gratifying to me to take a farewell view of some of its finest scenes in company with one who knows how to appreciate this noble country and noble people.

Mr. Everett sent by him, as Mr. Irving had requested in a previous letter, the "Edinburgh Review," containing Jeffrey's critique on "Columbus," and also, it would seem by the epistle which follows, the January number of the "North American," containing the Minister's own review of the work.

[*To Alexander H. Everett.*]

SEVILLE, April 15, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR :—

Prince Dolgorouki has delivered me your letter and the two reviews you have had the goodness to send me. I have read with the greatest interest and satisfaction your ample, masterly, and beautiful review of my writings. I do not know how you can imagine that there are any passages to which I could take objection. You have, indeed, in giving a discriminating piece of criticism, pointed out certain errors into which I have run, and deficiencies which are incident to my nature ; it was your duty to do so. I am conscious of the truth of your remarks, and in making them you enhance the value and the authority of the exuberant encomiums you have passed upon me. A mere friendly eulogium would have had no weight with the public, and would have been very unsatisfactory to myself. Having spoken your mind freely about my defects, I feel the more confidence in your praises, and after making all due allowance for the effects of personal intimacy and kindness, I assure you it is deeply gratifying to receive such praise from such hands.

. . . . I feel certain that there must be many incorrectnesses in my writings, for though I labor sometimes carefully at parts, I often write very rapidly ; and what I write with facility and spirit I am not apt to retouch with any great solicitude. I labor more to bring up careless and feeble parts to a tone and keeping with the rest, than nicely to finish what appears to me already good. "Columbus" had more slovenliness of style in one stage of its preparation than any work I ever wrote ; for I was so anxious about the verity of the narrative, and had to patch it together from so many different materials, that I had no time to think of the language. It was not until I had completely finished it as to facts, that I went over the whole of it and endeavored to bring up the style.

I give a few of the entries in his diary between the date of the foregoing letter and that which is to follow :—

April 16*th.*—Miserere in the cathedral in the evening—walked in the cathedral with Dolgorouki until half-past eleven.

17*th.*—Went with Prince Dolgorouki to the Church of St. Thomas, to see the painting by Zurbaran—wrote letter to Madame D'Oubril—walked about Seville by moonlight with Dolgorouki.

18*th.*—Rending of the veil at the cathedral.

22*d.*—Sat for likeness to Escacena—write letters to the little D'Oubrils.

This last employment, in one naturally disinclined to letter writing, illustrates his fondness for children, of which, and their fondness for him, there are many indications in the letters addressed to him :—

"The children desire to be remembered to the chocolate merchant, and to assure you that they have not forgotten Hempen House, nor the German princess with the long nose;" writes Mr. Thomas Aspinwall to him at one time, and again at another: "Madame and all the young fry desire their kindest remembrance. They have picked out a tree for you to lie under, and tell them stories when you come to Highgate next summer."

In the following letter we find Mr. Irving about to take another look at Granada. "I had intended," he writes to Mr. Everett, "to visit the African coast; merely Tangiers and Tetuan for a few days, to get a peep at the turbaned Infidels in their own towns, but I fear I shall have to abandon the intention, as I find the Austrians are blockading Tangiers." He was the more desirous to visit Granada a second time, as he would now see it in all the beauty of its vegetation, and when he was there

before, the spring was not far enough advanced "to leave a full idea of the charms of the scenery."

[*To Peter Irving, Rouen.*]

SEVILLE, April 29, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . The day after to-morrow I set off on horseback with Prince Dolgorouki for Granada, where I mean to indulge myself with a luxurious life among the groves and fountains of the Alhambra. I shall be there in the most splendid season, with moonlight nights. If I have a writing vein there, of which I am in hopes, I shall remain there for a month or six weeks. I beg you, therefore, to continue to write to me to the care of Don Miguel Walsh.

I have just received Navarrete's third volume, and will look over it to see what corrections it will be necessary for me to make in my "History of Columbus."

I write in extreme haste. Let me hear from you often. You have the true art of letter writing, for your letters always present the bright side of things, and put me in good humor and good spirits.

I will write to you at more length from Granada. The prince and myself travel alone. He came down here in company with the French ambassadress and a large party, but deserted them all to remain with me. He is of an amiable temper and a most affectionate disposition. . . . .

Your affectionate brother,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XII.

SOJOURN IN THE ALHAMBRA.

THE GOVERNOR'S QUARTERS.—AN UNEXPECTED VISITOR.—PASSAGES OF LETTERS.—THE "CONQUEST OF GRANADA" PUBLISHED IN LONDON.—FINISHES THE "LEGENDS OF THE CONQUEST OF SPAIN."—LETTERS TO PETER ON THE SUBJECT.—LETTER TO DOLGOROUKI.—DUKE DE GOR.—HEARS OF HIS APPOINTMENT AS SECRETARY OF LEGATION TO LONDON.—LETTER THEREUPON TO MR. WETHERELL AT SEVILLE.—INDIFFERENCE TO OFFICIAL HONOR.—LETTER TO LOUIS MCLANE.—TO MR. EVERETT.—HIS PLAN OF RETURN BROKEN UP.—LETTER TO PETER.—REPLY TO THE OBJECTION THAT THE APPOINTMENT WAS BELOW HIS TALENTS AND POSITION.

MR. IRVING left Seville on the first of May, in company with the Prince Dolgorouki, and after a pleasant journey of five days on horseback, of which he has given us some particulars in the "Tales of the Alhambra," arrived at Granada. On the 12th of May, he left the Posada de la Espada, in which he had lodged on his arrival, and took up his residence in the Governor's quarters in the Alhambra, who had given him permission on the day previous to occupy his vacant apartments in that august old pile.

His letters speak with delight of this romantic residence.

You see [he writes to Peter, May 13] I date my letter from the old Moorish palace itself; for yesterday, by permission of the Governor of the Alhambra, the prince and myself moved into one of its vacant apartments. You may easily imagine how delightfully we are lodged with the whole pile at our command, to ramble over its halls and courts at all hours of day and night without control. The part we inhabit is intended for the Governor's quarters, but he prefers at present residing down in the city. We have an excellent old dame and her good-humored, bright-eyed niece, who have charge of the Alhambra, who arrange our rooms, meals, etc., with the assistance of a tall servant boy; and thus we live quietly, snugly, and without any restraint, elevated above the world and its troubles. I question if ever poor Chico el Zogoyby was as comfortable in his palace.

On the very evening of his occupation, he was surprised by a visit from his nephew, Edgar Irving, son of his brother Ebenezer, a midshipman in the navy, who was returning home from a cruise in the Mediterranean, when he heard of his being there, and left his ship at Gibraltar to pay him a visit. His sudden appearance in this romantic abode, was, writes his uncle, "as if he had dropt from the clouds, or been conveyed by some enchantment of the palace." On the morning of the 16th, the prince set off to continue his tour through Andalusia, and the following day his nephew took his departure for Andujar, Cordova, Seville, and so back to Gibraltar, leaving him the solitary tenant of the Alhambra.

Though I felt rather lonely and doleful after your departure [he writes to his nephew at Seville], yet I considered it fortunate that you departed when you did, for you would have found it excessively dismal here; the

weather being wet and gloomy, and so cold that for a day or two I had to remain the whole of the time wrapped in my cloak. For my own part I managed to occupy myself with my pen and papers, but I apprehend you would have found it a cheerless life to stroll about the cold marble halls even of a palace. The return of fine weather and sunshine has again restored all the charms of the Alhambra. I take my breakfast in the saloon of the ambassadors or the court of the Lions ; and in the evening, when I throw by my pen, I wander about the old palace until quite late, with nothing but bats and owls to keep me company. Little Dolores, the bright-eyed Spanish girl who waits upon me, cannot comprehend the pleasure I find in these lonesome strolls ; as nothing would tempt her to venture down into the great dreary courts and halls of the palace after dark ; and Mateo Ximenes, the ragged historian who brushes my clothes, is sadly afraid I am very melancholy.

To the father he writes :—

I really felt heavy at heart when I bid him farewell, as he mounted his horse at the lower gate of the Alhambra, and I was for a long time on the top of the tower of Gomares, watching him with a spyglass, as I caught glimpses of him at the turnings of the road across the Vega, until I lost sight of him and his tall trudging guide, as they disappeared behind the foot of the mountain of Elvira. It reminded me of some of the poor Moors, who must have often watched from this tower the march of armies in that direction, as he departed by the Bridge of Pinos and the Puente de Lope, the most famous pass in the time of the Moorish wars.

Seven days after the departure of the prince, he writes to him :—

ALHAMBRA, May 23, 1829.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI :—

I have had great pleasure in receiving your letter from Malaga, by which I found that you had arrived so far in safety. . . . . For a

day or two after the departure of yourself and my nephew, I felt somewhat solitary, especially while the weather was clouded and rainy; but I got at work among my books and manuscripts, and have become quite busy and cheerful. . . . . The evening of the day of your departure, the Duke of Gor paid me a visit in the Alhambra. . . . . The next day I dined *en famille* with the duke; there were two or three gentlemen present besides the family, and I found the party extremely agreeable. I have since called at the house in the morning, and found the duchess surrounded by her beautiful children, and occupied in teaching some of them to write. The duke has many old chronicles, etc., and some curious manuscripts, which he has offered to lend me, and has undertaken to procure me access to the conventual libraries ; so that I have no doubt I shall find him and his family an acquaintance exactly to my taste.

The day before yesterday the Alhambra was invaded by a detachment of British officers, no less than seven. I dine with some of them to-day, who are quartered in a Fonda, just at the foot of the hill of the Alhambra. . . . .

The death of the Queen has completely closed the opera for a long time. I shall have therefore little inducement to descend into the city. I have been down but once in the course of several days. I feel perfectly delighted with the sweetness and tranquillity of my quarters, and as they will be daily improving in their charms as the weather settles and grows warmer and more sunny, I think I shall feel some difficulty in tearing myself away from them. . . . .

Dolores and the Tia send you a thousand expressions, but given with such volubility, and in such an Andalusian dialect, that I cannot understand half of them.

I am, my dear Dolgorouki, ever your attached friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

To his friend Henry Brevoort, he writes the same day :—

I have this morning received your most welcome letter of the 30th of March, which you forwarded to my brother Peter. You see I am still lingering in Spain, and I declare to you, I feel so much interested by this noble country and noble people, that though I have from time to time made resolutions and preparations to leave them, I have as often postponed my departure. By the date of my letter you will perceive I am *royally* quartered. I came to Granada about three weeks since, to pass a little time here during the finest season of the year, in company with a young Russian prince, the Secretary of the Russian Legation ; and the Governor of the Alhambra finding us poorly lodged in the town, gave us permission to take up our residence in a corner of the old Moorish palace, which had been assigned to him for his quarters, but which he had not taken possession of. Here, then, I am nestled in one of the most remarkable, romantic, and delicious spots in the world. I have the complete range, and I may say, control of the whole palace, for the only residents beside myself are a worthy old woman, her niece and nephew, who have charge of the building, and who make my bed, cook my meals, and are all kindness and devotion to me. I breakfast in the saloon of the ambassadors, or among the flowers and fountains in the court of the Lions, and when I am not occupied with my pen, I lounge with my book about these oriental apartments, or stroll about the courts, and gardens, and arcades, by day or night, with no one to interrupt me. It absolutely appears to me like a dream ; or as if I am spell-bound in some fairy palace. . . . .

I think I shall be tempted to remain here for three or four weeks longer at least. I wish to enjoy the delights of this place during the hot weather, and to have a complete idea how those knowing Moors enjoyed themselves in their marble halls, cooled by fountains and running streams.

I thank you for the information you give me concerning the publication of my works. I am not sorry that the publication of the second edition of "Columbus" is retarded, as I may have to make a few alterations and corrections, in consequence of having just received Mr. Navarrete's third volume of documents, containing some relative to Columbus. For the same reason I am willing the Abridgment should be held back. If there

is any particular reason, however, for hastening the publication of the latter, let it take place, as the corrections would not be very material.

During my sojourn in the Alhambra, I shall have leisure and quiet to look over my manuscripts and to get them in order, so as to present some other work to the public before long. I shall also note down the corrections to be made in the "History of Columbus." . . . . Your particulars concerning our ancient cronies are peculiarly gratifying to me. Indeed, my dear friend, you cannot imagine how I dote on the remembrance of old friends and old times. I have laughed heartily at your account of that bulbous little worthy, Jack Nicholson. Give my hearty remembrances to him, and tell him I set as much store by him as ever, notwithstanding he does not write me any more letters. I am rejoiced to hear that . . . . has at length come uppermost in the political wheel. What a whirligig world we live in ! and then to have ——— for his faithful Squire ! I think it a pity fat Jack Falstaff had not lived in these piping times. I'll warrant me he would have had the robbing of the exchequer.

Your account of yourself is particularly encouraging—"that you might pass yourself off for a fresh bachelor of 35"—God bless us ! who knows but I may be the same—though I must confess, I think I am beginning to wax old as doth a garment, and am, like Jack Nicholson, gradually increasing in the belt. However, I begin to grow hardened and shameless in the matter, and have for some time past given up all gallanting, and declared myself an absolute old bachelor.

You seem to be all masking mad in New York, I am afraid our good city is in a bad way as to both morals and manners. What the cities of the old world take moderately and cautiously she gets roaring drunk with. I must say all this rioting and dancing at the theatres, with public masquerades every night in the week has a terribly low-lived, dissolute, vulgar look. We are too apt to take our ideas of English life from such vulgar sources as Tom and Jerry, and we appear to be Tom and Jerrying it to perfection in New York.

Give my kindest remembrances to your good parents and to all the Renwick family. It gives me sincere delight to hear that Mrs. Renwick

enjoys such good health and good spirits. My dear Brevoort, the happiest day of my life will be when I once more find myself among you all. We will then talk over old times, and vaunt as much of our old feats and old frolics as did ever Master Shallow and fat Jack. I have got so entangled, however, in literary undertakings here in Europe that I cannot break away without interrupting all my schemes, and sacrificing profits which a little time, patience, and perseverance will enable me to realize, and which I trust will secure me a moderate independence for the remainder of my existence. This alone keeps me from immediately returning. My dearest affections are entirely centred in my country.

Your affectionate friend,

W. Irving.

It was on the day of the date of this letter, that the "Chronicles of Granada," which had appeared in New York on the 20th of April, were published in London, the work, though ready, having been kept back by Murray in consequence of the Catholic Emancipation question, which then occupied the minds and attention of everybody. In July, Aspinwall wrote him that Murray said it did not sell well, but that Newton was delighted with it, and Coleridge considered it the *chef d'œuvre* of its kind. Peter, who had set his heart upon his sticking to his imaginary chronicler, and completing his projected history of Moorish domination in Spain, under the guidance of that delusive personage Fray Agapida, wrote him that though some disliked the fiction of Agapida, and the dashes of comic humor gravely given through him, yet that many persons of taste and judgment, whose favorable opinion was no slight sanction, were delighted with

the amusing manner by which censure is conveyed by the bigoted and ill-directed praises of the old chronicle. The moral and the lesson, he observed, were both perfectly given in his view, while the mode of effecting the object was both original and highly entertaining.

At the date of the following letter, the author was about putting the finishing touches to "The Legends of the Conquest of Spain," which were brought to an end "in the Alhambra, June 10, 1829," though six years elapsed before their publication.*

[*To Peter Irving, Rouen.*]

ALHAMBRA, May 30, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . I have been working for some days past upon the story of the "Invasion by the Moors;" part of what I have done I think will please, but I cannot help contracting the whole into very moderate limits. There are no substantial materials for an ample chronicle like the "Conquest of Granada." The history of "Don Roderick," as generally admitted by chroniclers, lies within a narrow compass. To follow the chronicle of the Moor Rasis in all its details would be to ride the invention of another, for it is just as much a fiction as the "Gonsalvo of Cordova" of Florian, and a great part of the fiction is flimsy and in bad taste. I will do what I can with it, but I have an internal feeling in these matters which is tyrannical with me, and which I vainly strive against; or if ever I do work against it I am sure to come lamely off. I have picked some parts out of the chronicle of the Moor which, worked up with materials from other writers, are admirable, and will add great richness to

* The *Legends* close as follows: "Written in the Alhambra, June 10, 1829." "Finished *Don Roderick*," is the entry in his diary of June 11.

the usual course of his history. But the greater part of his episodes I have had, on much reflection, and after repeated trial, to reject. I am anxious, before I leave my present quiet retreat, to put other manuscripts in order, so that I may have materials to work upon with facility, even in the midst of distractions ; but I find it difficult just now to apply myself with the vigor and assiduity I could wish. My mind is not sufficiently quiet and composed. I am full of anxiety to return home, etc. . . . . .

On the 12th of June, Mr. Irving vacated the Governor's apartments in the Alhambra, and moved his bed into the little chamber looking into the garden of Lindaraxa.

Nothing could be more favorable for study and literary occupation, [he writes to Peter the next day,] than my present abode. I have a room in one of the most retired parts of the old palace. One window looks into the little garden of Lindaraxa, a kind of patio, full of flowers with a fountain in the centre ; another window looks down upon the deep valley of the Darro, which murmurs far below, and in front of the window, on the breast of a mountain covered with groves and gardens, extends the old Moorish palace of the Generalife. I have nothing but the sound of water, the humming of bees, and the singing of nightingales to interrupt the profound silence of my abode ; and at night, stroll until midnight about the galleries overlooking the garden and the landscape, which are now delicious at night from the brightness of the moon.

I am determined to linger here until I get some writings under way connected with the place, and that shall bear the stamp of real intimacy with the charming scenes described.

It is a singular good fortune to be thrown into this most romantic and historical place, which has such a sway over the imaginations of readers in all parts of the world, and I think it worth while departing from my original plan and remaining here a little while to profit by it.

I am so delightfully situated that I descend but rarely into Granada. I have a very excellent place of resort there, however, in the house of the

Duke of Gor. He is between thirty and forty years of age, extremely prepossessing in his appearance, frank, friendly, and simple in his manners; one of the best informed and most public spirited men in the place. The duchess is perfect amiability, and they have a charming family of children. The duke has a curious library, which he has offered for my use. He has procured me permission also to visit when I please the old Jesuit library of the university, where I am left to myself with the keys of the bookcases, to pass the whole day if I please, rummaging at perfect liberty. . . . . .

[*To Prince Dolgorouki.*]

ALHAMBRA, June 15, 1829.

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI:

Your letter from Seville was highly gratifying to me. . . . . .

How I regret you could not have remained here some time longer with me. With all your raptures about Granada you scarcely know anything of its real charms. The Alhambra requires warm summer weather to make one sensible of its peculiar delights, and as to the beauties of the scenery, they are only to be found out by quiet strolls in all directions. Such delicious walks as I have found out! and such enchanting prospects! really surpassing anything we have seen together. And then I have such a chamber! You remember the little suite of rooms locked up, where the Italian artist worked who had been repairing the Alhambra. It is an apartment built either by Charles V. or Philip, and terminates in the open gallery where Chateaubriand wrote his name on the wall. I have taken possession of that apartment, and one room is very comfortably fitted up as my bedroom and study. I never had such a delicious abode. One of my windows looks into the little garden of Lindaraxa; the citron-trees are full of blossoms, and perfume the air, and the fountain throws up a beautiful jet of water; on the opposite side of the garden is a window opening into the saloon of Las dos Hermanas, through which I have a view of the fountain of Lions and a distant peep into the gloomy halls of the Abencerrages. Another window

of my room looks out upon the deep valley of the Darro, and commands a fine view of the Generalife. I am so in love with this apartment that I can hardly force myself from it to take my promenades. I sit by my window until late at night, enjoying the moonlight and listening to the sound of the fountains and the singing of the nightingales ; and I have walked up and down the Chateaubriand gallery until midnight. There is something so completely solitary and tranquil in thus being shut up in the centre of this great deserted palace. The good Tia and little Dolores remonstrated at first at my remaining alone in such a remote part of the old building, out of the reach of all assistance, especially as there was no fastening to any of the doors and windows, excepting a slight lock to the outer door. I could not resist the temptation of such a chamber, however, and passed several nights here, in defiance of robbers and *Moros encantados*. This day Mateo Ximenes has summoned up all his mechanical powers, and has been at work securing the doors and windows with bars and bolts, so that at present I am in a state to stand a tolerable siege.

Little Dolores is very grateful for your remembrances of her, and desires me to say a thousand kind things on her part. She is an excellent little being, with a great deal of natural cleverness united with great *naïveté*. She takes good care of me in consequence of your parting recommendation. Mateo Ximenes, the historiador, continues to be my *valet de chambre*, messenger, and occasional guide and companion in my strolls about the country, and has really taken me to several charming points of view which I should not otherwise have discovered. . . . .

If you can put me up a parcel of French and English newspapers and forward them to me by any *Corsario*, you will do me a vast kindness, for I am totally behindhand in the news of the day, and do not know which way the world is rolling. I do not care how old the papers are, for it is two or three months since I have seen any. Give my affectionate remembrances to the family, and believe me, my dear Dolgorouki.

Ever your attached friend and fellow-traveller,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

ALHAMBRA, July 4, 1829.

. . . . I shall remain here some little time longer. The weather is intensely hot for travelling, while here I am living in a Mussulman's paradise. I cannot tell you how delicious these cool halls and courts are in this sultry season. . . . . My room is so completely in the centre of the old castle that I hear no sound but the hum of bees, the notes of birds, and the murmuring of fountains.

A day or two since the Duke of Gor passed the day with me, with his family of lovely children, the eldest a beautiful girl of about nine years of age. They came to breakfast, and stayed until night, and a pleasant day we had of it. . . . .

I live in the old palace as absolute and independent as the Rey Chico himself. . . . . My room is separated from the residence of the family by long galleries and halls, and the winding staircase of a tower; and when I barricade myself in it for the night, the little Dolores crosses herself to think I should venture to remain alone in such a remote part of this enchanted palace. In one of the great patios or courts there is a noble tank of water, one hundred and twenty feet long and between twenty and thirty feet wide. The sun is upon it all day, so that at night it is a delightfully tempered bath, in which I have room to swim at large.

The gardens in the neighborhood abound with fine fruits, strawberries, apricots, etc., etc., and *brebas* or early figs of that large, delicious kind which we met with one morning in a garden near Madrid. What I would give, my dear brother, if you were here to pass some time with me. It is just the kind of place that your imagination could conceive for a summer residence; one really lives here in a species of enchantment.

At the date of the following letter, the diary has this memorandum: "Finished MS. of 'Moor's Legacy.' Received letters informing me of my appointment as Secretary of Legation to London." The letter is addressed to

an English acquaintance, who had just returned to Seville from Madrid, and is from a copy preserved among the author's papers.

ALHAMBRA, July 18, 1829.

MY DEAR DON WETHERELL :—

. . . . You will be sorry to hear that Mr. Everett is superseded by a new minister, among the sweeping changes made by our new President. Another piece of news will probably surprise you almost as much as it has me, namely : that I am appointed Secretary of Legation to London. So goes this mad world ; honors and offices are taken from those who seek them and are fitted for them, and bestowed on those who have no relish for them. I received news of my appointment this morning, with packets of letters from my friends, urging me to accept a mark of respect conferred on me without any solicitation. I confess I feel extremely reluctant to give up my quiet and independent mode of life, and am excessively perplexed. There are many private reasons, independent of the mere wishes of my friends that urge me on, while my antipathy to the bustle, show, and business of the world incline me to hold back. I only regret that I had not been left entirely alone, and to dream away life in my own way.

You tell me that Don Juan Nicasio Gallego is translating my "Life of Columbus." If he wait a little while, the second edition will be published in America, with many alterations, and I will take care to forward him a copy.

I am scribbling this in a great hurry, as you may suppose, having to reply to the letters received this morning, and my mind being confused by their contents. When you write to your sister, give my kind remembrances to her and to the girls.

Give my kind regards also to your father and mother, and to all the folks of our little Tertullia, and believe me ever very truly,

Your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Peter Irving, Esq.*]

ALHAMBRA, July 18, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

I received by the last post your letter of July 1st inclosing letters from E. I. and Brevoort, relative to a proposition to appoint me Secretary of Legation to London, and by your letter of July 5th, received this morning, I find the appointment has been made. I regret that you have not expressed your opinion or your wishes on this subject. I am only left to guess at them by your inclosing the note written to you by Beasley, wherein he says I must accept. Such seems to be the opinion and the desire of my brothers and friends in America. I have a thorough indifference to all official honors, and a disinclination for the turmoil of the world : yet having no reasons of stronger purport for declining, I am disposed to accord with what appears to be the wishes of my friends. My only horror is the bustle and turmoil of the world—how shall I stand it after the delicious quiet and repose of the Alhambra ? I had intended, however, to quit this place before long, and, indeed, was almost reproaching myself for protracting my sojourn, having little better than sheer self-indulgence to plead for it; for the effect of the climate, the air, the serenity and sweetness of the place, is almost as seductive as that of the castle of Indolence, and I feel at times an impossibility of working, or of doing anything but yielding to a mere voluptuousness of sensation. I found, therefore, that, like the Knight of Industry, it was necessary to break the charm and escape; and had resolved to depart for England preparatory to my embarkation for America. This appointment, therefore, will not much alter the course of my movements. . . . . I shall prepare for my departure for England; but I will not commit myself as to this appointment until absolutely necessary, as I may hear from you in the interim, and be induced to change my plans. My Spanish materials I can work up in England, where I can have all the necessary works, and where you will be within reach to consult with. Should I find the office of Secretary of Legation irksome in any respect, or detri-

mental to my literary plans, I will immediately throw it up, being fortunately independent of it, both as to circumstances and as to ambition.

The next day Mr. Irving was informed that his old friend Paulding, who was at Washington at the time, had earnestly seconded the appointment, and, indeed, had been a principal hand in promoting it. A day or two after, he received a letter from Paulding, strongly urging his acceptance, and advising him in that event to repair immediately to London to meet Mr. McLane, the newly appointed Minister to the Court of St. James, about the time of his arrival. He wrote to that gentleman the next day as follows:—

[*To Louis McLane, London.*]

ALHAMBRA, GRANADA, July 22, 1829.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I have just received intelligence of my being appointed Secretary of Legation to the Court of St. James, and that I am expected to join you in London as soon as possible. It gives me great satisfaction, sir, to be associated in office with one of whom public report and the private communications of my friends speak in the highest terms of eulogy. I shall make all possible despatch in arriving at London, but must crave indulgence should I not be there as early as you could wish. This intelligence has been entirely unexpected, and has found me in the midst of occupations and engagements of a literary nature, from which it will require a few days to disentangle myself. The travelling in Spain, also, is slow, particularly at this sultry season. I trust, however, I shall be able to join you towards the end of August.

In the meantime, my dear sir, I remain with great respect and esteem,

Your very humble servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

To Mr. Everett he wrote the same day:—

MY DEAR SIR:— ALHAMBRA, July 22d, 1829.

It is with great regret that I perceive your name among the number of those who have fallen beneath the edge of the old general's sword; which certainly spares not. As you seemed to be in some measure prepared for the event, and are so independent of official honors by your varied talent and resources, I presume it has not much shaken your philosophy. I fancy you must have been somewhat surprised among the list of appointments to see my name as Secretary of Legation at London. You could not be more surprised than I was myself. I have neither sought nor desired office, nor has any application been made for me by my family or friends. But so it is in this world; they take from those who are willing and capable, and give to the indifferent and incompetent. I have been completely perplexed by this matter for a few days past. I have no inclination for office; and I question whether I have a turn for it; my recluse literary life, for some time past, has almost unfitted me for the bustle and business of the world, and I have no political ambition to urge me forward in an official career. My brothers and my most particular friends, however, have all written to me, urging me so strongly to accept this that I have yielded to their wishes, in opposition to my own. As the office has been unsought by me, so in accepting it I shall have it clearly understood, that I commit myself to no set of men or measures, but mean, as heretofore, to keep myself as clear as possible of all party politics, and to continue to devote all my spare time to general literature.

. . . . I am much gratified by the favorable opinion you express of the "Chronicle of Granada." I have had no intelligence from England since its publication. . . . . I have been passing eight or ten weeks delightfully in this old enchanted palace, and know not how I shall relish the smoke, the noise, the hurry, and the commonplace of London after such a tranquil and poetical abode. . . . . I am glad that Don Jorge * is

* The translator of the *Sketch Book* into Spanish.

likely soon to get his work into print ; as the old wives say, he has had a trying time of it. Ever faithfully, your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

To his brother Ebenezer he wrote the same day (July 22) that his first thought on receiving the news of his appointment was to decline, but perceiving it was the earnest wish of his relatives, he had resolved to accept.

I have been in a great measure inclined also to this determination [he adds] by the very handsome manner in which the office has been offered me by government, without any view to party purposes, and without any solicitation by me or my friends. I consider it, therefore, as emanating from my country, and a proof of the good will of my countrymen, and in this light it is most flattering and gratifying to me. It is singular how circumstances conspire to prolong my absence from home. I had made up my mind to return to America this year. When I left Seville, I packed up my books in trunks and left them there ready to be shipped for New York. It was my plan, after making a tour in Andalusia and revisiting Granada, to embark for England, make literary arrangements in London, pay a farewell visit to Peter and our connections in Birmingham, and set sail in the autumn for New York. This appointment breaks up all this plan, and again puts off my return to an indefinite period. This is a great source of regret, for the desire to return home has been continually growing upon me, and all my schemes for a long time past have been shaped towards that end.

[*To Peter Irving, Rouen.*]

ALHAMBRA, July 22, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

I received yesterday your letter of July 6th, inclosing those of J. K. Paulding and Beasley. You will have seen by my previous letter that I

had guessed at your wishes with respect to my appointment ; but your letter gives me great satisfaction in expressing your opinion so decidedly. I now feel assured and contented in the decision I had made. Never hesitate to give me your advice in all matters, whether trivial or important. You are my better half, and in most matters I have more confidence in your judgment than in my own.

I shall leave the Alhambra in the course of a very few days, but I shall leave it with great regret. Never in my life have I had so delicious an abode, and never can I expect to meet with such another. The weather is now intolerably hot, and even reaches some of the main halls and courts of the palace, but I have a delightful retreat in the halls of the baths, which are almost subterranean, and as cool as grottoes. For a fortnight past the old Count of Luque has been living in the Alhambra for his health. His chief infirmity, however, is old age, which even the airs of the Alhambra cannot cure. He is the lineal descendant of the Grand Captain, Gonzalvo, of Cordova, and appears to have some remains of gunpowder propensities, as he has been a great chasseur in his time, and even now amuses himself with firing at swallows from the balconies of the hall of Ambassadors in the lofty tower of Comares. The old gentleman and myself eat our meals together in the Patio de los Leones, amongst flowers and fountains, and in the evening the countess comes up to the Alhambra with a little party to play at Tresillo. I have this morning accompanied the old gentleman to town, and been over the whole of his palace, which is of his own planning and building, and an odd piece of architecture it is. In his archives I found a sword of the Grand Captain—and in the garret, covered with dust, several unwieldy arquebuses with matchlocks, which, doubtless, made a great noise in the time of the conquest of Granada.

A day or two after his despatch to Mr. McLane, he received a letter from his brother Peter, conveying the opinion of some friends, that the office conferred was

below his talents and standing in the world, to which he replied as follows:—

ALHAMBRA, July 25, 1829.

I have just received your letters of July 9 and 12. It is too late to be influenced by the afterthoughts of honest ——, suggested by the conversation of ——, as I have already written to Mr. McLane that I would join him in London. There is much force in what they say ; but after all, their objections are merely on motives of self-pride ; that I ought to hold myself above such minor appointments, etc. Such objections have little weight with me ; the only reputation of which I am ambitious is not to be increased or decreased by official station. Had the office of minister to London or consul to the same place been offered, mere considerations of convenience would have determined my choice between the two. Whatever ambition I possess is entirely literary. I cannot express to you how much the habit of turning my thoughts to this point continually has made me careless about all others. I accepted this appointment, therefore, because it would gratify my friends, and would link me with my country. . . . . I am perfectly content, therefore, for a time to be Secretary of Legation. If the world thinks I ought to be minister, so much the better ; the world honors me, but I do not degrade myself. have the same feeling in this respect that I have always had on points of precedence; I care not who takes the lead of me in entering an apartment, or sits above me at table. It is better that half a dozen should say Why is he seated so low down ? than any one should casually say What right has he to be at the top ? So much for these objections. . . . .

To the same brother he writes, July 28th, having secured travelling company:—

I have just received your letter, covering that of Edward Livingston, Mr. Van Buren, etc. I leave Granada this afternoon at five o'clock in a

kind of rumble-tumble called a Tartana, on two wheels. We put in mattresses on which we lounge, and knock our heads together; but it is better than travelling on horseback in this hot weather. I am now about to run the gauntlet along the Mediterranean provinces, and if I get out of Spain without being robbed, I shall really consider myself remarkably fortunate. The great part of our baggage, however, goes on by *Corsarios*, who are numerous and well-armed

CHAPTER XIII

DEPARTURE FROM GRANADA.—LAST LOOK OF THE ALHAMBRA.—JOURNEY IN A TARTANA.—UNEXPECTED CIVILITY OF THE DUKE DE GOR.—ROBBER MEMENTOES.—SPANISH TRAVELLING.—MOURNFUL FATE OF HIS TRAVELLING COMPANION.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF DIPLOMATIC LIFE AT LONDON.—BARGAIN IN AMERICA FOR MOORE'S "LIFE OF BYRON."—TWO LETTERS FROM MOORE ON THE SUBJECT.—NEWTON.—WILLIAM E. WEST.—DETERMINES TO ESCHEW LITERARY DRUDGERY, AND GIVE DIPLOMATIC LIFE A TRIAL.—RESOLVES UPON A LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

WELVE days after his departure from Granada, Mr. Irving writes as follows from Valencia to Henry Brevoort:—

. . . . I left the Alhambra on the 29th of July, after having passed between two and three months there in a kind of oriental dream. Never shall I meet on earth with an abode so much to my taste, or so suited to my habits and pursuits.

I set out for Granada on my long journey for England, in company with a young Englishman. Mr. Ralph Sneyd. He is an Oxonian, ... and well bred, intelligent, and amiable. We have made our journey to this place in a kind of covered cart called a Tartana, drawn by a mule. In this we put two mattresses, on which we lolled as we were trundled along the mountain roads at the average of about twenty-eight miles a day. The heat of the weather at this season of the year made it unadvisable to travel on horseback, and as it was, we were obliged to lie by

several hours during the heat of the day, and travel very early in the mornings and in the evenings.

To his brother Peter, he writes six days before from Murcia, when only about two hundred miles on his journey :—

In the course of our journey I met with unexpected marks of the kindness and friendship of the Duke of Gor. Within a league of Guadix a carriage was waiting for us in which was the administrator of the duke's estates in that neighborhood. He conducted us to the duke's house in Guadix, which he informed us was at our command as long as we chose to remain there. Several canons of the cathedral and other persons of the place called to see us in the course of the evening. Ices and other refreshments were served us, and an excellent supper prepared for us. Sancho Panza would have considered himself in paradise in such an abode, but we left it about daybreak, and proceeded to Gor, a small village from which the duke takes his title. It is situated in a little green valley at the foot of lofty and rocky mountains. Here we passed the heat of the day and dined in the old family castle, now almost a ruin, and inhabited as a farm-house by one of the administrators of the duke, who had received orders to entertain us. I was extremely gratified by these marks of attention of the duke, as he had said nothing to me on the subject.

Two days later, August 6th, he writes to Peter from Alicant :—

We leave this at two o'clock in the afternoon in a Tartana, and have procured of the governor the escort of two soldiers, to continue with us for two days, until we have passed through some dangerous defiles of the mountains, and have reached the main post-road to Valencia ; after which I trust we shall have little more to apprehend from this kind of gentry.

In the two days here mentioned, in which he passed through some of the most dangerous parts of the country for robbers, he writes :—

We have seen innumerable crosses by the road-side; mementoes of unfortunate travellers; and also the skulls of robbers hanging in iron cages. At one place four robbers were brought in who had been recently captured. In another, the dead body of a robber chieftain who had been shot through the head by the alcalde of the village. We have had the good fortune, however, to travel unmolested, and have at length reached a place from whence a line of diligence continues on to France.

From this place, which was Valencia, his letter to Brevoort was dated, from which I have given an extract at the commencement of the chapter. I continue with some further extracts from the same letter :—

We have been through some of the tracts most noted for robbers, but have escaped without being obliged to pay toll; though for the greater part of the way we had no other escort than a long-legged Portuguese, with a musket, who acted as our servant along the road. Travelling through the greater part of Spain is pretty much the same at present as it was in the days of Don Quixote. The posadas and ventas have seldom anything to give you; you must either bring your provisions with you, or forage for them through the village. Our beds at night were the mattresses we brought in the cart, which were spread on the floor, and we laid on them in our clothes. The mattresses of the inns, where they possess such conveniences, are not to be trusted at this season of the year.

We have now arrived at the diligence road, and shall henceforth travel more rapidly. To-morrow evening we start in the diligence for Barcelona, and in the course of a few days I hope to cross the Pyrenees and find myself in the gay country of France. I assure you, however, I shall leave Spain with feelings of great regret. A residence of between three

and four years in it has reconciled me to many of its inconveniences and defects, and I have learned more and more to like both the country and the people.

Mr. Irving remained in Paris a fortnight with his brother Peter, when hearing of the arrival of Mr. McLane at Portsmouth, he set off to meet him in London.

In a letter of October 6th, to his sister, Mrs. Paris, dated from that city, to which he had now returned after an absence of more than five years, he has this allusion to the fate of the travelling companion with whom he left Granada, and whom he describes to her as "of an old family in Staffordshire, the Sneyds, a young lady of which family, if you recollect, was engaged to be married to the unfortunate Major André."

For three or four days that we continued at Barcelona I was engrossed by the illness of my travelling companion, who was laid up by a fever, the consequence of too much exposure to the sun. As soon as he could bear travelling we set off in the diligence, and such was his eagerness to get to England that we did not go to bed until we arrived at Paris; travelling nine days and nights incessantly. The consequence was a return of his fever, which confined him to his bed for several days at Paris. His object was to get to England by the beginning of September, as he was to be presented to a living of one thousand pounds sterling a year. Another living of about the same income would fall to him in the course of a few years, and he was to have about fifteen thousand pounds from his mother. He had engaged himself to be married next spring to a beautiful girl, the daughter of the British consul at Cadiz; and was anxious to make every arrangement for a speedy return to Spain. All these pros-

pects, which had animated him throughout our journey, and had been the themes of our frequent conversation, had made him more and more impatient to get on the nearer he arrived to his journey's end. After being several days in bed at Paris, he took advantage of the first return of strength to set off with all haste for England. Poor fellow! on my arrival in London I was shocked at receiving intelligence of his death! The scenes I have had with his afflicted parents are too painful to be repeated.

The letter which follows touches upon his new functions, and gives some glimpses of old acquaintances.

[*To Peter Irving, Esq., Rouen.*]

London, October 16, 1829.

My dear Brother :—

. . . . Ever since my arrival in London I have been so unsettled and so hurried about by various concerns that I have not had a moment to devote to literary matters. Mr. McLane being a stranger in London, and for a part of the time confined to his bed by illness, has needed my assistance incessantly. We have also had all our visits of ceremony to perform, which in this huge wilderness of a city take up a great deal of time. I trust the hurry and bustle is now over, and that I shall begin to have more time to myself. Mr. McLane is settled in a very commodious house, No. 9 Chandos Street, Cavendish Square ; and I have taken lodgings immediately opposite in the same street, so that in half a minute I can step from my own sitting-room to the office of the legation, which is a very comfortable one and entirely at my command. There is likely to be but moderate scribe work in the legation, and Mr. McLane seems disposed to take the greater part of that off my hands, by employing young Walsh, who is attached to the legation, and whose father wishes him to be considered by Mr. McLane as a kind of private secretary. . . . .

Leslie continues rising in reputation. I have not seen any of the paintings he has produced during my absence, as they are dispersed in the col-

lections of various noblemen. He is about a large picture, which will be a very rich one—Falstaff regaling at the table of Justice Shallow. In this he introduces most of the characters of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," etc. He is at the same time painting a smaller piece—Uncle Toby looking into the Widow Wadman's eye. It is admirable—the figures much larger than those he used to paint, and executed with great spirit and freedom, and a happy union of beauty and humor.

King Stephen has opened Drury Lane with very tolerable prospects, considering the depressed state of theatres. He has kindly put me on his free list. He looks like the description of the "old commodore," who had been so terribly knocked about by the bullets and the gout, having chalk-stones forming on his knuckles, and rolling heavily in his gait.

I had a letter from Frank Ogden a few days since. He is quartered in our old lodgings under the care of the gentle Mrs. Kay, now a little more advanced in life, and a demure widow. She has tucked him into the French bed which she says Mr. Peter Irving used to think the most comfortable in the world; though Frank finds it rather short for his long legs. He has Mr. Peter's easy chair also, and keeps Mr. Washington's room and bed for the accommodation of a friend. He says he shall always have a bed and plate and knife and fork for you and myself when we choose to come to Liverpool. Mrs. Kay speaks of you with kind remembrance as one of the nicest men she ever knew; and includes me also in her grateful eulogies.

Your affectionate brother,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the following letter we find the author undertaking to make a bargain in America for Moore's "Life of Byron," and Godwin's "Cloudesley." For the English copyright of the Life, Moore was to receive from Murray 4,000 guineas, and he intimates in his diary that he should be satisfied if he got from America £300. It will be perceived hereafter that his wishes were gratified.

[*To Ebenezer Irving.*]

LONDON, November 6, 1829.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

Either by the present or the ensuing packet ship, you will receive a parcel of manuscript, being the first part of "*The Life of Byron*," by Thomas Moore, the poet. I wish you to act in respect to this work, as you would if it were my own; that is to say, make the best bargain you can with some principal bookseller for the purchase of it. Moore is my particular friend; our friendship is of several years' standing, and has ever been of the most unreserved and cordial kind. I am deeply interested in his welfare, and for the ease and comfort of his amiable family; and it will be very important for him just now to make something additional from the American publication of his work. The work will be published in London in two quarto volumes, but I presume may be published in America in two octavos. It will be extremely interesting, and cannot fail to have a great sale. As you will be enabled to give a bookseller a decided start so as to distance all competition, if not virtually to secure a copyright, you ought to receive a very large sum for the work. The bargain, however, must be struck quickly, and the work put to press without delay. Should there be any demur or slowness to make a bargain on the part of the publishers, you may tell them you are instructed in such case to print and publish the work at my expense and risk for the benefit of the author. I cannot think, however, but that there will be an eagerness to secure a work which, it is expected, will make more noise and have a wider circulation than any work that has appeared for some time past.

There must be one or two provisos made, namely, that the MSS. or printed sheets of the work be not shown about, and that no scraps be permitted to appear beforehand in the public papers; and that the publication of the work shall not take place until authorized by Mr. Moore himself, who will state by letter the day when it may be given to the public. Should anything prevent your attention to this matter, I wish you to place

it in the hands of Brevoort, or, if he be absent, of some other person in whom you can have full confidence. I am extremely anxious that something very handsome should be procured for this work; therefore do not hesitate to ask a round sum.

In a few days I shall likewise have another commission of the kind for you to execute. You will receive a manuscript copy of the first volume of a novel by Mr. Godwin (author of "Caleb Williams," etc.). The novel will be in three volumes. The two last volumes will be sent in sheets as printed. I have likewise promised Mr. Godwin (who is in very limited circumstances) to procure for him as much as possible from some American bookseller for his work. The bargain must be made promptly, and the work put to press, to secure the advantage of this early copy. As Mr. Godwin has great celebrity, and as his work must form a contrast to the general run of novels of the day, I should think it would command a ready and extensive sale. A publisher, therefore, ought to pay you a very handsome sum for thus effectually securing him the sole publication of the work.

It appears by his brother's reply, that Messrs. Carey, Lea & Carey, first made an offer to him of $750 for the Life, which they afterwards increased to $1,000. James and John Harper offered $850 at first, but concluded a contract at $1,500; a sum which came very opportunely to Moore to pay for some repairs on Sloperton Cottage. Both publishers were loth to take hold of "Cloudesley." The Harpers promised to look over the manuscript, and if it met their approval, said they might give $100; but on receiving it they returned it, and declined offering anything.

I give two characteristic letters of Moore, which I find among Mr. Irving's papers, connected with the successful result of this negotiation.

Sloperton Cottage, January 31, 1831.

My dear Irving :—

I don't like to bother a great diplomat such as you are, about matters of the shop—particularly as you won't come and be bothered here where I could have my wicked will of you—but time flies, and the golden moment (or rather silver one) for the arrival of my dollars from America ought to be here. Do, like a good fellow, poke them up a little about it, as, if the cash doesn't come, I must—go.

I would (but for the same dislike of pestering, etc.) have asked you to send out my sheets of "Lord Edward" for me—but sufficient to the day are the dollars thereof, and if you but get me these three hundred and thirty-three pounds sterling out of the fire, I shall give you a dinner when I come next to town, at the Literary Union, and have Tom Campbell (who is now my particular friend) to meet you. He has indeed written me a letter which does him the highest honor, and shows him to be a sound fellow at bottom, whatever he may be at top. Seriously, nothing could be more manly and warm-hearted than the *abandon* with which he has again thrown himself upon my friendship and forgiveness.

God bless you, my dear Washington. Mrs. Moore, who pines for you, sends her best regards with those of,

Ever yours,

Thomas Moore.

March 11, 1831.

My dear Irving :—

You are the very man for my money. A thousand thanks for all the trouble you have taken, and you shall reap the usual reward by having more inflicted upon you, as I mean to avail myself of your kind services in the same way about my "Lord Edward." It grieved me not to see you while I was in town ; though for neither seeing, hearing, or smelling had I a single sense left from a most outrageous cold caught on my way from Ireland. I stayed but three days in town, and made one effort to reach you, but fruitlessly.

As to my precious bill, I must beg you to pay it into the hands of my

partners in the Row, and, I would say, the thirteen pounds too, but that Bessy has put in a claim for that fraction for herself ; but then how to get hold of it—couldn't you just run down with it to her some fine morning ? it would be a *galanterie* worthy of you.

Ever yours,

T. Moore.

The following extract, with some report of his old cronies, is from a letter to his brother Peter, dated December 7, written just after he had returned from a visit of three or four days to his sister's at Birmingham, with an account of which the first part is occupied.

Newton is quite the fashion ; everything he paints, his very sketches and studies, are eagerly bought up. Leslie is working assiduously at his great picture, Falstaff and his companion banqueting at Master Shallow's. It will be his greatest work as to study and execution. His picture of Uncle Toby looking into Widow Wadman's eye (which is a capital hit), is half done, and put by until the large picture is completed.

Little West, the painter, is at the country-seat of Francis Baring, or at some seat in the neighborhood ; being fully employed in painting up the whole country. He has been in town but once in two or three days since I have been here, when we had a merry dinner, he, Newton, and myself, at Mills' lodgings. I expect him shortly in town, to remain.

Father Luke is in Ireland, where he has been very successful. He has long had a hankering to return to London, and wrote to Newton a few days since, mentioning that the tidings of my residence here had determined him—having a grateful recollection of the strong green tea he used to drink at our lodgings. He has authorized Newton, therefore, to look out for lodgings for him.

I find the following entry in Mr. Irving's diary, now about to be laid aside :—

November 23d.—Dined at Sir Robert Inglis'—present Sir James Mackintosh and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Wilberforce and daughter, Mr. Miller —Sir James Mackintosh proposed to me to join him, Sir Walter Scott, and Moore in their historical project.

At the close of this year, Mr. Irving was bending his thoughts to a life of Washington, and vainly flattering himself that he would begin upon it at once, as we gather from this intimation in a letter to his brother Peter, dated December 18, written soon after some overtures from Dr. Lardner for a history of the United States, to which at first he was inclined to listen.

I have abandoned the idea of the "History of the United States," but have determined immediately to undertake a work in lieu of it, which will be more universally popular ; and which, if tolerably executed, must be a valuable and lasting property. I mean a life of Washington. I shall take my own time to execute it, and will spare no pains. It must be my great and crowning labor.

Years, however, were to elapse before this final labor of his pen was even commenced.

CHAPTER XIV.

LETTER TO GOUVERNEUR KEMBLE.—AWARD OF A GOLD MEDAL BY THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—THE OXFORD HONOR.—SKETCH OF WILLIAM IV.—LETTER TO PETER IRVING.—ARTICLE IN THE "LONDON QUARTERLY."—LETTER TO LOUIS MCLANE FROM PARIS AFTER THE ELEVATION OF LOUIS PHILIPPE.—EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE SAME.—TALLEYRAND.—LITERARY CONCERNS.—BREVOORT.—DOLGOROUKI.—PETER POWELL.—JOHN RANDOLPH.—THE "VOYAGES OF THE COMPANIONS OF COLUMBUS" IN THE PRESS.—NEWTON.—LESLIE.—KENNEY.—PAYNE.—RECEIVES NOTES FROM MURRAY FOR THE "VOYAGES."

OPEN this chapter with a letter of Mr. Irving to his early friend, Gouverneur Kemble, who was now occupying his bachelor home in the noble solitude of the highlands of the Hudson. It was situated nearly opposite West Point, and a few miles north of the old colonial seat of Captain Philipse, that favorite haunt of Irving, Brevoort, Kemble, and Paulding, in days long gone by. Kemble was now the proprietor of an extensive foundry, from which he occasionally supplied the government with cannon, and to "the forges and fires" of which the letter alludes:—

LONDON, January 18, 1830.

MY DEAR KEMBLE:—

I am most heartily obliged to you for your letter, which smacks so much of old times and early fellowship; and I take it the more kindly of

you, because I believe I was in your debt for one or two previous letters, which from the hurry of various affairs I had suffered to remain unanswered. I had hoped and designed to have been by this time once more among you all in New York, and had trusted to find in you a boon companion, to keep me in company and countenance in my old bachelorhood, and to have philosophized good humoredly with me on all we had seen and experienced. This diplomatic appointment, however, has toppled down all my air castles, and has fixed me for a time amidst the smoke and fog of London. I have a most craving desire to visit old friends and old scenes; and there is no place I should feel greater delight in beholding than our ancient nest in the highlands. The poor captain is gone! and I should miss him sadly, but I have an idea that I should relish your stronghold of Cold Spring hugely. I cannot act up to your advice in keeping myself thin, to mount your hill without blowing; I have a villainous propensity to grow round and robustious, and I fear the beef and pudding of England will complete the ruin of my figure. . . . .

Why cannot you leave your forges and fires in the highlands for a season, and take a lounge for a few months in London? The crossing of the ocean at present is nothing; and you might be back before your fires had gone out or your irons grown cold; and return too with a whole budget of materials for after thought and after talk. By all accounts you must have made money enough to be able to take the world as you please; and having neither wife nor child to anchor you at home, I do not see why you should not now and then take a cruise. Think of this. I should be delighted to meet you in London, and you and Peter and myself would have some cozy hours together.

Give my affectionate regards to James Paulding and his wife, and to such of our old cronies as are within hail.

I am, my dear Kemble,

Ever very affectionately your old friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

On his birthday, the 3d of April, the author received

verbal intelligence that the Royal Society of Literature had that day voted him one of their fifty-guinea gold medals. "What makes this the more gratifying," he writes to Peter at Birmingham, "is that the other medal is voted to Hallam, author of the 'Middle Ages.'"

Two days afterwards, he received the following official announcement of the intended honor:—

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE,
PARLIAMENT STREET, April 5, 1830.

SIR:—I have the honor to acquaint you that at a meeting of the Council of the Royal Society of Literature, held on Saturday last, for the purpose of awarding the two Royal Medals annually placed by his Majesty at the Society's disposal, to be adjudged to the authors of literary works of eminent merit, or of important literary discoveries, one of the medals was adjudged to you.

You are consequently requested to attend at the anniversary meeting of the Society, to be held at this place on Thursday the 29th instant, at three o'clock, in order to be presented with the said Medal.

I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble servant,
RICHARD CATTERMOLE,
Secretary.

This medal has a figure of Mercury on one side; on the other the head of George IV., with the inscription "Georgius IV. Reg: Soc: Litt: Fundator et Patronus: MDCCCXXIII." Round the rim of the medal is inscribed: "Washington Irving. Litt: Human: Insigni."

It is a curious incident connected with its history, that after his return to America, this medal was once secretly

stolen, and as furtively restored; the thief, during the confusion of a fire in the neighborhood, taking it from the safe of his brother's office, where it was deposited, and afterward slyly opening the door of that brother's residence at night and throwing it into the hall; a compunctious restitution to which the inscription no doubt contributed.

In less than a month after the presentation of the gold medal, as if honors, like misfortunes, should not come single, the modest author found himself committed for the degree of LL.D., which the University of Oxford proposed to confer on him. "Overruling the ultra-modesty of your scruples," writes the Rev. Arthur Matthews, May 19, "I have not hesitated to *commit* you with the academical authorities of Oxford, where you will be due on the 23d of June, the day fixed for the ceremony of annual commemoration in the theatre, at which it is usual to confer honorary degrees." It was not without great diffidence and reluctance that Mr. Irving yielded to a compliment which so many are found to covet. The reception of the proposed honor, however, was deferred to another year, in consequence of the dangerous illness and impending death of the king, which would throw a gloom over everything, and deprive the ceremony of all *éclât*.

"I have heard nothing further on the subject of the Oxford honor," he writes to Peter, June 6, 1831, when the year had nearly rolled round, and the appointed time was approaching, "and hope the matter may be

dropped." It was not dropped, however, for after sealing his letter, he opens it again to inform his brother in a postscript that the degree was unanimously awarded him; that the day of the ceremony was the 15th of June, when he must certainly be there. He accordingly repaired to Oxford at the appointed time, when the proposed dignity of LL.D. was conferred. The ceremony was somewhat embarrassing to the modest recipient of the honor, who, on advancing to receive the complimentary degree, was greeted with prolonged acclamations from the students, mingled with cries of "Diedrich Knickerbocker," "Ichabod Crane," "Rip Van Winkle," "Geoffrey Crayon," "Columbus," "Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," etc. I have heard him say that he was quite overcome, though all the time contending with a laugh at the vociferous and saturnalian applause. The ceremony over, he hurried back to London to take leave of Mr. McLane, who was then on the eve of returning to America. Though by no means insensible to this compliment to his character and literary fame, he never used the title. In a letter of November 25, 1851, to Donald G. Mitchell, the popular author of "Reveries of a Bachelor," whose writings he had enjoyed "with peculiar relish," and who was proposing to dedicate some new volume to him with the title appended to his name, he writes in accepting what he deems the "overflattering" compliment: "I would only suggest that in your dedication you would omit the LL.D., a learned dignity urged

upon me very much 'against the stomach of my sense, and to which I have never laid claim."

The following letter, addressed July 27, to his brother Peter, then on a visit to his sister at Birmingham, after the death of George IV., and before the coronation of his successor, gives a playful sketch of the new monarch, William IV.

. . . . The king keeps all London agog ; nothing but sights, and parades, and reviews. He is determined that it shall be merry old England once more. Yesterday morning there was a splendid review in St. James Park, at which all the world was present. Then a royal breakfast at the Duke of Wellington's, attended by the dignitaries of the court and several of the foreign ministers, Mr. McLane among the number. In the afternoon there was held a chapter of the order of the Garter, for the installation of the king of Wurtemburg. Then a grand dinner at the palace at which Mr. and Mrs. McLane "assisted." . . . . In the evening there was a brilliant dress ball at the Duke of Wellington's, at which I was present. The king was there in great spirits, notwithstanding the busy day he had been through. He spoke to everybody right and left in the most affable manner, and I observe he has an easy and natural way of wiping his nose with the back of his forefinger, which I fancy is a relic of his old middy habits. Upon the whole, however, he seems in a most happy mood and disposed to make every one happy about him, and if he keeps on as he is going, without getting too far out of his depth, he will make the most popular king that ever sat on the English throne.

The following letter was written just after news of the flight of Charles X. from the French capital, and touches briefly upon some literary arrangements. The article in the "Quarterly," for which Lockhart, its conductor, sends

him fifty guineas, was a review of the "Conquest of Granada," published in that periodical in May. It was a mere illustrative and explanatory review, written by him at the special request of Murray, a year after the publication of the work, to clear up some misconceptions, to which the use of that fictitious personage, Fray Antonio Agapida, had led, and did not contain a line commendatory of the work, though it was afterwards made the foundation of an ignoble charge against him, that he was not above puffing his own works. He had not asked or expected any compensation for it. Some of the observations in this article were afterwards embodied by him in a "Note to the Revised Edition of the Chronicles," published at New York by G. P. Putnam, in 1850. The reader will find the note at the end of the Introduction to the volume.

[*To Peter Irving, Birmingham.*]

London, August 3, 1830.

My dear Brother :—

Henry and myself set off this evening at six o'clock for Southampton, to cross on the steamboat to Havre. Mr. McLane has been kind enough to permit me to make out Henry's passport as attached to the legation; this will be a peculiar protection to him in entering and coming out of France. I trust, however, the sanguinary struggle is over; by the last accounts all is tranquil at Paris. It has been a brilliant revolution. I cannot but regret that I was not at Paris at the time. However, I shall get there in time to witness some of the effects. The excitement and exultation of the Parisians, etc., etc.

I hope they will make no terms with the Bourbons.

I shall now expect to see Spain in a complete combustion.

. . . . I received a letter from Lockhart this morning from Scotland, inclosing me Murray's check on a banking house in London for fifty guineas, for the article in the "Quarterly," and hoping that I would contribute further articles occasionally.

Six days later (Aug. 9) he writes to Mr. McLane from Paris:

I have just returned from the Chamber of Deputies, where the Duke of Orleans has taken the oath, signed the charter, and been hailed king. His appearance, manner, and language were manly, frank, and dignified. The whole ceremony was simple and noble, and conducted with perfect good sense and good taste. The English papers will, of course, give all the details. Mr. Rives was the only member of the diplomatic corps present, except a young gentleman of the name of Cradock, who is attached to the British embassy. The new king will be called "Louis Philippe." His elevation to the throne appears to give general satisfaction. There is no great show of enthusiasm, for, in fact, the feelings of the Parisians are a little exhausted by their recent excitement. There is, however, what is likely to wear much better than enthusiasm, universal cheerfulness and rational content. People seem generally convinced that they have taken the most effectual measure to produce tranquillity and to insure the perpetuity of the great political blessings they have attained. All Paris is quiet; everything goes on as usual, and you would scarcely credit your senses that this capital a few days since was a scene of civil war, and at the mercy of the rabble.

McC——— is here, under the military title of colonel. He witnessed some of the scenes of the revolution from his window, with pen in hand, writing reams of letters to his friends in America. He is hotter in the head than ever, and seems to think a revolution one of the simplest and safest remedies possible for any political malady. He thinks he knows exactly how to administer the dose and superintend its operation.

C——— is here, and they have consultations together. God help the inflammable South !

After Mr. Irving's return to London, Mr. McLane took a little holiday to visit the curiosities at Paris, during which interval his Secretary of Legation addressed him a letter (dated September 17), of which I give the following extracts :—

. . . . Before you receive this, you will doubtless have read in the newspapers the shocking accident that has befallen Mr. Huskisson at the great ceremony of opening the Liverpool and Manchester railroad, where he was run over by one of the steam carriages, and one of his thighs and legs crushed and lacerated in so dreadful a manner as to render it impossible at the time to perform an amputation. His life is despaired of, and it is very probable we shall this evening hear of his death.

It is said that the Duke of Wellington but very recently made overtures to Palmerston, the two Grants, and Melbourne, to receive them into the cabinet, but that they *refused* unless Huskisson should be admitted. It is added, that after much demur and consideration the duke intimated that even this point might be accommodated. If such should really be the case, the melancholy accident in question has effectually removed a great obstacle to an important change in the cabinet. At any rate it has relieved the present cabinet from a formidable opponent, who, if not propitiated, would have made himself felt in the coming session. It is a heavy loss, however, to the country.

Talleyrand's appointment* seems to be but little relished in this country, and indeed it is an unworthy one. The new government should have shown some regard to morals as well as talents in such a conspicuous appointment. And, in fact, the talents of Talleyrand are not of the kind suited to the day and the crisis. The policy is of the dissolute,

* Talleyrand was appointed minister to England.

heartless kind of the old school; the trickery and intrigue of cabinets and saloons; not the policy suited to a free country and a frank and popular government. I question the greatness of any political talent that is not based upon integrity.

As to Talleyrand, he cares for nobody and nothing. His patriotism is a mere local attachment, like that of a cat which sticks by the house, let who will inhabit it.

On Mr. McLane's return to London, the Secretary took a diplomatic furlough which he passed in the family group at Birmingham, suspending the printing of "The Voyages of the Companions of Columbus," then in progress, and taking down with him some manuscripts upon which he hoped to get to work.

In a letter to Peter, dated October 22, he makes allusion to Brevoort, then on a visit to Europe, and Dolgorouki, and gives us likewise a glimpse of John Randolph, and Peter Powell. "Peter Powell has come back from Italy," said Wilkie to him, "and we shall now have him serving up to us the Last Judgment of Michael Angelo." In the view of the painter, there was no grotesque perversion to which his daring mimicry was not equal.

I received last evening your letter dated Sunday, 17th, which, though you set out by saying you had nothing of any interest to say, proved one of the most pleasing and satisfactory that I have received from you for a long time, for it showed me that you were enjoying a cheerfulness of spirit and golden serenity of mind, worth all the world's wealth and glory, and quite above it all. Your dreamy morning in the Louvre and Tuileries was quite in character. I hope and trust, my dear brother, you will be spared to enjoy many, many such, and that the rest of your life

will be passed in an easy literary leisure among those scenes that are most to your taste and fancy.

I have been profiting also by the late fine weather to make a few rambles about the metropolis and its vicinity, with Brevoort and Dolgorouki. Yesterday, which was such a delicious autumnal day as is rarely seen in England, we went down to the Gallery at Dulwich, and afterwards dined at a country inn ; returning to town part of the way on foot, part per coach.

Peter Powell returned lately from his Italian tour, or rather sojourn ; as short and merry as ever, and still more learned in painting, intending, I believe, to devote himself to landscape painting, by way of helping to make both ends meet.

Randolph is here, and more meagre and eccentric than ever. He says he left St. Petersburg on account of ill health, the climate not agreeing with him, and because it was no longer necessary for the object of his mission that he should reside there. He gave me a very minute account of his presentation to the emperor and empress, with each of whom he had long conversations, and I believe made the empress laugh at least as much by the point of his conversation as by any peculiarity of manner. The story of his kneeling to the emperor must have arisen from what he relates himself ; that in advancing, as one of his legs is contracted and somewhat shorter than the other, he limped with it in such a manner that he supposes the emperor thought he was about to bend one knee, as he made a movement as if to prevent such a thing, and said "No, no." Randolph, however, is too well informed on points of etiquette, and too lofty a fellow to have made such a blunder. I have no doubt, however, that he has left behind him the character of a rare bird.

Randolph, however "well informed on points of etiquette," had his own notions about doing things, and I have heard Mr. Irving give an amusing account of his presentation at court in London, as it came under his own notice. Mr. McLane and Mr. Irving called for him

in a carriage, and they found him prepared to accompany them with black coat, and black small clothes, with knee buckles, white stockings, and shoes with gold buckles, a sword, and a little black hat. They looked wonderingly at his dress, so likely with his odd figure to attract observation. He pointed to his gold buckles. "No sham about them. Rundell and Bridge, by—!" To some observation, as to the propriety of his dress, "I wear no man's livery, by —!" "But," said Mr. Irving, "the object of a court costume is to avoid awkwardness and challenge; there is a convenience in it; and at all events you don't want a sword." "O now, Irving, as to a sword, you need not pretend to teach me about that; my father wore a sword before me, by —!" Mr. Irving explained that the sword belonged to a different costume, but was out of place in that dress. This seemed to strike Randolph, and he unbuckled his sword afterwards, and left it in the carriage. As he was about to enter the antechamber, where the foreign ministers are in waiting, he was, as Mr. Irving had feared, stopped by the usher. Mr. Irving immediately explained who he was, and he was permitted to pass. "There now, Randolph," said he, "you see one of the inconveniences of being out of costume." In the antechamber, the foreign ministers eyed him curiously. Admitted to the presence chamber, he preceded Mr. Irving, made his bow to royalty in his turn, and then passed before other members of the royal family. As he went by the Duke of Sussex, the latter beckoned Mr.

Irving; "Irving," said he, with his thumb reversed over his right shoulder, and moving it significantly up and down, half suppressing a laugh at the same time; "who's your friend, Hokey Pokey?" Mr. Irving, jealous for the honor of his country, replied with emphasis: "That, sir, is John Randolph, United States Minister at Russia, and one of the most distinguished orators of the United States."

Some time afterwards, Mr. Irving was dining with the Duke of Sussex, and he inquired after McLane, who had returned to his own country; then, pursuing his inquiries, he added with a significant smile, "and how is our friend Hokey Pokey?"

"Randolph," said Mr. Irving, in concluding these anecdotes, "a long, gaunt, thin, poke of a fellow, with no beard, small features, bright eyes, attracted attention wherever he went—he was queer, but always wore the air and stamp of a gentleman."

I asked what impression he made by his conversational powers. "He was remarkable in this respect," he replied: "but he was not at home among the London wits. I dined with him when Sydney Smith and others were present, but he did not shine. *He was not in his beat.*"

The following extract of a letter to Peter Irving, dated London, October 29, 1830, gives a little insight into his literary labors:—

I am jogging on with the printing of the Voyages. Murray has returned from Scotland, and expresses himself highly pleased with the part of

the work that is already in print. I have received the sketches from Spain of the convent of La Rabida, Palos, the arms of the Pinzons, etc., which will be engraved as illustrations. The whole of the edition of the abridgment of "Columbus" (ten thousand copies) is, I am told, already sold.*

December 3d he writes to Peter, snugly quartered "in the old Hotel de Breteuil," at Paris :—

My literary concerns remain in *statu quo*. I have not been able to think of them since last I wrote you. As this gust of diplomacy is now blown over and the bustle of visiting, etc., incident to a change of ministry, I hope to be able to resume my pen a little on my own account. . . . .

Our diplomatic situation at this court is as favorable and gratifying as we could desire, being treated with marked respect and friendliness by the royal family, and by the various members of the administration, both of the old and new ministry ; and all this appears to be spontaneous ; as, while we have fulfilled all the usual forms of mere civility and etiquette, we have never courted any favor or attention, but have rather held ourselves in reserve, and let the advance be made from the other party.

I trust the general effect of our mission here will be to place the relations of the two countries on a more amiable footing, generally, and at the same time to establish freer intercourse personally for our diplomacy at this court, where it was formerly received with coldness and reserve. Nothing can be more easy and frank than the manner with which at present we are enabled to carry on our business with the ministers and at the public offices. These considerations in some measure reconcile me to the interruption this diplomatic episode has made in my quiet literary life, and console me amidst the official bustle, and the distractions of court pageantry, and London life, which after all have no longer novelty or charm for me, and are a grievous tax upon my spirits.

* It will be recollected he had given the Abridgment to Murray.

Dolgorouki has received orders from his court, regularly attaching him to the embassy here, with a great augmentation of his appointments. He will therefore remain in London.

This is very gratifying to me, as he is a very interesting and valuable companion, and I believe is most sincerely and strongly attached to me. He has taken up his quarters in Maddox Street, so that he is close at hand. I find him a great stimulator to me in literary matters.

I dined a few days since with David Wilkie, who is getting on with his picture of John Knox preaching. I believe you have seen the study for it. It will, I think, be his grandest production, and will distance all modern competition in his art. It is admirable to see the simplicity of the man, surrounded by the splendid productions of his genius. . . . .

Newton has three subjects in hand : One, Bassanio reading the letter, and his wife anxiously watching him. The subject is not striking, but he will make a beautiful picture of it, by the effect of coloring, dresses, etc. Another is, Lear reclining in a chair, with the physician on one side, and Cordelia on the other. The figure of Lear, as merely sketched, is very grand. I think the picture will be very effective. The third is a pretty little thing from Pope's "Rape of the Lock"—Belinda contemplating herself in her toilet glass. It will have the charm of Newton's grace and color.

Leslie is employed on a small picture of Petruchio in the scene with the tailor, etc. I have not seen it.

Kenney has made his appearance of late, more weazen than ever. He has a romantic drama in blank verse coming out at Drury Lane, founded on a Spanish subject, and I believe taken originally from a Spanish play. It has some striking scenes, but I think the "situations" are produced by rather extravagant means. Still John has a coarse palate and strong stomach, and relishes powerful dishes.

Payne has also revisited the glimpses of the sun, and has dined with me. He is as fresh and fair as a rose, and appeared to be in marvelous good spirits, notwithstanding that he was as usual up to the ears with negotiations for some half a dozen pieces of various kinds. He left a three act comedy with me for perusal a long time since, which has really

some very good scenes, and is accepted at the theatre on condition that he will reduce it to two acts, which, in fact, would be an improvement. As I have heard nothing from Payne on the subject for some time past, I apprehend that he has forgotten this one of his multifarious offspring.

I close the record of this year with the following passage from a letter to his brother Peter, who was now suffering under a return of his headaches, which had made him sensitive to all the noises and interruptions of Paris, without being able to enjoy its amusements. He had therefore retired to Havre, for "a little quiet life, under the wing of the worthy Tom Tug," as Washington was fond of styling Peter's true and kind-hearted friend, the American Consul Beasley. "Give Tom Tug a hearty embrace for me," is one of his affectionate messages to Peter.

The letter from which the extract is taken, is dated December 21, 1830. The volume is the "Voyages of the Companions of Columbus;" a work to which he had been prompted by Peter.

A few days since I sent the last page of the volume of Voyages to the printer, and have since received three notes of hand from Murray, dated December 17, at six, nine, and twelve months, for £175, making five hundred guineas, or £525. I have indorsed them over and remitted them to H. Van Wart, with orders to pass them to your credit. They will form a fund, therefore, which you can draw against whenever you please.

CHAPTER XV.

PAULDING.—SLIDELL'S "YEAR IN SPAIN," AND THE REVIEW IN THE "LONDON QUARTERLY."—BARGAIN WITH CAREY & LEA FOR THE "VOYAGES OF COLUMBUS."—LETTER TO BREVOORT.—A CHANGE IN THE EMBASSY.—THE AUTHOR CHARGÉ.—LETTER TO LOUIS McLANE.—ARRIVAL OF MR. VAN BUREN, THE NEW MINISTER.—LETTER TO LOUIS McLANE.—RELIEVED FROM THE LEGATION.—LAST MEETING WITH SIR WALTER SCOTT.—NEWTON'S SECOND LIKENESS.—LETTER TO MRS. PARIS.—BARLBOROUGH HALL.—HARDWICKE CASTLE.—NEWSTEAD ABBEY.—DERANGEMENT OF LITERARY PLANS.—REFORM AND CHOLERA.

IN February of this year Mr. Irving writes to his brother Ebenezer at New York:—

I send a copy of Slidell's "Year in Spain," which I corrected for the press, and got Murray to publish in a very creditable style. It will give the lieutenant a complete launch in literature.

Send the copy, and also the number of the "Quarterly Review," to Mr. Slidell's father with my kind regards.

The copy of the "Quarterly," which he here requests to be sent to Mr. Slidell's father, contained a review of the "Year in Spain," which was written by himself, and no doubt helped the success of the work in England.

This review was given gratuitously to the "Quarterly,"

and with the explanatory article on the "Conquest of Granada" before alluded to, constituted his only contributions to that periodical, of which he had before written, when Murray had offered him 100 guineas an article: "It is so hostile to ou rcountry that I cannot bear to lift my pen in its service." The "Review" was most distinguished for this hostility during the editorship of William Gifford.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

LONDON, March 1, 1831.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . I had a letter from E. I. lately. He had made a bargain with Carey & Lea of Philadelphia about the "Voyages;" they are to give fifteen hundred dollars for the privilege of printing three thousand copies, and he binds himself to allow them three years to sell off the edition, though he trusts they will sell it in less than two. I observe they advertise it to be published in one octavo volume. I think the arrangement a good one. . . . . I believe I told you Murray's first edition of the abridgment of "Columbus," of which he printed ten thousand copies, is sold, and he is putting another edition to press. The "Companions" seem to be very successful, and what is a good sign are favorites with the publisher.

. . . . Kenney has been trying all the season to get a tragedy performed at Drury Lane, but has been kept in suspense until he is as thin as an apothecary's spatula. I had a note from him a few days since, telling me he was to have a few "vagabonds" to dine with him to-morrow, and begging me to give him my company, as Macready was to be there and my presence might be of service to him (Kenney). If I feel well enough I shall go.

To Brevoort at Paris, he writes the same date:—

We are in the beginning of an eventful week. This evening will determine the fate of the present cabinet, which is in a tottering condition, and we are looking daily for decisive news from Paris. We must have tidings of moment, too, from Poland, though I fear we shall have dismal news from that quarter. However, *the great cause of all the world* will go on. What a stirring moment it is to live in. I never took such intense interest in newspapers. It seems to me as if life were breaking out anew with me, or that I were entering upon quite a new and almost unknown career of existence, and I rejoice to find my sensibilities, which were waning as to many objects of past interest, reviving with all their freshness and vivacity at the scenes and prospects opening around me. I trust, my dear Brevoort, we shall both be spared to see a great part of this grand though terrible drama that is about to be acted. There will doubtless be scenes of horror and suffering, but what splendid triumphs must take place over these vile systems of falsehood in every relation of human affairs, that have been woven over the human mind, and for so long a time have held it down in despicable thraldom.

June 6, he writes to his brother Peter at Birmingham:—

. . . . Mr. McLane has received permission to return home, and an invitation to a seat in the cabinet. The former he avails himself of immediately, and will sail from this port either on the 22d inst., or on the 1st July, most probably the latter. The seat in the cabinet will be a matter of further consideration. I remain here as *chargé d'affaires;* though it is expressly stated that I remain on *secretary's pay.* I trust, however, another minister will be appointed with as little delay as possible, so that I shall be relieved by autumn at furthest. . . . .

The following letter was addressed to Mr. McLane, who had arrived in the United States from London, early in August, and now filled the place of Secretary of the Treasury, made vacant by the recent dissolution of Gen-

eral Jackson's cabinet; to which the resignation of Mr. Van Buren in April, as Secretary of State, had led the way. Mr. Van Buren was now coming out to London, to succeed Mr. McLane as American Minister to the Court of St. James; Mr. Irving in the interim acting as *chargé*.

[*To Louis McLane.*]

LONDON, August 30, 1831.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I was greatly gratified and obliged by your letter of July 31, and rejoiced to find that you were all once more safely landed on our own shores. I hope and trust that everything will go prosperously with you, and that your situation at Washington will prove as happy to yourself as I am sure it will be advantageous to the country. I am sick to very loathing of the correspondences with which our papers have been filled for some time past, and my only consolation is, that the European papers are so taken up with their own concerns, and the public mind here so bewildered with reform, revolution, and cholera morbus, that there is no space or leisure for comments upon our follies. Yet it is grievous to think that we should so shamefully use the advantages which all the rest of the world are striving at the cost of heart's blood to obtain. I look forward for better things from the new cabinet, and trust that it will not suffer private feuds and private interests to take up the time that should be devoted to the great questions and concerns of the nation. Affairs are going on here "as it pleases God," that is to say, very little to the satisfaction of man. The whigs have been so long out of harness that they do not understand well how to draw together, and the great reform omnibus moves but heavily, and has great difficulty in surmounting the impediments continually put in its way. Lord John is almost knocked up by the fatigues and perplexities he has undergone; not understanding very clearly, it is insinuated, the nature of the mighty egg he has been employed to hatch, and being worn out by being obliged to sit so long

upon the nest. The anti-reformers swear that the egg is already addled, and they begin to crow with some heart on the supposition. There is certainly some misgiving and anxiety among the conductors of the measure, and a very general discontent and impatience throughout the country. Still I trust the measure will ultimately prevail.

I will deliver your message to Lord Holland when I see him. He has asked most kindly after you whenever I have met with him ; indeed you have reason to be highly gratified with the impression you have left behind you generally. It is exactly such a one as a man of honorable ambition and kind feelings should covet ; a mixture of the highest esteem and respect with the most cordial good-will. . . . .

I trust the government will perfectly understand that in declining to continue here as secretary, I am influenced by no feeling of petty pride or mistaken etiquette. I have no idea of any derogation in returning from a casual and transient elevation as *chargé d'affaires* to the duties of the secretaryship, and should have made a point of discountenancing such false punctilio by my example, did not other considerations, of which you are well aware, induce me to desire for the present a total emancipation from official duties.

I am looking forward with great pleasure to the arrival of Mr. Van Buren, and to my release from London and its harassing life, as soon as I shall have put him up to the routine of affairs and the usages of the town. I shall then turn my attention to my own private affairs, and make preparation for my return to the United States ; but I begin to fear I shall not be able to arrange them so as to return before next year.

On the 20th of September, Mr. Irving retired from the legation, and two days after he informs his brother Ebenezer that he should set off in a few days with Peter for Birmingham, where he should occupy himself diligently in preparing some writings for the press, and that he should not be able to return home till next year.

On the 28th of September, two days before his departure for Birmingham, Scott arrived in London on his way to Italy, and Lockhart, thinking he would enjoy the society of a friend, sent for Mr. Irving to dine with him. It was just after the fatigue of travel, and though Scott rallied a little afterwards, and made a better appearance in this his final interview with Mr. Irving, he showed sadly the eclipse of his powers. It was a family dinner, Lockhart and wife (Anne Scott), himself and Scott being all. Scott was seated when he entered; and as he approached him and took him by the hand, "Ah! my dear fellow," said he, "time has dealt lightly with you since last we met." At dinner, amid the conversation of the others, his mind would occasionally gleam up, and he would strike in with some story in his old way; but the light would soon die out, and his head would sink, and his countenance fall as he saw that he had failed in giving point to what he was telling. The others would resume, and attempt to divert attention by talking of matters in which he might not be disposed to join. "How different," said Mr. Irving in relating this mournful experience, "from the time I last dined with him, when Scott was the life of the company, all hanging on his lips; everybody making way for his anecdote or story." After dinner the ladies went up-stairs, and Lockhart said to his guest, "Irving, give Scott your arm." As the latter approached, and Scott took his arm, while he grasped his cane with the other hand, "Ah!"

said he, "the times are changed, my good fellow, since we went over the Eildon hills together. It is all nonsense to tell a man that his mind is not affected, when his body is in this state."

This was his last meeting with Scott, that noble spirit in whom he had so much delighted, and who, in his estimation, was only second to Shakespeare. Lockhart, in the memoirs of his life, errs in saying that Mr. Irving saw him frequently at this time, for though Scott remained in London for several weeks, Irving left the second day after this interview for an absence of more than a month, which was divided between Birmingham, Sheffield, and Barlborough Hall.

From Sheffield, where he was on a visit to his nephew, Irving Van Wart, a temporary resident of the place, he addressed a letter to his sister, Mrs. Paris, dated October 14, from which it will be seen that Newton had embarked for his native country, carrying with him a likeness for which Mr. Irving had recently been sitting, and which he pronounces the best that had ever been taken of him. "My friend Newton," is his language, "who sailed from London a few days since, took with him a small portrait of me, for which I had sat at your request. It is the most accurate likeness that has ever been taken of me." *

* This second likeness of Newton's, taken about nine years after the first for his friend Brevoort, is now the property of his niece, Mrs. Storrow, a daughter of the sister to whom it was sent.

A fortnight later, Mr. Irving addressed to the same sister the following account of some curious and interesting visits and excursions :—

Barlborough Hall, October 28, 1831.

My dear Sister :—

. . . . I left Sheffield about five days since to pay a long-promised visit to the owner of this mansion, which is in Derbyshire, about twelve miles from Sheffield. It is an old hall, built in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and the owner declares it is the original of Bracebridge Hall, for which in truth it might have stood for a model. It is in the midst of a beautiful country, and stands in the centre of one of those princely domains which render English country gentlemen little sovereigns.

I am writing in my bedchamber, one of the most delicious old panelled rooms, with stone-shafted windows, ancient portraits, silk curtains of old-fashioned needlework by some of the family dames of the olden time. Mine host, the Rev. C. R Reaston Rodes, is a man of great wealth and greater eccentricity ; a kind of *wet* parson, if I may borrow that phrase from the Quakers ; as he is a complete *bon vivant*, hunts, shoots, races, and keeps a kind of open house. His neighbors say that hospitality is his greatest vice. With all this he is an excellent scholar, something of a poet, and a most kind, generous, and warm-hearted man. He has restored the old mansion in the ancient style : keeps up the old usages, particularly the ceremonials of Christmas, and, notwithstanding his extreme buoyancy of spirit and bustle of existence, manages all his affairs and conducts his whole establishment with admirable system. Such a character and such a mansion, as you may easily suppose, furnish me much food for amusing speculation.

My worthy host has taken me all about the neighboring country to see the curious old edifices with which it abounds. We were yesterday at Hardwick Castle, an antiquated pile belonging to the Duke of Devonshire, but which he never inhabits except on a casual visit of a day at a time. The castle is maintained in its old style, with the ancient furni-

ture, tapestry, etc. There are state apartments which Queen Elizabeth once occupied in one of her progresses through the kingdom, and there is another apartment in which poor Mary, Queen of Scots, was once confined. The bed and all the furniture remain as in her time. There is an immense picture gallery, with the portraits of all the Cavendishes and their connections, and of various of the British monarchs. This curious old pile stands on the brow of a hill with a lordly park about it, and commanding a wide and beautiful prospect. . . . .

October 30th.— Since I wrote the above I have made an excursion with Mr. Rodes to Newstead Abbey, once the seat of Lord Byron, which is about seventeen miles from this. It is now in the possession of a Colonel Wildman, who was once schoolmate of Lord Byron's at Harrow, and who has an enthusiastic veneration for the bard. He is a gentleman of immense fortune, and is expending enormous sums in putting the old abbey in complete repair. It is a most ancient, curious, and beautiful pile, of great extent and intricacy ; and when restored will be one of the finest specimens of the mingled conventual and baronial buildings in England. Everything relative to Lord Byron is preserved with the most scrupulous care. The bedroom he occupied, with all its furniture as it stood, many of his books, his boxing gloves, etc., etc.

The monument erected by him to the memory of his favorite Newfoundland dog, Boatswain, still stands in the garden ; and a descendant of Boatswain, a huge dog which had accompanied Lord Byron to Greece, and returned with his dead body to England, now strolls about the Abbey, and is a cherished favorite of Colonel Wildman. Our visit was a most interesting one, and was rendered still more agreeable by the polite attentions of Colonel Wildman, who accompanied us all over the abbey, and explained everything to us. At parting, he invited me to pass some days with him whenever I should have an interval of leisure, and expressed a wish to consult with me about various inscriptions he proposed to put up in various parts of the edifice. I had nearly omitted one little memento of poor Byron, that peculiarly touched me. On the bark of an elm, in a grove of the abbey garden, are engraved the names of himself and his sister : "Byron—Augusta." These were cut by himself on his

last visit to the abbey, on the day when he sold and transferred it to another. His sister was with him at the time, and they took a melancholy farewell stroll through this grove. She since pointed out the inscription, and mentioned the particulars to Colonel Wildman.

I am now on the point of taking leave of Barlborough Hall, and of my most hospitable host and his charming wife, whom I ought to have mentioned more particularly. I have promised, should I be in England, to pass the Christmas holidays with them.

London, November 5th.—I have just time to add a line in conclusion to this letter. I arrived in London about four days since, where I shall pass a little time, and then pay a visit or two in different parts of the country. I am at this time excessively busy in correcting and finishing some of my writings, and getting my literary matters in order, after the long interval of busy life that has interrupted them.

His literary plans, however, were destined to further derangement. He writes to Peter the next day (November 6):—

The restlessness and uncertainty in which I have been kept, have disordered my mind and feelings too much for imaginative writing, and I now doubt whether I could get the "Alhambra" ready in time for Christmas. . . . . The present state of things here completely discourages all idea of publication of any kind. There is no knowing who among the booksellers is safe. Those who have published most are worst off, for in this time of public excitement nobody reads books or buys them. There is the double risk of a work falling dead from the press, and of the bookseller failing before the payment falls due. Those publishers who are safe, are wary of publishing until the present crisis is past, lest they should be only filling their ledgers with bad debts. You have no idea of the gloom that hangs over "the trade," and will continue to do so until reform and cholera have passed by.

CHAPTER XVI.

LETTER FROM NEWSTEAD ABBEY.—JOURNEYINGS WITH MR. VAN BUREN.—ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE PUBLICATION OF THE "ALHAMBRA."—LETTER FROM WILLIAM C. BRYANT, TRANSMITTING VOLUME OF HIS POEMS FOR ENGLISH PUBLICATION.—LETTER FROM GULIAN C. VERPLANCK.—DEDICATORY EPISTLE TO SAMUEL ROGERS.—REJECTION OF MR. VAN BUREN AS MINISTER.—LETTER TO PETER IRVING.—MILLS.—MATTHEWS.—LESLIE.—PETER POWELL.—BARGAIN WITH COLBURN AND BENTLEY FOR THE "ALHAMBRA."—EMBARKATION.—LANDS AT NEW YORK.—RECEPTION.—PUBLIC DINNER.—SPEECH.

THE following letter finds Mr. Irving again at "the romantic old pile" of Newstead, where, he tells his brother Peter, he is lodged in Lord Byron's room and bed, and only vexed "that he cannot catch some inspiration from the place."

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

NEWSTEAD ABBEY, January 20, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER :-

Upwards of a month since I left London with Mr. Van Buren and his son, on a tour to show them some interesting places in the interior, and to give them an idea of English country life, and the festivities of an old-fashioned English Christmas. We posted in an open carriage, as the weather was uncommonly mild and beautiful for the season. Our first stopping place was Oxford, to visit the noble collegiate buildings ; and

thence we went to Blenheim, and visited the seat of the Duke of Marlborough, one of the finest palaces in England. We next passed a night and part of the next day at Stratford-on-Avon, visiting the house where Shakespeare was born and the church where he lies buried. We were quartered at the little inn of the Red Horse, where I found the same obliging little landlady that kept it at the time of the visit recorded in the "Sketch Book." You cannot imagine what a fuss the little woman made when she found out who I was. She showed me the room I had occupied, in which she had hung up my engraved likeness, and she produced a poker which was locked up in the archives of her house, on which she had caused to be engraved "Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre." From Stratford we went to Warwick Castle, Kenilworth, and then to Birmingham, where we passed a part of three days, dining at Van Wart's; continuing our tour we visited Litchfield and its beautiful cathedral, Derby, Nottingham, Newstead Abbey, Hardwick Castle, etc., etc., and finally arrived on Christmas eve at Barlborough Hall, where we had engaged to remain during the holidays. Here, then, we passed a fortnight, during which the old hall was a complete scene of old English hospitality. Many of the ancient games and customs, obsolete in other parts of England, are still maintained in that part of the country, and are encouraged by Mr. Rodes. We accordingly had mummers, and morris dancers, and glee singers from the neighboring villages; and great feasting, with the boar's head crowned with holly; the wassail bowl, the yule clog, snap-dragon, etc., etc. There was dancing by night in the grand tapestried apartments, and dancing in the servants' hall, and all kinds of merriment. The whole was to have wound up by a grand fancy ball on Twelfth Night, to which all the gentry of the neighborhood were invited, when Mr. Rodes received news of the death of a relative, which put an end to the festivities.

. . . . After leaving the hospitable mansion of Mr. Rodes we came to Newstead Abbey, on an invitation from Col. Wildman, the present proprietor. Mr. Van Buren and his son remained but a couple of days, but I was easily prevailed upon to prolong my visit, and have now been here about a fortnight; and never has time passed away more delight-

fully. I have found Col. Wildman a most estimable man, warm-hearted, generous, and amiable, and his wife charming both in character and person. The abbey I have already mentioned to you in a former letter as being the ancestral mansion of Lord Byron, and mentioned frequently in his writings. I occupy his room, and the very bed in which he slept. The edifice is a fine mixture of the convent and the palace, being an ancient abbey of friars granted by Henry VIII. to the Byron family. At one end is the ruin of the abbey church; the Gothic front still standing in fine preservation and overrun with ivy. My room immediately adjoins it, and hard by is a dark grove filled with rooks, who are continually wheeling and cawing about the building. What was once the interior of the church is now a grassy lawn with gravel walks, and where the high altar stood is the monument erected by Lord Byron to his dog, in which he intended his own body should be deposited. The interior of the abbey is a complete labyrinth. There are the old monkish cloisters, dim and damp, surrounding a square, in the centre of which is a grotesque Gothic fountain. Then there are long corridors hung with portraits, and set out with figures in armor, that look like spectres. There are ancient state apartments that have been occupied by some of the British sovereigns in their progresses, and which still bear their names. These have been restored by Col. Wildman, with great taste, and are hung with ancient tapestry, and quaintly furnished. There are large halls, also, some splendidly restored, others undergoing repairs; with long vaulted chambers that have served for refectories and dormitories to the monks in old times. Behind the edifice is the ancient abbey garden, with great terraced walks, balustrades, fish ponds, formal flower plots, etc., all kept up in admirable style, and suiting the venerable appearance of the building. You may easily imagine the charms of such a residence connected with the poetical associations with the memory of Lord Byron. The solemn and monastic look of many parts of the edifice, also, has a most mysterious and romantic effect, and has given rise to many superstitious fables among the servants and the neighboring peasantry. They have a story of a friar in black who haunts the cloisters, and is said to have been seen by Lord Byron. He certainly alludes to him in his

poems. Then there is a female in white, who appeared in the bedroom of a young lady, a cousin of Lord Byron, coming through the wall on one side of the room, and going into the wall on the other side. Besides these there is "Sir John Byron, the little, with the great beard," the first proprietor of the abbey, whose portrait in black hangs up in the drawing-room. He has been seen by a young lady visitor, sitting by the fireplace of one of the state apartments, reading out of a great book. I could mention other stories of the kind, but these are sufficient to show you that this old building is more than usually favored by ghosts.

We are here in the centre of Robin Hood's country, what once was merry Sherwood forest, though now it is an open country. There are some tracts of the forest, however, remaining in ancient wildness, with immense oaks several hundred years old, mostly shattered and hollow, and inhabited by jackdaws. I have rode through the green glades of these monumental forests, and pictured to myself Robin Hood and all his renowned band of outlaws ; and I have visited many points of the neighborhood which still bear traces of him, such as Robin Hood's chair, Robin Hood's stable, his well, etc., etc., and I have the line of Robin Hood's hills in view from the windows of my apartment. I am thus in the midst of a poetical region.

For several days past the Duke of Sussex (brother to the king) has been on a visit at the abbey. His presence has caused a succession of dinners and fêtes, which has drawn to the abbey the most agreeable company of the neighborhood, and given me an opportunity of seeing all the "flowers of the forest." It has been delightful to see the old cloisters and the terraced walks of the garden enlivened by beautiful groups of ladies, and to hear the halls resounding in the evening with the harp and piano The Duke of Sussex is a most amiable man, and puts every one at ease by his sociable and good-humored manner. I had frequently seen him at court and met him at formal diplomatic dinners, on which occasions he had always been extremely civil in his conduct toward me ; but in thus meeting him in the country I experienced a more familiar cordiality.

I shall remain here a few days longer and then return to London, to attend to my literary affairs, which from various circumstances have been a

little retarded. . . . . Give my love to all your household. Ever most affectionately your brother, W. I.

Mr. Irving was still at Newstead, when he received the following letter from the American poet, William Cullen Bryant, now one of the throned names of modern literature, who, having achieved a well-earned celebrity in his own country, was disposed to try what welcome he was likely to meet at the hands of a kindred nation.

[*William Cullen Bryant to Washington Irving.*]

NEW YORK, December 29, 1831.

SIR :—

I have put to press in this city a duodecimo volume of 240 pages, comprising all my poems which I thought worth printing, most of which have already appeared. Several of them I believe you have seen, and of some, if I am rightly informed, you have been pleased to express a favorable opinion. Before publishing the work here, I have sent a copy of it to Murray, the London bookseller, by whom I am desirous that it should be published in England. I have taken the liberty, which I hope you will pardon a countryman of yours, who relies on the known kindness of your disposition to plead his excuse, of referring him to you. As it is not altogether impossible that the work might be republished in England, if I did not offer it myself, I could wish that it might be published by a respectable bookseller in a respectable manner.

I have written to Mr. Verplanck, desiring him to give me a letter to you on the subject ; but as the packet which takes out my book will sail before I can receive an answer, I have presumed so far on your goodness as to make the application myself. May I ask of you the favor to write to Mr. Murray on the subject as soon as you receive this ? In my letter to him I have said nothing of the terms, which of course will depend

upon circumstances which I may not know, or of which I cannot judge. I should be glad to receive something for the work, but if he does not think it worth his while to give anything, I had rather he should take it for nothing, than that it should not be published by a respectable bookseller.

I must again beg you to excuse the freedom I have taken. I have no personal acquaintance in England, whom I could ask to do what I have ventured to request of you; and I know of no person to whom I could prefer the request with greater certainty that it will be kindly entertained. I am, sir,

With sentiments of the highest respect,

Your obedient humble servant,

WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

P. S. I have taken the liberty to accompany this letter with a copy of the work.

There are many things really exquisite in the volume [writes Mr. Irving a few days later], yet I despair of finding a bookseller that will offer anything for it, or that will even publish it for his own benefit. Such is the stagnation of the literary market. When reform and cholera have passed away, and the public mind becomes a little tranquil, there will doubtless be a revival, but until then authors like the manufacturers must suffer.

The letter from Verplanck, which follows, probably reached Mr. Irving at the same time with the foregoing.

[*Gulian C. Verplanck to Washington Irving.*]

WASHINGTON, December 31, 1831.

DEAR IRVING :—

My friend Bryant, some of whose poetry I know you have read and admired, has been correcting, collecting, and is about to publish a volume of his poems in New York. I need not praise them to you. A letter re-

ceived from him this morning informs me that he has sent a copy of them to Murray, and has referred him to you as to the character of the work. I believe that I am answerable myself for this liberty, though he asks me "to inform (you) of the liberty he has taken." His object is an honorable publication in Europe, though I take it for granted that profit would be acceptable, which I am happy to say is not necessary. You will receive a copy of the book, which I have not yet seen in the present shape; but his "Lines to the Past," "Lament of Romero," "Southern Wind," and everything painting our own scenery I am sure can be eclipsed by nothing of our own day; the *first* I have thought by nothing in the language.

Few but would agree with Verplanck in this eulogy of Bryant's "Lines to the Past," as eclipsed by nothing in the language. Mr. Irving immediately addressed Murray on the subject, as will appear from the date of the following reply from his son, which I find among his papers:

[*To Washington Irving.*]

ALBEMARLE STREET, January 30.

MY DEAR SIR:—

Mr. Bryant's volume of poems has not yet made its appearance, though I believe it is on its way. Knowing as I do my father's antipathy to everything in the shape of poetry of the present day, I doubt whether he will be disposed to publish it. If so, I will forward the volume to you when it comes to hand.

Very truly yours,

J. MURRAY.

Murray, whose affairs were very much embarrassed at the time, did *not* incline to any poetical venture. Mr. Irving accordingly took the poems to Mr. Andrews, a fashionable bookseller, who agreed to publish them on

condition that he [Mr. Irving] would edit them, and write a dedication, to which he cheerfully consented. But the literary market, as we have seen, was at low water at this time, in consequence of the prevalence of reform and cholera, and while the poems were passing through the press, the publisher became alarmed for the effect of an offensive line in the poem of "Marion's Men,"

> "And the British soldier trembles
> When Marion's name is heard."

fearing that it would prejudice the sale of the work with the English public, and bring him in a loser.

In deference to his scruples, though giving little weight to them himself, Mr. Irving thoughtlessly consented to expunge the obnoxious adjective British, so as to make the line read—

> "And the foeman trembles in his camp"—

It was an act done in a spirit of kindness to bookseller and author, without pausing to inquire whether he had authority to make the change without the sanction of the latter, and though it never formed a ground of complaint by Mr. Bryant, it will be seen hereafter that Mr. Irving was assailed for the alteration by another, and replied, as Bryant himself has remarked, with "mingled spirit and dignity." I now give as a part of the history of this transaction, Mr. Irving's letter of Dedication to Rogers,

prefixed to the poems, with that poet's and Bryant's rejoinders.

[*To Samuel Rogers, Esq.*]

My dear Sir :—

During an intimacy of several years' standing I have uniformly remarked a liberal interest on your part in the rising character and fortunes of my country, and a kind disposition to promote the success of American talent, whether engaged in literature or the arts. I am induced, therefore, as a tribute of gratitude, as well as a general testimonial of respect and friendship, to lay before you the present volume, in which, for the first time, are collected together the fugitive productions of one of our living poets, whose writings are deservedly popular throughout the United States.

Many of these poems have appeared at various times in periodical publications; and some of them, I am aware, have met your eye and received the stamp of your approbation. They could scarcely fail to do so, characterized as they are by a purity of moral, an elevation and refinement of thought, and a terseness and elegance of diction, congenial to the bent of your own genius and to your cultivated taste. They appear to me to belong to the best school of English poetry, and to be entitled to rank among the highest of their class.

The British public has already expressed its delight at the graphic descriptions of American scenery and wild woodland characters contained in the works of our national novelist, Cooper. The same keen eye and fresh feeling for nature, the same indigenous style of thinking and local peculiarity of imagery, which give such novelty and interest to the pages of that gifted writer, will be found to characterize this volume, condensed into a narrower compass, and sublimated into poetry.

The descriptive writings of Mr. Bryant are essentially American. They transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild, nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland, rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of

foliage ; while they shed around us the glories of a climate, fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes. His close observation of the phenomena of nature and the graphic felicity of his details, prevent his descriptions from ever becoming general and commonplace ; while he has the gift of shedding over them a pensive grace that blends them all into harmony, and of clothing them with moral associations that make them speak to the heart. Neither, I am convinced, will it be the least of his merits in your eyes, that his writings are imbued with the independent spirit and buoyant aspirations incident to a youthful, a free, and a rising country.

It is not my intention, however, to enter into any critical comments on these poems, but merely to introduce them, through your sanction, to the British public. They must then depend for success on their own merits ; though I cannot help flattering myself that they will be received as pure gems, which, though produced in a foreign clime, are worthy of being carefully preserved in the common treasury of the language. I am, my dear sir,

Ever most faithfully yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

LONDON, March, 1832.

MY DEAR IRVING :—

I wish I could thank you as I ought, but that is impossible. If there are some feelings which make men eloquent, mine are not just now of that class. To have been mentioned by you with regard on any occasion, I should always have considered as a good fortune. What then must I have felt, when I read what you have written ? If I was a vain man before, I am now in danger of becoming a proud one ; and yet I can truly say that never in my life was I made more conscious of my unworthiness than you have made me by your praise.

Believe me to be

Your very grateful and very sincere friend,

SAMUEL ROGERS.

March 6, 1832.

NEW YORK, April 24, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR :—

I have received a copy of the London edition of my poems forwarded by you. I find it difficult to express the sense I entertain of the obligation you have laid me under, by doing so much more for me in this matter than I could have ventured, under any circumstances, to expect. Had your kindness been limited to procuring the publication of the work, I should still have esteemed the favor worthy of my particular acknowledgment; but by giving it the sanction of your name, and presenting it to the British public with a recommendation so powerful as yours, on both sides of the Atlantic, I feel that you have done me an honor in the eyes of my countrymen, and of the world.

It is said that you intend shortly to visit this country. Your return to your native land will be welcomed with enthusiasm, and I shall be most happy to make my acknowledgments in person.

I am, sir, very sincerely yours,

WM. C. BRYANT.

Mr. Irving was crossing the ocean on his way home at the date of the foregoing letter, which was intended to reach him in Europe. As soon as Bryant heard of his return, he addressed him this second letter of acknowledgment, which was the first received :—

PHILADELPHIA, May 22, 1832.

MY DEAR SIR :—

I wrote to you some time since, to express my thanks for the kind interest you have taken in the publication of my book in England, but perceiving your name in a morning paper among those of the passengers in the last Havre packet, I conclude that my letter has not reached you. I take this opportunity, therefore, of doing what my absence from New York will not permit me to do at present in person, namely, to say how exceedingly I am obliged to you for having done so much more for my

book than I was entitled under any circumstances to expect. I was not vain enough to hope that you would give it to the British public with the sanction of your name, or take upon yourself in any degree the responsibility of its merit. To your having done so, I ascribe the favorable reception, for such it is, so far as I am able to judge, which it has met with in Great Britain, as well as much of the kindness with which it is regarded in this country.

I am, sir, very gratefully and truly yours,

W. C. Bryant.

Having anticipated a little to give the foregoing letters, I must now go back to a period just preceding the London publication of the poems.

February 14th, Washington writes to his brother Ebenezer from London :—

It is a deplorable time for publishing in England: reform and cholera! The latter has just made its appearance about the lower skirts of the city. The panic about it, however, has in a great measure subsided. I feel no apprehension of it, and even if it spreads shall not leave town until all my literary arrangements are complete.

Two days later he writes to Peter :—

You will perceive, by the papers, that there are repeated cases of the cholera about the skirts of London. Never did a nation take more pains to put itself into a panic and a scrape than this. I doubt very much whether these cases are anything worse than what they have almost every year, and certainly the experience of three or four months during which this cholera has been *raging* in various parts of the island shows it to be one of the most moderate epidemics that had ever laid a country desolate.

Mr. Irving was, on all occasions of peril or panic, the reverse of an alarmist.

The letter which follows bears date on the sixth of March, and will show, among other matters of interest, how he regarded the Senate's refusal to confirm the nomination of Mr. Van Buren as Minister to England. The pretext for this rejection, it may be remembered, was found in a passage of that gentleman's instructions when Secretary of State, to Mr. McLane, respecting his negotiations with the English Ministry for the reopening of the trade with the British West Indies; a privilege which had been forfeited in former administrations, and which was restored under the Presidency of General Jackson. Webster and Clay opposed the confirmation, and it was lost by the casting vote of the Vice-President, John C. Calhoun.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

LONDON, March 16, 1832.

MY DEAR BROTHER:— . . . .

Mr. Van Buren pursues pretty much the plan you thought of, when you spoke of the possibility of his nomination being rejected. Some of his friends were urgent for his immediate return, to throw himself into the Senate, and attack his foes sword in hand. We had long talks on the subject; the result was that he determined to remain here a few weeks until he had put the affairs of the legation in a fair train; then to visit some parts of the continent, and to sail for the United States so as to be there in June; by which time the public sentiment will have had time to express itself fully and sincerely, without any personal agitation on his part. This is certainly the most dignified course, and I think will

be the most popular. I look upon his rejection as a very short-sighted and mean-spirited act of hostility ; and regret that Clay should have suffered party politics so far to have corroded his naturally generous and chivalrous nature as to have been concerned in it. But such a long and losing game as he has been playing, is apt to spoil the noblest temper.

The rejection by the Senate was unexpected by Mr. Van Buren, as it was by myself. We both thought there would have been talking and threatening on the subject ; but that he would have been confirmed by a bare majority. This news took him, therefore, by surprise, and when he was suffering under indisposition; but he bore it with great equanimity. There were just at the time levees, and drawing-room and state dinners, in honor of the Queen's birthday. He was in doubt whether to appear at them, as it had been represented in the papers that the vote of rejection stripped him of his diplomatic functions, and rendered all that he had done nugatory, unless sanctioned by the Senate. I advised him to take the field and show himself superior to the blow leveled at him; at the same time I had the statement in the papers corrected and the fact made known, that his appointment and all his acts were valid until the end of the session of Congress, unless he should be previously recalled by the President. He accordingly appeared at all the court ceremonials ; and, to the credit of John Bull, was universally received with the most marked attention. Every one seemed to understand and sympathize in his case ; and he has ever since been treated with more respect and attention than before by the royal family, by the members of the present and the old cabinet, and the different persons of the diplomatic corps. This I consider an earnest of the effect that will be produced by the same cause in the United States. I should not be surprised if this vote of the Senate goes far towards ultimately elevating him to the Presidential chair.

The more I see of Mr. V. B., the more I feel confirmed in a strong personal regard for him. He is one of the gentlest and most amiable men I have ever met with ; with an affectionate disposition that attaches itself to those around him, and wins their kindness in return.

I presume you will see, by the papers, how royally King Stephen * has been acting. You know he went from here, released from all his debts by an act of bankruptcy, and in bad odor with his creditors and the public. He returned a short time since, with money in both pockets, and he paid off all his debts with interest to the amount of several thousand pounds. Cooper, the actor of Covent Garden, received £1,000, which he had considered lost. One of the creditors had died in the interim ; but King Stephen sought out his heirs and paid the money punctually. The papers are all loud in his praise, and it is pronounced "*a splendid instance of honesty.*"

"Robert the Devil" is brought out in a higgledy-piggledy manner at various theatres ; the music but partially picked up by ear and by scraps. The real score of the music is purchased for the opera.

Frank Mills has caught a dramatic mania, and aided in cooking up the piece for Drury Lane. He wrote the songs, and a Mr. Beasley (not Reuben) the dialogue.

The success at the two great theatres is not as great as was expected. I am glad to find Mills taking to the theatre, instead of the turf. He is likely to lose less money by Pegasus than by a race-horse. I called on him a day or two before the first performance of the play, not having seen him for many months. His servant said he was not up ; but I sent word that the manager of the theatre wanted to see him and he must come out in his *robe de chambre.* There was no resisting the summons of a king of shreds and patches, and Mills was caught by one of those small hoaxes of which he is so fond. I had a very pleasant breakfast with him. We brightened the chain of old friendship. I have since dined *tête-à-tête,* and been to the play with him, and been much amused with his gossip and vagaries in his new vein.

The relation of this little hoax practiced on Mills, who, it may be remembered, was an Oxonian, with whom he

* Stephen Price, formerly manager of the Park Theatre in New York.

had become intimate some years before, brings to my mind a similar piece of fun which Mr. Irving played off on Mathews, the eminent comedian, to whom he had given letters to America. He was in the theatre in London, when the great mimic, after his return from his professional tour in this country, gave a dramatic monologue in which he served up Brother Jonathan in racy and relishing caricature. The travesty was very successful and was received by John Bull with great applause. After the performance, Mr. Irving stepped behind the scenes, and sent in a message to the player that an *American* was outside and wished to speak with him. Mathews, who was changing his dress, when startled at the unexpected summons, came out at once in a state of nervous excitement, still struggling into the sleeves of his coat. On seeing who his visitor was, his countenance immediately brightened, and seizing him by both hands, he exclaimed: "My God! Irving, is it you, my dear fellow? I am very glad to see you." "Yes, it is me," said Mr. Irving, "but confess that you expected to find a tall Kentuckian with a gun on his shoulder."

In some further extracts from the letter to Peter, of March 6, already given in part, he writes:

> I shall endeavor in the course of a few days, to make a flying visit to Birmingham, which must be my last one prior to my sailing for the U. S. I shall endeavor to arrange my affairs, so as to cross from Southampton to Havre about the 1st of April, and to sail from thence by the first packet that departs.

. . . . Leslie will have three pictures at the Exhibition—a fine scene from Catherine and Petruchio, a very charming family picture of the family of the Marquis of Westminster (*ci-devant* Lord Grosvenor), and a pretty picture of two figures from Sterne's "Tristram Shandy," where the French Grisette is untwisting the papers from her hair and throwing them into Tristram's hat, who is examining one of them with an air of whimsical annoyance, finding it to be his travelling remarks.

I passed an evening at Leslie's not long since, when Peter Powell acted his melodrama in great style, and gave his oratorio into the bargain ; it was a great comic treat.

Mr. Van Buren will leave London about the 1st April, and will probably visit Holland before coming to Paris.

I write nothing about the cholera, because I scarcely think about it.

On the 23d of March, Colonel Aspinwall had concluded a bargain with Colburn and Bentley for 1,000 guineas, for the two volumes of the "Alhambra," at six, nine, and twelve months ; and Mr. Irving was now all anxiety to be on the high seas, on his way to the home from which he had so long been severed. March 28th, he sends the dedication for the American edition ; and April 2d, he was to leave London for Southampton, and embark on the 3d for Havre, where he expected to meet and take leave of Peter, who remained behind unable, from the infirm condition of his health, to attempt the voyage. He embarked at Havre April 11, and arrived at New York May 21, after a passage of forty days.

Our voyage [he writes to Peter] was rather boisterous and wintry, excepting the latter part, when we ran to the south into the latitude of the Bermudas, and found smooth seas and summer weather. The wind

headed as we approached our port, and the ship had to come to anchor outside of the bar at the Hook ; but I got into a newsboat at sea, had a delightful sail up the bay, and landed on one of the wharves of the city about sunset.

His reception was most cordial. The delight with which he renewed his acquaintance with his native country overflows in his letters.

I have been absolutely overwhelmed [he writes to Peter] with the welcomes and felicitations of my friends. It seems as if all the *old standers* of the city had called on me ; and I am continually in the midst of old associates who, thank God, have borne the wear and tear of seventeen years surprisingly, and are all in good health, good looks, and good circumstances. This, with the increased beauty, and multiplied conveniences and delights of the city, has rendered my return home wonderfully exciting. I have been in a tumult of enjoyment ever since my arrival ; am pleased with everything and everybody, and as happy as mortal being can be.

The day on which the letter was written from which these extracts are taken, Mr. Irving had to undergo the severe ordeal of a public dinner, given to him by his early friends and townsmen, to express their gratification at his return, and to welcome him to his native city. The warm and affectionate zeal which had been displayed in getting it up could not but be deeply gratifying, and the testimonial was so cordial that he could not decline the invitation, though loth at all times to any public exhibition of himself, or anything that savored of parade or display. "I look forward to it with awe," he writes to

Peter, "and shall be heartily glad when it is over." What made it the more trying to his nerves, was that a speech would be expected from him of course, and though bred to the bar, as we have seen, he was altogether unpracticed in speaking in public, and from an over sensibility of temperament could not rely upon the control of his powers on such occasions. Some of his friends, to whom he expressed his apprehensions of a breakdown, advised him to put himself in training, but he shrunk from the idea of studied preparation, and said, though in danger of a breakdown under any circumstances, he would be sure of such a result if he undertook to marshal his thoughts, and arrange his words beforehand. He must therefore trust to luck.

I was absent from the city when the dinner took place, but I have heard his early and honored friend, Charles King, the President of Columbia College, pronounce it, years afterward, the most successful public banquet ever given in the United States—the occasion was so rare, the homage so spontaneous, the hilarity so inspiring. It took place at the City Hotel. When Chancellor Kent, the eminent jurist, who presided on the occasion, had concluded a very complimentary address, he gave: "Our illustrious guest, thrice welcome to his native land."

The rest I quote from one of the newspapers of the day, the "Morning Courier:"—

Mr. Irving on rising was greatly agitated by the warm cheers with which he was hailed. He observed that he believed most of his hearers were

sensible of his being wholly unused to public speaking, but he should be wanting in the feelings of human nature if he was not roused and excited by the present scene.—After renewed cheering, he proceeded in as nearly as can be recollected, the following words :—"I find myself, after a long absence of seventeen years, surrounded by the friends of my youth—by those whom in my early days I was accustomed to look up to with veneration—by others, who, though personally new to me, I recognize as the sons of the patriarchs of my native city. The manner in which I have been received by them, has rendered this the proudest, the happiest moment of my life. And what has rendered it more poignant is, that I had been led, at times, to doubt my standing in the affections of my countrymen. Rumors and suggestions had reached me [here Mr. I. betrayed much emotion] that absence had impaired their kind feelings—that they considered me alienated in heart from my country. Gentlemen, I was too proud to vindicate myself from such a charge ; nor should I have alluded to it at this time, if the warm and affectionate reception I have met with on all sides since my landing, and the overpowering testimonials of regard here offered me, had not proved that my misgivings were groundless. [Cheers and clapping here interrupted the speaker for a few moments.] Never, certainly, did a man return to his native place after so long an absence under happier auspices. On my side I see changes, it is true, but they are the changes of rapid improvement and growing prosperity; even the countenances of my old associates and townsmen have appeared to me but slightly affected by the lapse of years, though perhaps it was the glow of ancient friendship and heartfelt welcome beaming from them, that prevented me from seeing the ravages of time.

"As to my native city, from the time I approached the coast I had indications of its growing greatness. We had scarce descried the land, when a thousand sails of all descriptions gleaming along the horizon, and all standing to or from one point, showed that we were in the neighborhood of a vast commercial emporium. As I sailed up our beautiful bay, with a heart swelling with old recollections and delightful associations, I was astonished to see its once wild features brightening with populous villages and noble piles, and a seeming city, extending itself over heights

I had left covered with green forests [alluding, probably, to Brooklyn and Gowanus]. But how shall I describe my emotions when our city rose to sight, seated in the midst of its watery domain, stretching away to a vast extent—when I beheld a glorious sunshine lighting up the skies and domes, some familiar to memory, others new and unknown, and beaming upon a forest of masts of every nation, extending as far as the eye could reach. I have gazed with admiration upon many a fair city and stately harbor, but my admiration was cold and ineffectual, for I was a stranger, and had no property in the soil. Here, however, my heart throbbed with pride and joy as I admired—I had a birthright in the brilliant scene before me :

"'This was my own, my native land.'"

Mr. Irving was here interrupted by immense applause: when the cheering had subsided, he went on as follows : "It has been asked, 'Can I be content to live in this country ?' Whoever asks that question, must have but an inadequate idea of its blessings and delights. What sacrifice of enjoyments have I to reconcile myself to ? I come from gloomier climes to one of brilliant sunshine and inspiring purity. I come from countries lowering with doubt and danger, where the rich man trembles, and the poor man frowns—where all repine at the present and dread the future. I come from these, to a country where all is life and animation ; where I hear on every side the sound of exultation ; where every one speaks of the past with triumph, the present with delight, the future with growing and confident anticipation. Is this not a community in which one may rejoice to live ? Is this not a city by which one may be proud to be received as the son ? Is this not a land in which one may be happy to fix his destiny, and his ambition—if possible—to found a name ? [A burst of applause, when Mr. Irving quickly resumed :]—I am asked how long I mean to remain here ? They know but little of my heart or my feelings who can ask me this question. I answer as long as I live." The roof now rung with bravos, handkerchiefs were waved on every side, "three cheers" again and again, and plaudit upon plaudit following in such quick succession, begun, ended, and begun again, that it was some time before the

toast with which Mr. Irving concluded, could be heard. It was as follows—

"*Our City*—May God continue to prosper it."

Mr. Irving got through his speech better than he had hoped, but not so well, perhaps, as if he had not been so frequently interrupted by cheers, which had a tendency to disturb the current of his thoughts. He had no idea of closing when he did, I have heard him say, but the acclamations which followed the declaration "as long as I live," were so prolonged that it gave him time to think it was as well to stop. He had got on so far so much better than he anticipated, that he felt, he said, it might be a tempting of Providence to continue, and so he wound up. Newton, who sat near him, and feared for the effect of his nervous perturbation, observed afterwards to a relative from whom I have the anecdote: "I trembled for him, until I saw him seize the handle of a knife and commence gesticulating with that; then I knew he would get on."

The day succeeding the dinner, Newton addressed the following letter to Peter Irving, who had been warmly remembered by his old friends at the festivity, with many regrets for his continued absence, which had now been prolonged to twenty-three years.

New York, May 31.

My dear Sir:—

The packet sailing to-day, and Washington being out of town, I seize a moment to write you a few lines that you may be, as soon as possible,

aware of the happiness which he and all around him are enjoying from his welcome arrival here—his delight seems to be boundless, and it ought to be so, for I do not know how either his pride or his affections could be more gratified than by the enthusiastic and kind reception he meets with—it is really an era in this place! A public dinner was given to him yesterday, attended by all the *élite* of the place and neighborhood—an assembly of nearly three hundred persons: it was *the* most interesting occasion of the kind I ever witnessed—conducted in the best taste and demonstrating the best feelings. Washington was a little nervous at the prospect of a *speech;* but the real feeling of the moment burst forth, and he not only got on well, but with real eloquence.

Among the many genial and happy speeches made on the occasion, that of John Duer, the accomplished scholar and eloquent advocate, which preceded his toast to—

"The Memory of the Dutch Herodotus, Diedrich Knickerbocker,"

is still remembered with delight by those who had the good fortune to hear it, for the brilliancy of its wit and the refinement and delicacy of its humor.

CHAPTER XVII.

PETER IRVING IN PARIS.—AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF HIMSELF.—PUBLICATION OF THE "ALHAMBRA."—ITS RECEPTION.—EXCURSION TO WASHINGTON.—THE OLD GENERAL.—HENRY CLAY.—MEETING WITH COOPER, THE TRAGEDIAN.—VISIT TO THE HAUNTS OF RIP VAN WINKLE.—TOUR TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.—AT TARRYTOWN.—THE BRAMIN.—SARATOGA SPRINGS.—TRENTON FALLS.

THE excitement and exhilaration that followed Mr. Irving's arrival in his native city did not soon subside. "I have been topsy-turvy ever since," he writes to Peter, after a hurried and laborious, though joyous round of visits and congratulations among his friends; friends, at his departure "clustered in neighboring contiguity in a moderate community, now scattered widely asunder over a splendid metropolis." New York had been advancing rapidly in wealth and population since he left, and at this date numbered more than two hundred thousand inhabitants. "I have repeatedly wished, since my return, that you could be here with me," he writes to Peter, whose prolonged exile from his native land now threatened to be final. "The mode of living, the sources of quiet and social enjoyment, and the sphere of friendly and domestic pleasures, are improved and

multiplied to a degree that has delightfully surprised me."

The brother to whom this extract was addressed, now sixty years of age, had made no resolution to spend the remainder of his days in Europe, and in a letter to his friend Beasley, the American consul at Havre, lying before me, expresses "a great desire to return home," but, he adds, "at my time of life, and in my state of health, and with my acquired habits and my aversion to a sea voyage, in which I am accustomed to suffer so much, I do not think a return probable." He was now living in Paris, whither he had withdrawn from Havre for solitude and regimen.

In a letter to Washington, dated August 19, he gives this sketch of his life in the great metropolis:—

I live so retired in the midst of this great city, in consideration of my health, that I know little of what is passing, and see but few of our many countrymen who resort to it. Society is a vortex, and I am obliged to keep resolutely without the margin, or I should inevitably be engulphed. I therefore avoid dinners and *soirées*, and abstain as far as possible even from visits. By pursuing rigidly this course, I escape the indisposition to which I seem peculiarly liable; and Paris is so full of resource for a literary lounger, in its libraries, its galleries of painting and sculpture, its noble institutions in every department of science, its palaces and gardens, all open to the stranger, and its places of amusement all easy of access, that a man may lead here the life of a hermit, and at the same time a life of luxurious enjoyment. I have also punctual correspondents and supplies of newspapers in the reading-room and in my own apartment, through the attention of our friend Beasley, so that I can supervise the

operations of the great world as I would overlook a game of chess. We read of anchorites who retired to caves and cells, amid rocks and deserts, when infirmities or other causes rendered them unsuitable to mingle in society, and the world seems to have sanctioned and approved their taste. I feel justified, therefore, in my more cheerful seclusion.

The passage I have quoted from this letter of Peter exhibits the character of the invalid, and the wise and beautiful spirit of philosophy which, in the midst of his ailments, he contrived to put into life whatever of comfort and enjoyment it could be made to yield.

In the first letter written to his brother Washington, after hearing of the safe arrival of the vessel at New York, Peter mentions that a French translation of the "Alhambra" had been published in two octavo volumes, and the work had received favorable notices in several of the Parisian journals, from which he extracts some paragraphs. It would appear from this that the publication of the "Alhambra" in England, and possibly its translation in France, preceded its appearance in America, where it was issued by Messrs. Carey & Lea on the 9th of June, three weeks after the author's arrival in his own country. He had expected that its publication would precede his arrival, and it is not easy to see why it did not, as the contract of his agent, Ebenezer Irving, granting to Carey & Lea "a right to print, publish, and vend five thousand five hundred copies," bears date as early as the 17th of March. The time required for disposing of these five thousand five hundred copies was not to exceed the

last day of December in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-four. After the printing, if the work should be prepared for publication from stereotype plates, the author was to have the privilege of taking the plates at a fair value, if he should elect to do so. The consideration was three thousand dollars, payable in three equal notes, bearing date on the day of publication, in six, nine, and twelve months. The amount paid by Colburn & Bentley for the absolute copyright of the work, as has been before stated, was one thousand guineas, in six, nine, and twelve months.

The "Alhambra" was published in Philadelphia in two duodecimo volumes. I give two extracts, which may serve as a specimen of the immediate tone of criticism. The first I take from a Baltimore paper of June 16, seven days after the publication :—

The "Alhambra" displays the characteristic excellences of Mr. Irving —the easy, natural narrative, the smooth and elegant diction, the pithy humor. The grace and polish of his style are generally considered Mr. Irving's chief merit. A too high value cannot, certainly, be put upon these qualities in a book: the want of them sinks many an otherwise good one. But still, they are secondary. It may even be said, that they cannot exist without the presence of more substantial qualities. You cannot give a high polish to a common substance : an intrinsic fineness of grain is indispensable to this; and hence, the existence of a high degree of polish on the exterior denotes internal excellence of material. Gracefulness, too, is inseparably connected with something internal ; it is not an addition, but rather an emanation.

When, therefore, the style of Mr. Irving is made the object of especial

commendation, it must be recollected that the qualities of style are dependent upon the qualities of the matter they set forth. The character of the style of an author is ultimately determined by that of his thoughts and feelings. It is not merely to peculiar cultivation—to the study of good models, however serviceable as auxiliary exercise—that is owing the charm of Mr. Irving's style ; but it is to the soundness of his intellect—the correctness of his feelings – to his susceptibility to the beautiful and the touching—his accuracy of observation—to the harmony of his mind with nature and with itself—in short, to those capabilities whose combined action constitutes his individuality as a man, and his superiority as a writer.

Under the light, and sometimes fantastic sketches of the "Alhambra," these capabilities are all manifested. Like the slight and airy fabric of a Gothic spire, the volumes have a solid basis : their most marvelous fictions rest on a shrewd observation of real life. Beneath the *naif* narration of the wildest dreams of oriental imagination, there flows a current of good sense; behind some of the most comic and grotesque scenes there lurks a latent wisdom.

The next extract I take from the "New York Mirror," of June 23, a weekly periodical edited by George P. Morris, Theodore S. Fay, and Nathaniel P. Willis—names well known in the literary world. After speaking of the serious disadvantage a popular writer has to contend against in the unmeaning and vague expectations elicited by a brilliant fame, and alluding to the "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall" as the greatest enemies his future productions would ever meet, the critic proceeds :—

> Yet the "Tales of the Alhambra" are brilliant and striking, told with the most delightful grace of language, and addressed to the imagination

of all classes. The preliminary sketches, relating to the author's ramblings over Spain, his approach to the palace from which the volumes derive their title, his drawings of character, his minute household observations, his moonlight thoughts on that interesting scene, his reveries from the various points of prospect, are, in our estimation, really delicious. Their very familiar and easy simplicity makes them so. They are impressed in every page, every line, every word, with the reality of truth and the glow of nature. They are evidently no inventions, but transcripts. His scenes stretch away before you; his people move, look, and walk with an individuality and a force only to be produced by the hand of a master. Indeed, these opening pages are full of those delightfully graphic and pleasing delineations peculiar to this author, and worthy of the best parts of the "Sketch Book."

This "beautiful Spanish Sketch Book," as it was happily designated by Prescott, the historian, was also very favorably noticed in the "Westminster Review" for July, in an article which, after singling out portions as of great felicity, concludes thus:—

The whole is a luxury, but of an extremely refined order. As a work of art, it has few rivals among modern publications. Were a lecture to be given on the structure of the true poetical prose, nowhere would it be possible to find more luculent examples. Many paragraphs, and even chapters, want but the voice to make them discourse most eloquent music.

The "North American Review" for October, which contained, by the way, a review of Wheaton's "History of the Northmen," from the pen of Mr. Irving, in an article written by the distinguished Edward Everett, remarks of it: "The subjects are all wrought up with great felicity," "and are among the most finished and elegant specimens

of style to be found in the language." I know not whether it was before or after the publication of the "Alhambra" that the poet Campbell remarked to an American gentleman, from whose brother I have the anecdote: "Washington Irving has added clarity to the English tongue."

The "Alhambra" was dedicated to David Wilkie, the painter, his companion, as we have seen, in many Spanish scenes, though he did not accompany him to Granada. When it appeared, the author was at Washington, to which city he had repaired a few days after the public dinner which had welcomed his return, to make his bow to the head of the Government, and settle his accounts as *chargé*. He wished also to pass a little time with the McLanes, from whom he had received the most pressing letters of invitation, and who had already prepared a room for him. Mr. McLane was, at this period of great political discord and discontent, Secretary of the Treasury under Andrew Jackson, who was soon to launch his memorable veto at the bill for the renewal of the charter of the Bank of the United States, while glancing ominously at the imperial State of South Carolina, preparing to pass her ordinance of nullification, accompanied with threats of secession, and armed hostility and defiance to the Government.

My journey (he writes to Peter, from Washington, June 16) was rapid but delightful, being for the greater part of the way in splendid steamboats, and at one place for some distance on a railroad. I slept in Phila-

delphia, and arrived at Washington in the evening of the second day. Here I was received with acclamation by the McLanes, large and small, and have now spent nearly a fortnight with them in the most delightful manner. . . . .

McLane stands the fatigue and annoyance of his station much better than I had anticipated, and seems generally in better tone of spirits than he was at London.

I have been most kindly received by the old general, with whom I am much pleased as well as amused. As his admirers say, he is truly an *old Roman*—to which I would add, *with a little dash of the Greek:* for I suspect he is as *knowing*, as I believe he is *honest*. I took care to put myself promptly on a fair and independent footing with him; for, in expressing warmly and sincerely how much I had been gratified by the unsought, but most seasonable mark of confidence he had shown me, when he hinted something about a disposition to place me elsewhere, I let him know emphatically that I wished for nothing more—that my whole desire was to live among my countrymen, and to follow my usual pursuits. In fact, I am persuaded that my true course is to be master of myself and of my time. Official station cannot add to my happiness or respectability, and certainly would stand in the way of my literary career.

I have renewed my acquaintance with Clay, who looks much better than I had expected to find him, and very much like his former self. He tells me he has improved greatly in health since he was dismissed from office, and finds that it is good for man as well as beast to be turned out occasionally to grass. Certainly official life in Washington must be harassing and dismal in the extreme.*

I have been offered public dinners at Philadelphia and Baltimore, but have declined them, as I shall all further ceremonials of the kind; but the general manifestation of cordial kindness and good-will I have met in all places and at all hands, since my arrival, is deeply gratifying.

* Henry Clay had been Secretary of State under the Presidency of John Quincy Adams. The latter, a veteran statesman, retired from the chair of state, was now serving his country as a member of the House of Representatives. Clay was in the Senate.

In the following letter to his brother Peter, we have an account of his first meeting with his old theatrical friend, Thomas A. Cooper, and Mary Fairlie, his wife, the "Sophy Sparkle," as before noted, of "Salmagundi:"—

PHILADELPHIA, *June 21st.*—I have only time to write a few hurried lines at long intervals, my time and mind are so much engrossed in my present hurried existence. I left Washington a few days since, and stopped a couple of days at Baltimore, where I was so much pleased that I have determined to pay it a visit of some space in the autumn.

This morning I was seated at breakfast at the public table of the Mansion House, when Cooper entered to take his repast. I recognized him instantly; indeed, he retains much of his shape and look, though the former is a little squarer and heavier. I immediately accosted him. He took his seat beside me, and we had an interesting dish of chat. He was on the point of starting for his home at Bristol, and invited me to pay his wife and family a visit, and return in the afternoon steamboat. So said, so done. I took my seat beside him in a light, open carriage, with a tall stripling in the uniform of a cadet of West Point, whom he introduced as his eldest son, and who had much of his mother's countenance. I found Mary Fairlie in a pretty cottage in the pretty town of Bristol, on the banks of the Delaware. She was pale and thinner than I had expected to find her, yet still retaining much of her former self. I passed a very agreeable and interesting day there. . . . .

Mary talked much about you, and, like all your old friends, expressed the most longing desire to see you in this country. After dining with them, I got on board a steamboat that was passing at five o'clock, and was whisked up to this city in an hour and a half.

NEW YORK, *June 28th.*—Since writing the foregoing, I saw Cooper act a few scenes of Macbeth, before a very thin Philadelphia audience. He acted much as formerly, excepting rather more slowly and heavily. His form is still fine on the stage, but his countenance is muzzy and indistinct. I was engaged for the evening, and could only stay to the end of

his dagger and murder scene. I should think his Macbeth equal to any they have at present in England, though this is not saying much. It did not relish with me, however, as in the olden time; but a thin and cold-hearted audience is enough to dampen the spirit of a performer, and to chill the feelings of a spectator.

Charles Joseph Latrobe and the Count de Pourtales, the travelling companions mentioned in the following letter, made the acquaintance of Mr. Irving at Havre previous to his embarkation, and were his fellow-passengers across the Atlantic. They also accompanied him, as will be seen hereafter, in his roving expedition to the prairies of the far West. Latrobe afterward wrote a work, entitled "The Rambler in North America," which was published in London in 1835, and inscribed to Washington Irving, "in token of affectionate esteem and remembrance."

[*To Peter Irving, at Paris.*]

NEW YORK, July 9, 1832.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . I wrote to you some days since, giving an account of my excursion to Washington. Since then I have been for a few days up the Hudson. I set off in company with James Paulding, Mr. Latrobe, and the Count de Pourtales, whom I have found most agreeable travelling companions. We left New York about seven o'clock, in one of those great steamboats that are like floating hotels, and we arrived at West Point in about *four hours*. Gouverneur Kemble's barge, with an awning, was waiting for us, and conveyed us across the river into a deep cove to his cottage, which is buried among beautiful forest trees. Here we passed three or four hot days most luxuriously, lolling on the grass

under the trees, and occasionally bathing in the river. You would be charmed with Gouverneur's little retreat; it is quite a bachelor's Elysium. . . . . From thence we took steamboat, and in a few hours were landed at Catskill, where a stage-coach was in waiting, and whirled us twelve miles up among the mountains to a fine hotel built on the very brow of a precipice, and commanding one of the finest prospects in the world. We remained here until the next day, visiting the waterfall, glen, etc., that are pointed out as the veritable haunts of Rip Van Winkle.

This was the author's first visit to the scène of his renowned story, published twelve years before. "I have little doubt," writes Peter in reply, "but some curious travellers will yet find some of the bones of his dog, if they can but hit upon the veritable spot of his long sleep." The letter proceeds:—

The wild scenery of these mountains outdoes all my conception of it. Leaving the hotel at four o'clock in the afternoon, we took steamboat the same evening, and landed in New York at six o'clock the next morning, after enjoying a comfortable night's sleep. In fact, one appears to be wafted from place to place in this country as if by magic.

It will be borne in mind that Peter had left the country in the beginning of 1809, just after the invention of steamboats, and that it was altogether natural in Washington, in writing to him, to refer constantly to the changes and improvements that had taken place in the country during the lapse of twenty-three years in which he had been away. At the close of the letter which I have quoted in part, he mentions an intended excursion

to the White Mountains in New Hampshire, which, says Peter in reply, "are altogether strangers to me."

Three weeks later, when he had just returned to Tarrytown from a visit to Boston and a tour to the White Mountains, he writes to Peter (August 3):—

At Boston I passed five days, a great part of which was in company with Newton and his friends. . . . . Here I met with Mr. Latrobe and Count Pourtales, and we proceeded on our tour to the White Mountains. The journey through the centre of New Hampshire was delightful —the roads good, the inns good, and the country beautiful beyond expectation. A fine medley of lakes and forests, and bright, pure running streams. At an inn at the head of a fine lake* we paused for part of two days. On my return to the inn after a ramble, I observed a pleasant face smiling at me from the parlor window. I entered, and who should it be but Mrs. L———, who, with our worthy Paris friend, of apple-pie memory, and their children, was making the same tour with myself. I was delighted, as you may suppose, at the rencontre. We kept together through the mountains, when Latrobe and Pourtales left me, and made a tour through Vermont, and I took a seat in L———'s carriage and proceeded with him down the valley of the Connecticut. We followed the course of that lovely river to Springfield, through a continued succession of enchanting scenes; when I parted from them, and made the best of my way to New York. After passing a day in the city, which is desolate and deserted on account of the cholera, I came off with the Bramin to this place, where a great part of the family forces is collected. Here I am in a little cottage, in which is Mr. Paris' family, and a number of the Bramin's young fry, among which are his two eldest daughters, whom I have now seen for the first time.

"The Bramin" was his brother Ebenezer, whom, by

* Lake Winnepisaugee, or Winnipisiogee.

some whimsical fancy, he now styles by this designation, the first written trace of it which I meet. "Brom" and "Captain Greatheart" were the familiar titles by which, in earlier days, he passed among his brothers.

On the 4th of August he left Tarrytown for Saratoga Springs, where he was joined by Latrobe and Pourtales, who were to accompany him in a tour he was then meditating through the western part of the State of New York, but which was destined to extend to the remote West. Among the visitors to the Springs he found many old friends, with whom he resumed acquaintance. "It quite delights me," he writes to Peter, "to find how soon I fall into the current of old intimacies, and forget the lapse of years."

From the Springs he proceeded to Trenton Falls, from whence he writes to Peter, August 15:—

This place has risen into notice since your departure from America. The falls are uncommonly beautiful, and are on West Canada Creek, the main branch of the Mohawk, within sixteen miles of Utica.

My tour thus far has been through a continued succession of beautiful scenes; indeed the natural beauties of the United States strike me infinitely more than they did before my residence in Europe. The accommodations for travellers also have improved in a wonderful degree. In no country out of England have I found such excellent hotels, and such good fare, in places remote from cities. I am now in a clean, airy, well-furnished hotel, on a hill, with a broad, beautiful prospect in front, and forests on all the other sides. My travelling companions and myself have the house to ourselves. Our table is excellent, and we are enjoying as pure and delightful breezes as I did in the Alhambra. The murmur of

the neighboring falls lulls me to a delicious summer nap, and in the morning and evening I have glorious bathing in the clear waters of the little river. In fact, I return to all the simple enjoyments of old times with the renovated feelings of a schoolboy, and have had more hearty homebred delights of the kind since my return to the United States, than I have ever had in the same space of time in the whole course of my life.

The cholera—that Asiatic scourge which had crossed the Atlantic in June to Quebec—was at this time extending about the country, and spreading great alarm, so that the whole course of business, as well as pleasure was interrupted. Many of the towns through which he would have to pass would be in the first stage of panic and outbreak. This was then the case with Utica. About sixteen miles from Trenton Falls, where his letter is dated. "I shall leave that place out of my route," he writes, "though hitherto I have never avoided the malady, nor shall I do so in the course of my tour; simply observing such general diet and habits of living as experience has taught me are best calculated to keep my system in healthful tone."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CHANGE OF TRAVELLING PLANS.—LETTERS TO MRS. PARIS.—TOUR THROUGH OHIO.—VOYAGE ON THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI.—BLACK HAWK.—THE PRAIRIES OF THE MISSOURI.—A LAUNCH INTO SAVAGE LIFE.—LETTER TO PETER.—NEW ORLEANS.—WILLIAM C. PRESTON.—SOJOURN AT WASHINGTON.—LETTER TO JAMES K. PAULDING.—LETTERS TO GOUVERNEUR KEMBLE FROM WASHINGTON.—RETURN TO NEW YORK.—AGAIN AT BALTIMORE.—LETTER THENCE TO PETER IRVING.—HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER.—VISIT TO OLD DUTCH VILLAGES IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.—A KNICKERBOCKER EXCURSION WITH MR. VAN BUREN.—ABRIDGMENT OF "COLUMBUS" RECOMMENDED AS A CLASS-BOOK FOR THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

HEN Mr. Irving set out on his journey, he was meditating a tour in the western part of the State of New York, and in Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee. In the following letter we find him changing his purpose, and embarking in an extensive expedition into the far West, beyond the bounds of civilization, in company with one of the three Commissioners appointed by the Government to treat with deputations of different tribes of the Indians. The Commissioners were to rendezvous at Fort Gibson, seven hundred miles up the Arkansas. It was an opportunity to see the aborigines of America in their own wild territory, too tempting to be resisted.

[*To Mrs. Paris, at New York.*]

CINCINNATI, September 2, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

You have no doubt heard from our brother E. I. of the alteration, or rather extension of my travelling plans, in consequence of which I shall accompany the Commissioners on their expedition into the territories west of the Mississippi, to visit and hold conferences with the emigrating Indian tribes. The Commissioner, Mr. Ellsworth, who invited me to this journey, and whom I accidentally met on board of a steamboat on Lake Erie, is a very gentlemanly and amiable person, and an excellent travelling companion. I have also my old fellow-travellers, Mr. Latrobe and the young Count Pourtales, who are delighted with the idea of travelling on horseback through the forests and prairies, camping in tents at nights, and hunting deer, buffaloes, and wild turkeys. We have made a very interesting tour through Ohio. We landed at Ashtabula, a small place on the shore of Lake Erie. From thence we proceeded along the ridge road parallel to the lake to Cleveland, and thence through the centre of the State to this city, where we arrived last evening. I have been greatly delighted with the magnificent woodland scenery of Ohio, and with the exuberant fertility of the soil, which will eventually render this State a perfect garden spot. When the forests are cleared away, however, the country will be a vast plain, diversified here and there by a tract of rolling hills; and nothing will compensate for the loss of those glorious trees, which now present the sublime of vegetation.

In the course of our journey we diverged from the direct route, to visit one of those stupendous and mysterious Indian antiquities which are among the wonders of the land. Immense ramparts and mounds of earth extending for miles, that must have required the united labors of a vast multitude, and have been intended to protect some important city or some populous region. These works are now in the depths of thick forests, overgrown with trees that are evidently the growth of centuries. Nothing relative to them remains in Indian tradition, nor is the construc-

tion of such vast works in any way compatible with the habits and customs of any of our aboriginal tribes. You may imagine what a subject for speculation and reverie the sight of such monuments presents in the silent bosom of the wilderness.

We shall leave Cincinnati very probably the day after to-morrow. Indeed, I remain as brief a time as possible in towns and cities, for the attentions I meet with are often rather irksome and embarrassing than otherwise. I went into the theatre, last evening, to see the acting of Mrs. Drake, with which I was wonderfully delighted, when, to my astonishment and dismay, the manager came out between the acts, and announced that I was in the house. As you partake of the nervous sensibility of the family, you may conceive how I felt on finding all eyes thus suddenly turned upon me. I have since had a note from the manager, requesting me to visit the theatre on Tuesday evening, and to permit him to announce it. I have declined it, of course, and have induced my companions to hasten our departure, that I may escape from all further importunities of the kind.

I hope my countrymen may not think I slight their proffers of kindness and distinction; no one can value their good opinion more highly ; but I have a shrinking aversion from being made an object of personal notoriety, that I cannot conquer. . . . .

I hope you will take care of my little man John during my absence. See that he is well clad, well schooled, and well drilled. Keep him with you, if he is useful to you, and let brother E. I. charge to my account all expenses for his maintenance, clothing, etc.

The "little man" alluded to was a German lad of about eleven years of age, who crossed the water with Mr. Irving. The latter conceived a liking for him on shipboard, and took him in his employ. He remained with him for three years, when he went with his father to try his fortunes in Illinois, where, with a loan from

Mr. Irving of one hundred dollars, he entered eighty acres of land. Some year afterward he made a visit to Sunnyside, the father of sundry children, and with the hundred dollars advanced to him by Mr. Irving transmuted, by Western alchemy, into seventy thousand.

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

St. Louis, Mo., September 13, 1832.

My dear Sister :—

I wrote to you from Cincinnati, which place I left in a steamboat on the 3d inst., and arrived the next day at Louisville, Ky. There we embarked in another steamboat, and continued down the Ohio to its confluence with the Mississippi, when we ascended the latter river to this place, where we arrived late last night. Our voyage was prolonged by our repeatedly running aground in the Ohio from the lowness of the water. Twice we remained aground for the greater part of twenty-four hours. The last evening of our voyage we were nearly run down and sent to the bottom by a huge steamboat, the *Yellow Stone*, which came surging down the river under the impetus of "high pressure" and a rapid current. Fortunately our pilot managed the helm so as to receive the blow obliquely, which tore away part of a wheel, and staved in all the upper works of one side of our boat. We made shift to limp through the remainder of our voyage, which was but about twelve miles. I have been charmed with the grand scenery of these two mighty rivers. We have had splendid weather to see them in—golden sunshiny days, and serene moonlight nights. The magnificence of the Western forests is quite beyond my anticipations; such gigantic trees, rising like stupendous columns—and then the abundance of flowers and flowering shrubs. . . . .

I am writing late at night, and with difficulty, for I have unluckily strained the fingers of my right hand a few days since, so that I can scarcely hold a pen. Good night.

September 16th.—Since writing the foregoing, I have been to Fort Jefferson, about nine miles from this, to see the famous Black Hawk, and his fellow chiefs, taken in the recent Indian war. This redoubtable Black Hawk, who makes such a figure in our newspapers, is an old man, upward of seventy, emaciated and enfeebled by the sufferings he has experienced, and by a touch of cholera. He has a small, well-formed head, with an aquiline nose, a good expression of eye ; and a physician present, who is given to craniology, perceived the organ of benevolence strongly developed, though I believe the old chieftain stands accused of many cruelties. His brother-in-law, the prophet, is a strong, stout man, and much younger. He is considered the most culpable agent in fomenting the late disturbance ; though I find it extremely difficult, even when so near the seat of action, to get at the right story of these feuds between the white and the red men, and my sympathies go strongly with the latter.

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

INDEPENDENCE, MO., September 26, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

We arrived at this place on the day before yesterday, after nine days' travelling on horseback from St. Louis. Our journey has been a very interesting one, leading us across fine prairies and through noble forests, dotted here and there by farms and log-houses, at which we found rough but wholesome and abundant fare, and very civil treatment. Many parts of these prairies of the Missouri are extremely beautiful, resembling cultivated countries, embellished with parks and groves, rather than the savage rudeness of the wilderness.

Yesterday I was out on a deer hunt in the vicinity of this place, which led me through some scenery that only wanted a castle, or a gentleman's seat here and there interspersed, to have equaled some of the most celebrated park scenery of England.

The fertility of all this Western country is truly astonishing. The soil

is like that of a garden, and the luxuriance and beauty of the forests exceed any that I have seen. We have gradually been advancing, however, toward rougher and rougher life, and are now at a little straggling frontier village, that has only been five years in existence. From hence, in the course of a day or two, we take our departure southwardly, and shall soon bid adieu to civilization, and encamp at night in our tents. My health is good, though I have been much affected by the change of climate, diet, and water since my arrival in the West. Horse exercise, however, always agrees with me. I enjoy my journey exceedingly, and look for still greater gratification in the part which is now before me, which will present much greater wildness and novelty. The climax will be our expedition with the Osages to their hunting-grounds, and the sight of a buffalo hunt.

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

FORT GIBSON, ARK., October 9, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER:

I arrived here yesterday afternoon in excellent health, after ten or eleven days' travel from Independence, from whence I last wrote to you. Our journey has lain almost entirely through the vast prairies, or open grassy plains which extend over all these frontiers, diversified occasionally by beautiful groves, and deep fertile bottoms along the streams of water. We have encamped almost every night, excepting when we stopped at the Missionary establishments scattered here and there in this vast wilderness. The weather has been beautiful. We have encountered but one rainy night and one thunder storm. I have found sleeping in a tent a very sweet and healthy kind of repose, and have been in fine condition ever since I left Independence. It is now upward of three weeks since I left St. Louis and took to travelling on horseback, and it has agreed with me admirably. On arriving at this post, I found that a mounted body of rangers, nearly a hundred, had set off two days before to make a wide tour to the West and South, through the wild hunting countries, by way of protecting the friendly Indians who have gone to the buffalo hunting,

and to overawe the Pawnee Indians, who are the wandering Arabs of the West, and continually on the maraud. Colonel Ellsworth and myself have determined to set off to-morrow morning in the track of this party. We shall be escorted by a dozen or fourteen horsemen, so that we shall have nothing to apprehend from any straggling gang of Pawnees; and we shall have three or four Indians with us as guides and interpreters, besides the servants that have accompanied us hitherto. A couple of Creek Indians have been dispatched by the commander of this fort to overtake the party of rangers, and order them to await our coming up with them, which we expect to effect in the course of three days; and to find them in the buffalo range on the Little Red River. . . . . I am in hopes that we may be able to fall in with some wandering band of Pawnees in a friendly manner, as I have a great desire to see some of that warlike and vagrant race. We shall have a Pawnee captive woman with us as an interpreter.

You see I am completely launched in savage life, and am likely to continue in it for some weeks to come. I am extremely excited and interested by this wild country, and the wild scenes and people by which I am surrounded.

I am uncertain whether Mr. Latrobe and Pourtales will accompany me on this further tour. I left them about forty miles behind, at one of the agencies, and they have not yet arrived here, though they probably will in the course of the day. I am writing in great haste, having all my preparations to make.

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

GREENPOINT, near the RED FORK OF THE ARKANSAS,
October, 18, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

I wrote to you when about to start from Fort Gibson, under an escort, to join the exploring party of rangers. We came up with them, in the course of three or four days, on the banks of the Arkansas. The whole troop crossed that river the day before yesterday, some on rafts, some

fording. Our own immediate party have a couple of half-breed Indians as servants, who understand the Indian customs. They constructed a kind of boat or raft out of a buffalo skin, on which Mr. Ellsworth and myself crossed at several times, on the top of about a hundredweight of luggage—an odd way of crossing a river a quarter of a mile wide.

We are now on the borders of the Pawnee country, a region untraversed by white men, except by solitary trappers. We are leading a wild life, depending upon game, such as deer, elk, bear, for food, encamping on the borders of brooks, and sleeping in the open air under trees, with outposts stationed to guard us against any surprise by the Indians.

We shall probably be three weeks longer on this tour. Two or three days bring us into the buffalo range, where we shall have grand sport hunting. We shall also be in the range of wild horses.

I send this letter by a party of the men who have to return to escort two or three sick men, who have the measles and fevers. The rest of the camp is well, and our own party in high spirits. I was never in finer health, or enjoyed myself more, and the idea of exploring a wild country of this magnificent character is very exciting.

I write at the moment of marching. The horses are all saddled, and the bugle sounds for mounting. God bless you. I shall not have another opportunity of writing until I return to the garrison of Fort Gibson. We are far beyond any civilized habitation, or even an Indian village.

Love to all. Your brother,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

MONTGOMERY'S POINT, MOUTH OF THE ARKANSAS,
MISSISSIPPI RIVER, November 16, 1832.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

I arrived safe and sound at Fort Gibson about a week since, after thirty-one days' tour in the wilderness west of the Territory. Our tour was a very rough but a very interesting and gratifying one, part of the time through an unexplored country. We led a complete hunter's life,

subsisting upon the produce of the chase, camping by streams or pools, and sleeping on skins and blankets in the open air; but we were all in high health; and, indeed, nothing is equal to such a campaign, to put a man in full health and spirits. . . . . We got out of flour, salt, sugar, etc., and had to eat our meat without bread or seasoning, and drink our coffee without sweetening. Our horses were tired down by the pasturage being withered, and by their having been coursed after buffaloes and wild horses. Some of them had to be left behind; and those of us who brought back our horses to the fort, had to walk, and lead them for the greater part of the three or four last days.* The very evening of my arrival at Fort Gibson a steamboat came up the river, and was to return down it the next day. I took advantage of it, and embarked, and have just put my foot on shore at this place this morning. The steamboat proceeds down the Mississippi, in the course of an hour or two, for New Orleans, and I think of continuing on in her, to be governed in my future movements by the reports I shall receive of the health of New Orleans, and the facilities of proceeding from that place on my route homeward, where I am now very anxious to arrive. . . . .

He continued down the Mississippi in the steamboat in which he had descended the Arkansas to New Orleans, where, he writes to Peter from Washington,—

I passed a few days very pleasantly. It is one of the most motley and amusing places in the United States—a mixture of America and Europe. The French part of the city is a counterpart of some provincial French town ; and the levee, or esplanade along the river, presents the most whimsical groups of people of all nations, castes, and colors—French, Spanish, half-breeds, creoles, mulattoes, Kentuckians, etc., etc. I passed

* In a letter to Peter, he mentions that though they had an occasional alarm, they passed through the country without seeing a single Pawnee, "I brought off, however," he adds, "the tongue of a buffalo, of my own shooting, as a trophy of my hunting, and am determined to rest my renown as a hunter upon that exploit, and never to descend to meaner game." The particulars of this feat will be found in his *Tour on the Prairies*, published in 1835.

a couple of days with Judge M———, Mrs. McLane's brother, on his sugar plantation, just at the time they were making sugar.

From New Orleans I set off in the mail stage, through Mobile, and proceeded through Alabama, Georgia, South and North Carolina, and Virginia, to this place—a long and rather dreary journey, travelling frequently day and night, and much of the road through pine forests in the winter season. At Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, I sought our friend Preston, who resides in that place, is a member of the Legislature, and one of the leaders of the nullifiers. . . . . I passed a day most cordially with him, talking and laughing over old times, and recalling the scenes and personages of our rambles.

[This was William C. Preston, the brilliant orator, formerly travelling companion of himself and Peter in Scotland and England.]

Preston spoke of you with the most lively regard, and called to mind a host of your pleasantries. I dined with him at Governor Hamilton's, the nullifying Governor, whom I had known when a young man at New York, and who is a perfect gentleman, but a Hotspur in politics. It is really lamentable to see such a fine set of gallant fellows as these leading nullifiers are, so madly in the wrong.

Governor Hamilton had just then transmitted to the Legislature of South Carolina his message, inclosing the nullifying edict of the convention of its people, and invoking the coöperation of the two branches to carry into effect this measure of *peaceable* redress, for he claimed it to be essentially of a pacific character. When Mr. Irving took leave, the Governor gave him a warm invitation to "come soon" and see him again. "O yes!" was the playful but suggestive reply; "I'll come with *the first troops.*"

Mr. Irving arrived in Washington just before the Presi-

dent issued his proclamation of December 10, generally understood to be the production of his distinguished Secretary of State, Edward Livingston, containing an able exposition of the nullifying question, and of the Constitution of the country, and furnishing to South Carolina a significant intimation of the fallacy of any hopes of annulling peaceably within her limits a law of the General Government. He was hastening back from his prolonged tour to pass a Christmas among his family and friends, and had intended to stop but two or three days in Washington; yet he found it such "an interesting place to see public characters," and the "crisis" so "interesting," that he was induced to linger here, with the exception of a brief excursion to Baltimore, during the remaining term of Congress, a period of three months. "I am very pleasantly situated," he writes. "I have a very snug, cheery, cosy room in the immediate neighborhood of McLane's, and take my meals at his house, and in fact, make it my home. I have thus the advantage of a family circle (and that a delightful one) and the precious comfort of a little bachelor retreat and *sanctum sanctorum*, where I can be as lonely and independent as I please."

I give some letters and passages of letters written during this interval :—

[*To Peter Irving.*]

McLane is hard worked by his office, but it is a kind of work that agrees with him, and he is generally in better health, looks, and spirits than he was at London,

I found Gouverneur Kemble here, to my great surprise. He had business at the War Department, being a great contractor for founding cannon, etc. He has been consulted, also, by the Committee of Ways and Means, of which Gulian C. Verplanck is chairman, in the formation of a bill for the reduction of the tariff. I hope such a bill may be devised and carried as will satisfy the moderate part of the nullifiers; but I confess I see so many elements of sectional prejudice, hostility, and selfishness stirring and increasing in activity and acrimony in this country, that I begin to doubt strongly of the long existence of the general Union.

The following is addressed to his old friend and early literary associate, James K. Paulding, then Navy Agent at New York, whom some were seeking to displace, from his want of due subserviency to the behests of party.

WASHINGTON, January 3, 1833.

MY DEAR PAULDING :—

I have just returned from an interview with the President on the subject of the rumor of your removal from office. He assured me it was the first word he had heard on the subject; and had you heard the terms in which he spoke of your official conduct, you would feel not merely secure of your office, but proud of holding it, guaranteed by such sentiments. The more I see of this old cock of the woods, the more I relish his game qualities.

As to rumors, they are as numerous as they are absurd. Gouverneur's particular friend Bankhead, the British *chargé d'affaires*, has just returned from New York, very gravely charged with one concerning myself; namely, that I was *to marry Miss* ———, *and receive the appointment of Postmaster of New York!* Now either the lady or the office would be a sufficient blessing for a marrying or an office-craving man; but God help me! I should be as much bothered with the one as with the other. . . . .

With affectionate regards to Gertrude and the family, I am, my dear James, yours ever,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following is in reply to a letter of Kemble, invoking his aid in inducing Leslie to accept the offer of the Professorship of Design, at the Military Academy at West Point :—

[*To Gouverneur Kemble.*]

WASHINGTON, January 18, 1833.

MY DEAR KEMBLE :—

. . . . I will write to Leslie, and state to him what advantages he will have in fixing himself at West Point ; though I shall cautiously refrain from giving any advice or using any persuasion in the matter. It is a delicate and responsible thing to influence a man in a measure that is to change his whole situation and course of life. I think it doubtful whether he will accept. For my own part, few things would give me equal pleasure to having him on this side of the Atlantic, and in my neighborhood.* . . . .

Charles Kemble and his talented daughter are here, turning the heads of young and old. I find they became very sociable with you, and speak of you with great regard.

God bless you, my dear Kemble. I hope to be with you before long.

Yours ever,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

A week later he writes to the same correspondent from Washington.

* Leslie did accept the position, but only to retain it for the brief period of six months, when he returned to England.

My dear Kemble :—

. . . . An attempt is making to bring the subject of the tariff to a close in the House this week, by night sessions. I feel extremely doubtful, however, of the bill being carried. The braggadocio speeches and proceedings of South Carolina have raised a spirit of indignation among many who would otherwise be inclined to redress the grievances complained of, and this feeling is taken advantage of by those interested for the manufacturers.

I understand that Governor Hayne is making every preparation for warlike measures. I hope and trust that this will all turn out a game of brag ; at any rate, the measures taken by the General Government are such as to entangle the nullifiers in all kinds of financial and fiscal difficulties, and to make any act of hostility plainly proceed from themselves.

I think I shall remain here a few days longer, to hear the outbreaking which will take place on Monday next, and which must call all the champions of the different creeds into the field, and elevate the standards of the new parties that are to spring out of this great conflict.

I am, my dear Kemble, yours ever,

Washington Irving.

The "outbreaking" was to take place on a discussion of certain resolutions offered by John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, declaratory of the powers of the Government and the States, and involving the question whether a single State had power to annul the laws enacted by a whole nation. How deeply it interested him, we find from the following letter to his brother Peter, written after his return to his native city, from which he had been absent more than seven months, seeing, during that period, more of his own country and its prominent characters, than most persons would see in a lifetime.

New York, April 1, 1833.

My dear Brother :—

I am shocked, when I look back upon the long time I have suffered to elapse without writing to you ; but, indeed, indeed I could not help it. I have been so completely bewildered by the variety of scenes, circumstances, and persons crowding upon my attention, that for months past I have lost all command of my time or my thoughts. The period that has passed since my arrival in this country has been one of the greatest and most delightful excitement I have ever experienced, and the excitement still continues, and unfits me for any calm application. Wherever I go, too, I am received with a cordiality, I may say an affection, that keeps my heart full and running over.

My sojourn in Washington prolonged itself through the whole session. I became so deeply interested in the debates of Congress, that I almost lived in the capitol. The grand debate in the Senate occupied my mind as intensely for three weeks, as did ever a dramatic representation. I heard almost every speech, good and bad, and did not lose a word of any of the best. I think my close attendance on the legislative halls has given me an acquaintance with the nature and operation of our institutions, and the character and concerns of the various parts of the Union, that I could not have learned from books for years.

After leaving Washington, I got detained most delightfully at Baltimore for three weeks by the extreme hospitality of the inhabitants.

It was during this visit to Baltimore that he made the acquaintance of John P. Kennedy, who had lately risen into fame as the author of "Swallow Barn," and with whom his acquaintance soon ripened into lasting intimacy.

On the 15th of April, two or three weeks after his return to New York, he writes to Peter :—

Since my return, I have been going the rounds of dinners, etc., until

I am as jaded as I was in London. . . . . Time and mind are cut up with me like chopped hay, and I am good for nothing, and shall be good for nothing for some time to come, so much am I harassed by the claims of society.

Soon after the date of this extract he set off on an excursion to the South, to visit the upper part of Virginia, accompanied by his nephew, John T. Irving, Jr. At Washington they heard of the assault of Lieutenant Randolph upon the nation's chief magistrate — an indignity perpetrated on board of the steamboat as she stopped at Alexandria on her way to Fredericksburg, where the President was proceeding to lay the corner-stone of a monument about to be erected to the mother of Washington. Mr. Irving arrived at Fredericksburg in the afternoon, after the ceremony of laying the corner-stone had been concluded.

I saw a good deal of the President that evening, and the next morning [he writes to Peter, from Baltimore, May 17]. The old gentleman was still highly exasperated at the recent outrage offered him by Lieutenant Randolph, of which, ere this reaches you, you will have heard and read, *usque ad nauseam*.

It is a brutal transaction, which I cannot think of without indignation, mingled with a feeling of almost despair, that our national character should receive such crippling wounds from the hands of our own citizens.

From Fredericksburg he proceeded to Charlottesville, where he visited the Jefferson University, and had to fight off from an invitation to a public dinner on the part

of the students. Pursuing his journey, he crossed the Blue Ridge, but unfortunately, at this interesting point of his tour, the weather changed, and he traversed the mountain in a heavy rain, that shut up the whole prospect, and harassed him with small intermission during his continuance in the valley. He returned to New York in time to be present on the arrival of President Jackson on his Northern tour.

The reception of the President, yesterday [he writes to Peter from New York, June 13], was one of the finest spectacles I ever witnessed. I accompanied the Corporation, and a large body of the citizens, in a superb steamboat to Brunswick, to meet him. The ceremonials you will see in the papers; but you can hardly form an idea of the increased splendor given to spectacles of the kind by our steamboats, and the increased population and beauty of our city.

On the 31st of July he is about leaving his "quarters at Oscar's very pretty country box, about two miles below Tarrytown," to go to Saratoga Springs for a few days to take the waters, being a little out of order from a late accident, in being thrown from his gig. After a fortnight's visit to the Springs, where he met with many old friends, and formed several very agreeable acquaintances, he made an excursion to Schaghticoke, and visited Herman Knickerbocker, whom he had known at Washington about twenty years before, when he was Congressman, and with whom the name still formed a bond of fellowship. "I found him with a houseful of children," he

writes to Peter, "living hospitably, and filling various stations—a judge, a farmer, a miller, a manufacturer, a politician, etc., etc. He received me with open arms, and I only escaped from his hospitality by promising to come another time, and spend a day or two with him."

He afterward proceeded down the river to Kingston, where he passed a day in looking about the neighborhood, and visiting the old Dutch villages on the skirts of the Catskill Mountains—scenes in his story of "Rip Van Winkle" now explored for the first time.

It is an amusing fact in this connection, that not long before his death, Mr. Irving received a letter of inquiry from a young lad at Catskill, informing him that he had "lately been engaged in arguing with a very old gentleman" whether, in his "beautiful tale of 'Rip Van Winkle,'" he referred "to the village of Catskill or Kingston," and appealing to him as the only adequate authority to settle the disputed question. "He little dreamt," said Mr. Irving, in exhibiting the letter, "when I wrote the story, I had never been on the Catskills." I think the reader will enjoy the concealed humor of his reply, though I fear it must have been somewhat perplexing to the ingenuous lad, whose "desire for knowledge" had prompted the inquiry.

SUNNYSIDE, February 5, 1858.

DEAR SIR :—

I can give you no other information concerning the localities of the story of "Rip Van Winkle," than is to be gathered from the manuscript

of Mr. Knickerbocker, published in the "Sketch Book." Perhaps he left them purposely in doubt. I would advise you to defer to the opinion of the "very old gentleman" with whom you say you had an argument on the subject. I think it probable he is as accurately informed as any one on the matter. Respectfully, your obedient servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Mr. Irving had been so much in motion since his return to his native country, that he had little opportunity to resume his long-interrupted literary occupations. It might seem, from the tone of the following reply, that his brother Ebenezer was becoming a little anxious that he should get to work again with his pen. His brother felt increased anxiety, also, that the Legislature of New York had recently recommended his abridgment of "Columbus" as a class-book for the common schools —a measure which he thought likely to produce him an ample revenue out of that single work, if proper arrangements were made to have the recommendation acted upon.

The reply is dated from Washington, whither he had gone to combat a disposition of his friend, McLane, to resign his seat in the Cabinet.

WASHINGTON, October 7, 1833.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . I want to get to work as much as you can wish me to do so, but God knows my mind and time are so cut up and engrossed, that I am almost in despair of ever getting quiet again. I hope the Abridgment may turn out in any degree profitable; but it has to work its way, I apprehend, through a world of trickery and counter management.

The following to Peter glances at another Knickerbocker excursion with Mr. Van Buren :—

[*To Peter Irving.*]

My dear Brother :— New York, October 28, 1833.

I have received several letters from you of late, which, in consequence of my interrupted and irregular life, have not been punctually answered. I have been moving about almost incessantly during the summer and autumn, visiting old scenes about the Hudson. I made a delightful journey with Mr. Van Buren in an open carriage from Kinderhook to Poughkeepsie, then crossing the river to the country about the foot of the Catskill Mountains, and so from Esopus, by Goshen, Haverstraw, Tappan, Hackensack, to Communipaw — an expedition which took two weeks to complete, in the course of which we visited curious old Dutch places and Dutch families. I then made a rapid move to Washington to be with Mr. McLane during a crisis of the Cabinet, when he was much disposed to resign — a measure which would have been very injurious to his interests and happiness. . . . .

I am now getting at home upon American themes, and the scenes and characters I have noticed since my return begin to assume a proper tone and form and grouping in my mind, and to take a tinge from my imagination.

Ten days later, November 8, he writes to the same brother :—

I am busy with my pen, and feel that I shall work a great deal, and produce much new matter, beside setting loose much manuscript that has lain for some time by me, in a manner bound up.

When I get all my copy-rights in my hands again, which will be in about a year, they will be a new source of profit. Independent of all this,

I now begin to feel confidence that my Abridgment is going to be, of itself, a steady and *handsome* revenue.

These sanguine-anticipations of profit from the Abridgment of "Columbus" were not destined to be realized. The Carvills, in consideration of four hundred dollars, had, in the previous April, released his agent, Ebenezer Irving, from the conditions of their agreement for the unexpired time, which extended to June 30, 1834; but the difficulties of getting it into complete circulation, from the rivalships of other school books, made the recommendation of the Legislature to some extent a nullity.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE AUTHOR'S FIRST NOTION OF "ASTORIA."—A NOMINATION TO CONGRESS OFFERED AND DECLINED.—HIS DISTASTE FOR POLITICS.—THE "CRAYON MISCELLANIES."—PUBLICATION AND RECEPTION OF THE "TOUR ON THE PRAIRIES."—AMERICAN AND ENGLISH PREFACE.—FARMS OUT HIS PRIOR WORKS TO CAREY, LEA & CO., FOR A TERM OF SEVEN YEARS.—NO. II. OF THE "CRAYON MISCELLANY."—"ABBOTSFORD" AND "NEWSTEAD."—SUNNYSIDE IN EMBRYO.—NO. III. OF "THE CRAYON MISCELLANY."—THE "LEGENDS OF THE CONQUEST OF SPAIN."—ITS PUBLICATION.—THE WORKMEN BUSY UPON HIS COTTAGE.

I PASS over the first portion of this year, which was spent in the bosom of the domestic circle at No. 3 Bridge Street, the residence of his brother Ebenezer, with the exception of a flying visit to Philadelphia in June, in the course of which he picked up his material for Ralph Ringwood, and a few summer excursions, and come at once to the following letters to myself, in which he broaches the subject of "Astoria"—the work which he gave to the public in 1836, and which was to link his name with the region beyond the Rocky Mountains, "where rolls the Oregon."

These letters were addressed to me at Jacksonville, Ill., to which place I had gone from my native city, New York, the preceding year. At the date of the first I had

been meditating a visit to New York, though not with the intention of remaining as the letter supposes.

[*To Pierre Munro Irving.*]

NEW YORK, September 15, 1834.

MY DEAR PIERRE :—

. . . . John Jacob Astor is extremely desirous of having a work written on the subject of his settlement of Astoria, at the mouth of Columbia River; something that might take with the reading world, and secure to him the reputation of having originated the enterprise and founded the colony that are likely to have such important results in the history of commerce and colonization.

The old gentleman has applied to me repeatedly in the matter, offering to furnish abundance of materials in letters, journals, and verbal narratives, and to pay liberally for time and trouble. I have felt aware that a work might be written on the subject, full of curious and entertaining matter, comprising adventurous expeditions by sea and land, scenes beyond the Rocky Mountains, incidents and scenes illustrative of Indian character, and of that singular and but little known class, the traders and voyageurs of the Fur Companies. Still I am so much engrossed with other plans, that I have not time for the examination of papers, the digesting of various materials, etc., and have stood aloof from the undertaking, though still keeping the matter open.

Since I have heard of your inclination to return to New York, however, it has occurred to me that you might be disposed to take this subject in hand; to collate the various documents, collect verbal information, and reduce the whole to such form that I might be able to dress it up advantageously, and with little labor, for the press.

In an interview which I had with Mr. Astor, a day or two since, in which he laid before me a variety of documents, I accordingly stated to him my inability at present to give the subject the labor that would be requisite, but the possibility that you might aid me in the way I have

mentioned; in which case I should have no objection to putting the finishing hand to the work. The old gentleman caught at the idea, and begged me to write to you immediately. He said he would be willing to pay you whatever might be deemed proper for your services, and that, if any profit resulted from the sale of the work, it would belong, of course, to the authors.

I lay this matter before you, to be considered in contrast or connection with your other plans. If you take it in hand, it will furnish you with employment for at least a year, and I shall take care to secure your being well paid for your current time and labor; the ultimate profits of the work may be a matter of after arrangement between us.

Mr. Astor is a strong-minded man, and one from whose conversation much curious information is to be derived. He feels the want of occupation and amusement, and thinks he may find something of both in the progress of this work. You would find him very kindly disposed, for he was an early friend of your father, for whose memory he entertains great regard; and he has always been on terms of intimacy with your uncle Peter and myself, besides knowing more or less of others of our family. Halleck, the poet, resides a great deal with him at present, having a handsome salary for conducting his affairs.

When you have thought over this matter and made up your mind, let me hear from you. If you determine in favor of it the sooner you come on the better. I have entertained the matter thus far for your sake, having no care about it for myself: decide, therefore, as you think fit, or as your inclination prompts. . . . .

To this letter I replied, that I should think favorably of the enterprise, if my share of the work could be performed in the period specified, and I could be assured of two thousand dollars for my coöperation, rejecting all idea of advantage or remuneration from the sale of the work itself.

To this Mr. Irving responded as follows :—

New York, October 29, 1834.

My dear Pierre :—

I received, a few days since, your letter of October 5th, which gives me to suppose that you would undertake the task proposed to you, provided you could be sure of a compensation of two thousand dollars. I have since had a definite conversation with Mr. Astor, and fixed your compensation at *three thousand* dollars.

Now for the nature of the work, and the aid that will be required of you. My present idea is to call the work by the general name of "*Astoria*"—the name of the settlement made by Mr. Astor at the mouth of Columbia River; under this head to give not merely a history of his great colonial and commercial enterprise, and of the fortunes of his colony, but a body of information concerning the whole region beyond the Rocky Mountains, on the borders of Columbia River, comprising the adventures, by sea and land, of traders, trappers, Indian warriors, hunters, etc.; their habits, characters, persons, costumes, etc.; descriptions of natural scenery, animals, plants, etc., etc. I think, in this way, a rich and varied work may be formed, both entertaining and instructive, and laying open scenes in the wild life of that adventurous region which would possess the charm of freshness and novelty. You would be required to look over the various papers, letters, and journals in the possession of Mr. Astor, written by various persons who have been in his employ, to draw anecdotes and descriptions from him, and from Northwest traders who occasionally visit him; to forage among various works in French and English that have been published relative to these regions, and thus to draw together and arrange into some kind of form a great body of facts. In all this I may be able to render you much assistance. When the work is thus crudely prepared, I will take it in hand, and prepare it for the press, as it is a *sine qua non* with Mr. Astor that my name should be to the work. You now have a general idea of what will be your task. I think you may find it a

very interesting and agreeable one, and may accomplish it within the space of a year.

Should you determine to undertake the work, you must come on immediately. Mr. Astor has his mind set upon the matter, and, in fact, looks forward to it as a source of pleasant occupation for the winter. He has taken a house in town for his winter residence, and, if you undertake the task, would wish you to reside with him as long as you may find it agreeable, and has likewise invited Halleck [the poet] to be his guest. The latter you will find a very pleasant companion.

Mr. Astor has his papers all arranged, so that you would be able to get to work immediately. Let me hear from you on the receipt of this. If you determine to come, you had better put your portmanteau in the first stage-coach, and come on as promptly as possible.

Your affectionate uncle, W. I.

I arrived in New York, to perform my share of this literary undertaking, not long after a closely contested election, which had been conducted with great bitterness, and in which the Jackson party had wished to hold Mr. Irving up for Congress. He had declined, however, mingling in any way in the feuds of party, not even giving a vote. A short time previous he had written to Peter :—

You are right in your conjectures that I keep myself aloof from politics. The more I see of political life here, the more I am disgusted with it. . . . . There is such coarseness and vulgarity and dirty trick mingled with the rough-and-tumble contest. I want no part or parcel in such warfare.

He had at this time completed his "Tour on the Prairies," as will be seen from the following extract of a letter to his brother Peter, dated November 24, 1834:—

For my own literary occupations I cannot speak so confidently as you would wish. I have written a little narrative of my tour from Fort Gibson on the Pawnee hunting grounds. It makes about three hundred and fifty pages of my usual writing; but I feel reluctant to let it go before the public. So much has been said in the papers about my tour to the West, and the work I was preparing on the subject, that I dread the expectations formed, especially as what I have written is extremely simple, and by no means striking in its details.

In the letters which follow to the same correspondent, we have some further glimpse of his literary plans and purposes — "literary babblings," as he terms them:—

NEW YORK, January 8, 1835.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

. . . . I have at length resolved to break the ice, and begin to publish. I have been delayed in this by the expectation manifested that I would publish something about this country, and the difficulty I found in preparing anything, under whip and spur, that would satisfy myself. I have now resolved to come out in a series of volumes, published from time to time, under the general title of "Miscellanies, by the author of the Sketch Book," No. I., II., etc., with a second title giving the particular contents of the volume. In this way I mean to clear off all the manuscripts I have on hand, and to throw off casual lucubrations concerning home scenes, etc. I have sent off the MS. for the first volume to Colonel Aspinwall. The title of the volume will be, "A tour on the Prairies, by the author of the Sketch Book," and will comprise merely my expedition with the rangers from Fort Gibson to the Pawnee hunting grounds. The volume will be about the size of a volume of the "Sketch Book." . . . .

In the course of the volumes I will include my writings relative to Spain, etc., so that the series will form a kind of gallery of varied works. This plan enables me to throw off single volumes which would not be of

sufficient importance to stand by themselves, and which would otherwise lie dormant in my trunk, as they have already done. When once launched, I shall keep going.

Three months later (April 11), he writes :—

My "Tour on the Prairies" has just been published here, though it has been out for upwards of a month in London. The second volume of my "Miscellany" is nearly stereotyped, and will be ready for publication in a month or six weeks. I am glad to be once more in dealings with Murray, and am well satisfied with the terms of sale of my volume about the prairies — £400, in a bill at four months. The price is not so high as I used to get, but there has been a great change in the bookselling trade of late years. The inundation of cheap publications, penny magazines, etc., has brought down the market. The market here, in the meantime, has immensely extended, so that, between the two, I fancy I shall be as well off as before. At any rate, I am content, and feel no further solicitude in money matters, excepting to acquire the means of benefiting others.

The "Tour on the Prairies" received a highly commendatory notice in the "North American Review," in which the accomplished critic, Edward Everett, after dwelling on the peculiar merits of Mr. Irving's style, and the wide range of his topics — "the humors of contemporary politics and every-day life in America — the traditionary peculiarities of the Dutch founders of New York — the nicest shades of the school of English manners of the last century — the Chivalry of the Middle Ages in Spain — the glittering visions of Moorish romance — and, lastly, the whole unhackneyed freshness of the West —

life beyond the border — a camp outside the frontier — a hunt on buffalo ground" — proceeds: —

To what class of compositions the present work belongs, we are hardly able to say. It can scarcely be called a book of travels, for there is too much painting of manners and scenery, and too little statistics; it is not a novel, for there is no story; and it is not a romance, for it is all true. It is a sort of sentimental journey, a romantic excursion, in which nearly all the elements of several different kinds of writing are beautifully and gayly blended into a production almost *sui generis*. . . . . We are proud of Mr. Irving's sketches of English life, proud of the gorgeous canvas upon which he has gathered in so much of the glowing imagery of Moorish times. We behold with delight his easy and triumphant march over these beaten fields; but we glow with rapture as we see him coming back, laden with the poetical treasures of the primitive wilderness, rich with spoil from the uninhabited desert. We thank him for turning these poor barbarous *steppes* into classical land, and joining his inspiration to that of Cooper in breathing life and fire into a circle of imagery, which was not known before to exist, for the purposes of the imagination.

For the right of publishing and vending five thousand copies of the "Tour on the Prairies," from the stereotype plates furnished by the author, Messrs. Carey, Lea & Blanchard of Philadelphia, gave fifteen hundred dollars, in three equal notes, dated April 14, at six, nine, and twelve months, and three hundred dollars for every additional thousand. I find that on the 10th November, 1835, they gave their note at nine months ($300) for the eighth thousand.

The American edition of the "Tour on the Prairies," published more than a month after the English, contained an introduction, not retained in subsequent edi-

tions. Only that part of the preface which had relation to the volume was given in the English edition, or will now be found in the collective edition of the author's works, published by Mr. George P. Putnam. This portion of the introduction was so purely personal, temporary, and local in its interest, that any intelligent reader will readily understand why it was neither embraced in the English copy nor retained in later American editions. It will be seen, however, in a future chapter, that this difference between the English and American preface received a harsh and illiberal construction, and was sought to be turned to the author's prejudice.

I give some further extracts from his letters to his brother Peter, which furnish, at this period, a sort of connected biography of him. Peter had now removed from Paris to Havre, where he was comfortably situated in the mansion of his friend Beasley, the American Consul, vainly hoping to get the better of a malady with which he had recently been attacked, and which, he feared, would throw increased difficulty in the way of his return to America.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

April 17th.—The first volume of the "Crayon Miscellany" is doing well, both in England and the United States. The second volume will go to press here within a fortnight. I have farmed out all my back works (excepting the Abridgment of "Columbus") to Carey & Lea, for another term of seven years, at a yearly allowance [eleven hundred and fifty dollars]. The Abridgment goes on steadily increasing in circula-

tion. The funds invested in stock produce handsomely; so that I look forward to have easy times in pecuniary matters for the rest of my life.

Pierre Munro is busily engaged gathering together materials for the work about old Mr. Astor's grand commercial, or rather colonial enterprise. I have not taken hold of the subject yet, but have no doubt I shall be able to make it a rich piece of mosaic.

[*To the Same.*]

May 16th.— . . . . Brevoort arrived a few days since. . . . , From what he says of your inclinations, and from passages in your letters, I indulge the hope that we shall yet have you among us. When your health is better established, it may be worth the ordeal of a sea voyage, and I would come out to accompany you. Indeed, I should come out to you at once, were I not mixed up, just now, with so many matters that concern the interests of others, as well as of myself. These I shall, in the course of a little while, be able to arrange so as to leave me more at liberty. Among other things, I have lately become a bank director! This was for the sake and at the solicitation of Mr. McLane, who has taken the presidency of the Morris Canal and Banking Company, with a salary of six thousand dollars.

. . . . My second number of the "Crayon Miscellany," containing "Abbotsford" and "Newstead Abbey," will be out in a few days. My next number, I think, will be the "Conquest of Spain," which is fairly copied out, and has been so for a long time. I am now engaged in the work on the subject of Mr. Astor's great enterprise; and I am much mistaken if I do not make it a very rich, curious, and unique work. Pierre Munro makes an admirable pioneer.

[*To the Same.*]

New York, May 25, 1835.

My dear Brother:—

I have just received a letter from Colonel Aspinwall, dated London, April 14, stating the terms he has made with Murray for the second vol-

ume of my "Miscellany."* It is a light volume, not quite as full as a volume of the "Sketch Book." The following is an extract from the Colonel's letter :—

"I have agreed with him for £600, payable in the following manner, namely, £400 at six and nine months after the day of publication, and of £200 at six and nine months after the day of publication of a second edition—the first edition to consist of three thousand copies. These were the best terms that I could obtain, and I feel a strong persuasion that the popular character of the work will make them more profitable than the five hundred guineas named by you as your price."

I am highly satisfied with the Colonel's arrangement ; indeed, considering the times in England, where the political crisis absorbs all thought, and leaves polite literature nearly stagnant, and considering the quantities of cheap publications that inundate the reading world, the prices obtained for my two light volumes have been very liberal. I shall be well content to go on at such a rate ; and, indeed, my pecuniary circumstances are now in such an easy and regular train, that I no longer feel solicitous about making keen bargains for any particular work.

The price obtained from the American publishers, Carey, Lea & Blanchard, was the same as for No. 1 of the "Crayon Miscellany"—fifteen hundred dollars for an edition of five thousand, payable in three equal notes, dated June 1, at six, nine, and twelve months. No. II. was published May 1 in London and May 30 in America.

Aspinwall writes: "Murray says "Abbotsford" delights everybody, especially the Lockharts."

In the following letter to Peter Irving, at Havre, touching upon the third volume of his "Miscellany," we have

* "Abbotsford" and "Newstead Abbey."

the first mention of his purchase of Sunnyside, which had taken place as early as April, though the deed bears date on the 7th of June :—

NEW YORK, July 8, 1835.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . I have nearly stereotyped the third volume of my "Miscellany," and shall send proof sheets to London for publication ; but shall not publish the work here until September or October, so as to give the London publishers full time. The title, I think, will be "Legends of the Conquest of Spain." It will contain "The Legend of Don Roderick," "The Legend of the Subjugation of Spain," "The Legend of Pelayo,"* and "The Legend of the Family of Count Julian." I have preferred giving these writings in this form, rather than giving them the more pretending name of History or Chronicle. It enables me to indulge with less reserve or disquiet in those apocryphal details which are so improbable, yet so picturesque and romantic. Did I claim for these wild medleys of truth and fiction the dignity and credence of history, I should throw a discredit upon my regular historical works. It is this scruple that has lain in the way of the publication of these writings, while I contemplated publishing them under a more imposing form.

The two preceding volumes of my "Miscellany" have succeeded far beyond my expectations, on both sides of the water ; and I look forward now with confidence, of being able to keep up the series from time to time, with ease to myself, and with much advantage in every respect.

. . . . You have been told, no doubt, of a purchase I have made of ten acres, lying at the foot of Oscar's farm on the river bank. It is a beautiful spot, capable of being made a little paradise. There is a small stone Dutch cottage on it, built about a century since, and inhabited by one of the Van Tassels. I have had an architect up there, and shall build upon the old mansion this summer. My idea is to make a little

* It did not contain the "Legend of Pelayo," which he withheld.

nookery somewhat in the Dutch style, quaint, but unpretending. It will be of stone. The cost will not be much. I do not intend to set up any establishment there, but to put some simple furniture in it, and keep it as a nest, to which I can resort when in the mood. In fact, it is more with a view of furnishing the worthy little Bramin a retreat for himself and his girls, where they can go to ruralize during the pleasant season of the year. The little man has a great love for the country, and is never so happy as when he can get away for a few days from his multifarious concerns, and refresh himself in the green fields; and since I have purchased this little retreat, the very idea of it has haunted his mind with dreams of "rural felicity."

. . . . As soon as I have stereotyped my present volume, which will be in the course of a week, I shall abandon the town altogether, and go to work diligently with my pen in the quiet of the country.

To the same brother he writes, eight days later:—

I wrote to you by the last packet, since when I have been to Wilmington, Del., to visit the McLane family, who are waiting until McLane can find a good house for their residence in New York. . . . .

I stopped at Carey and Lea's, at Philadelphia, and had prosperous accounts of the success of the two numbers of the "Miscellany," which have a great circulation. I send by the packet *Hibernia*, for Liverpool this day, proof sheets of the third number, containing "Legends of the Conquest of Spain." It is all stereotyped, but I shall not publish it here until in September, to give time for the London publisher.

The proof sheets of the "Legends of the Conquest of Spain," being No. III. of the "Crayon Miscellany," were sent to Murray, July 16, who, it appears by a letter to Peter, February 16, 1836, declined publishing them at the price asked by Mr. Irving, but put an edition to press

on the author's account, which resulted in a payment of £100. It was published by Messrs. Carey & Lea of Philadelphia, in October, they giving fifteen hundred dollars for five thousand copies, in their notes, dated October 10, at six, nine, and twelve months. The volume contained the "Legend of Don Roderick," the "Legend of the Subjugation of Spain," and the "Legend of Count Julian and his Family," all of which had been partially finished in the Alhambra—the first entirely so.

This volume was not afterwards included in the collective edition of his works, published by Mr. Putnam in 1848, having been kept back, I judge, to accompany an intended publication of the "Legend of Don Pelayo," and other Spanish and Moorish themes, at which I have previously glanced. It may be proper, also, to state, that in consequence of an unlucky hiatus in forwarding the proof sheets to London, the work was not published in that city until the middle of December, two months after its appearance on this side of the water—a circumstance which, with the condition of the times, no doubt had its effect on its English circulation.

In the following extracts we get some further "literary babblings," and a glimpse at the progress he was making in reconstructing the little Dutch Cottage he had so lately bought.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

New York, *August 24th.*— . . . . . I am working away at the Astor enterprise, and hope to get the narrative in frame in the course of

the autumn ; after which I shall have nothing to do but enrich it. The workmen are busy upon my cottage, which I think will be a snug little Dutch nookery when finished. It will be of stone, so as to be cool in summer and warm in winter. The expense will be but moderate, as I have it built in the simplest manner, depending upon its quaintness rather than its costliness.

While incurring this moderate expense, however, he was locking up several thousand dollars in distant landed investments, into which, like the rest of the world, he was seduced by the prospect of a great and rapid advance in the value of such property.

[*To Peter Irving.*]

New York, *September* 26, 1835.— . . . . For upward of a month past I have been quartered at Hell Gate, with Mr. Astor, and I have not had so quiet and delightful a nest since I have been in America. He has a spacious and well-built house, with a lawn in front of it, and a garden in rear. The lawn sweeps down to the water edge, and full in front of the house is the little strait of Hell Gate, which forms a constantly moving picture. Here the old gentleman keeps a kind of bachelor hall. Halleck, the poet, lives with him, but goes to town every morning, and comes out to dinner. The only other member of his family is one of his grandchildren, a very fine boy of fourteen years of age.* Pierre Munro Irving has been a guest for several weeks past, but has recently returned to New York. I cannot tell you how sweet and delightful I have found this retreat ; pure air, agreeable scenery, a spacious house, profound quiet, and perfect command of my time and self. The consequence is, that I have written more since I have been here than I have ever done in the

* Charles Astor Bristed.

same space of time. Within the last month I have written more than a volume, and have got within half a dozen chapters of the end of my work —an achievement which I did not expect to do for months. Of course there will be much to be done afterward in extending some parts, touching up others, enriching and embellishing. It will make two good volumes—probably octavo ; and Pierre Munro thinks it will be more liked than anything I have lately written.

Two weeks later (October 8), he writes to the same brother :—

I finished my first draught of the Astor work about a week since, very much to my own surprise, not having anticipated such a long and successful fit of writing. I have yet much to do to it, but it will be merely in the way of enriching it by personal anecdotes, etc., to be gathered from individuals, actors in the scenes narrated. I feel sanguine as to the work proving interesting to the general reader. I have promised old Mr. Astor to return to his rural retreat at Hell Gate, and shall go out there to-day.

I have just returned from a visit of two or three days to Tarrytown, to take a look at my cottage, which is in a considerable state of forwardness, and will soon be under cover. It has risen from the foundation since my previous visit (about six weeks since), and promises to be a quaint, picturesque little pile. I intend to write a legend or two about it and its vicinity, by way of making it pay for itself.

[*To Ebenezer Irving, New York.*]

TARRYTOWN, October 16, 1835.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

The porch is carried up, and the workmen are in want of the inscription stone, previous to removing the scaffold. I wish you would try to send it up by Friday sloop or Saturday morning steamboat.

The Dutch for architect is Boumeester. I presume it may be abbreviated Bou^{mr}, or engraved in smaller letters (George Harvey, Boumeester), whichever will be most convenient.

Your affectionate brother, W. I.

George Harvey, the architect mentioned in the foregoing letter, was an English artist, living a few miles south of the cottage, who had interested himself very much in its construction, and whom Mr. Irving frequently consulted for designs and drafts. The inscription stone of the porch still bears his name, with the adjunct of Bou^{mr}.

[*To Peter Irving, Havre.*]

NEW YORK, November 24, 1835.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

. . . . I am just from Tarrytown, where I have been endeavoring to hasten the building of my cottage; but though the weather has been uncommonly fine and mild for the season, and there has been no obstruction to the progress of the work, yet a snow-storm has come upon us before the house was completely enclosed. The weather is again bright and mild, and I hope yet to complete all the external work before the rigors of winter. The interior can be finished during the winter, being warmed by stoves, and I hope to have the mansion complete by the time the spring is sufficiently advanced to render a country residence agreeable. Like all meddlings with stone and mortar, the plan has extended as I built, until it has ended in a complete, though moderate-sized family residence. It is solidly built of stone, so that it will last for generations; and I think, when finished, it will be both picturesque and convenient. It is a tenement in which a man of very moderate means may live, and which yet may form an elegant little snuggery for a rich man. It is quite a hobby of the Bramin, and I really think will contribute greatly to his enjoyment for the rest of his life.

I have lately resumed the Astor MS., and hope to complete it in the course of a few weeks.

He had suspended his labors, in expectation of the arrival of a person who had been a principal actor in the enterprise of Astoria, and from whom he was to get many personal anecdotes for the enriching of his work.

The letter to Peter I now give is written soon after his brother John had returned from a tour in Europe, in which he had visited his long-absent brother, whose residence abroad had now extended to upward of twenty-six years.

NEW YORK, December 25, 1835.

MY DEAR BROTHER :—

. . . . Your letter by brother John has diffused a general joy through the family, by the hope it holds out of your attempting the home voyage in the spring. I have been extremely worried at the thoughts of not having been able to come out to you last autumn, and have endeavored to push matters so as to pay you a visit in the course of the winter. Brother John, however, tells me that you and Beasley think you will feel perfectly safe under the guardianship of our worthy friend, Captain Funck. I shall, therefore, relinquish the idea, and turn all my attention to prepare matters for your reception. My cottage is not yet finished, but I shall drive at it as soon as the opening of spring will permit; and I trust, by the time of your arrival to have a delightful little nest for you on the banks on the Hudson. It will be fitted to defy both hot weather and cold. There is a lovely prospect from its windows, and a sweet green bank in front, shaded by locust-trees, up which the summer breeze creeps delightfully. It is one of the most delicious banks in the world for reading and dozing and dreaming during the heats of summer, and there are no mosquitoes in the neighborhood. Here you shall have a room to yourself

that shall be a *sanctum sanctorum*. You may have your meals in it, if you please, and be as much alone as you desire. You shall also have a room prepared for you in town, where you will be equally master of your time and yourself, and free from all intrusion; while at both places you will have those at hand who love and honor you, and who will be ready to do anything that may contribute to your comfort. . . . .

I am still at Hell Gate with Mr. Astor, who is detained in the country in consequence of his new house in town not being finished. Pierre M. Irving is here likewise, and we pass our time most pleasantly and profitably. In fact, Mr. Astor does everything in his power to render our residence with him agreeable, and to detain us with him; or rather, he takes the true way, by leaving us complete masters of ourselves and our time. In consequence of having so much leisure and quiet, I have been able to get on famously with my new work, and hope to finish it in the course of a few weeks.

CHAPTER XX.

JOHN JACOB ASTOR.—INVESTMENTS IN LAND.—RETURN OF PETER.—COMPLETION OF THE COTTAGE.—COMMENCES HOUSEKEEPING.—PUBLICATION OF "ASTORIA."—PETER AN INMATE OF THE COTTAGE.—LETTER FROM "THE ROOST."—THE NEW PIG.

THE year 1836 opens upon the author in "that admirable place for literary occupation," Mr. Astor's country retreat, opposite Hell Gate, where he was still sojourning, and working upon various parts of the Astorian manuscript which afforded room for enrichment. He was looking forward impatiently "to the completion of the cottage" in time to render it a "nest" for his brother Peter, who still continued in the purpose to attempt the voyage in April. "Now that you have made up your mind to cross the Atlantic," writes Washington to his brother, January 10, "I am all alive to the matter. I never adverted to it while I thought you would not be disposed to adventure. It is hard for one like myself, who never suffer from sea-sickness, to realize the horrors that it must present to the mind of one subject to it. I am in hopes that, by regimen and cautious management, you may neutralize its severest inflictions;

and if you can but get across the sea, *even in pieces*, we will gather you up and put you together, and make you feel like another being, when we have you once among us."

The infirmities which beset Peter at Washington's departure for this country had increased with the lapse of time, and taken a more painful form, yet he had determined to embark on the 24th of April, with Captain Funck, "his early and excellent friend, who would take as much care of him as he could expect from a near relation." "As the term approaches," he writes to Washington, March 8th, "I feel increasing desire to be united to the family. The affectionate welcome they are disposed to give me, dissipates the hesitation I have felt to become an incumbrance to them. To you, my dear brother, I know not what to say, and will make no effort. I hope, that if our fortunes in life had been reversed, I should have acted with some degree of the same generous affection."

The following extract is from the last letter addressed by Washington to Peter before his embarkation, from which it will be seen that, in addition to the three thousand dollars stipulated by Mr. Astor, I received a special compensation from Mr. Irving on my literary jobwork in lightening the labor before him; yet the imputation was afterward made that Mr. Astor gave the author five thousand dollars to take up his manuscripts.

I would premise, also, in this place, that during Mr. Ir-

ving's long acquaintance with Mr. Astor, commencing when he was a young man, and ending only with his death, he never came under a pecuniary obligation to him of any kind. The only moneyed transaction that ever took place between them was—the purchase of a share in a town the great millionaire was founding in Green Bay, for which he paid the cash, though Mr. Astor wished the amount to stand on mortgage. The land was not sold when it had advanced in value; and long after it had declined, when Mr. Irving was in Spain, Mr. Astor, of his own free will, took back the share, and repaid the original purchase money. "He was too proverbially rich a man," says Mr. Irving, in a letter which appeared in the "Literary World" of November 22, 1851, "for me to permit the shadow of a pecuniary favor to rest on our intercourse."

February, 16, 1836.

My dear Brother :—

. . . . Your return will be a perfect jubilee to us all, and I am sure you will feel happy yourself in seeing how happy you make all around you.

I am giving my last handling to the Astor work. It is this handling which, like the touching and toning of a picture, gives the richest effects. I am interested and pleased with the work, and feel that the labor I am now bestowing upon it will contribute greatly to its success.

Pierre has received three thousand dollars from Mr. Astor for his services in the work. I have given him one thousand dollars. He sets off to-morrow for Toledo, a new town at the head of Lake Erie, where he has the offer of a share in a land purchase, which, it is thought, will turn out very profitable. Real estate, and especially lots in the vicinity of new towns

at great commercial points in the interior, are great objects of attention at present, and fortunes are rapidly made. The canals, railroads, and other modes of communication opening in every direction, is one great cause in the sudden rise in the value of various places. . . . .

I have just received a letter from Murray. He had declined purchasing my last work, "Legends of Spain," at the price I asked, and had put an edition to press on my account. I find the success of the work is beyond his expectations, as he has had already to print a second edition. Murray is not his own master in these matters. In consequence of the embarrassments in which he was involved about the time I left England, his affairs are in the hands of trustees, whom he has to consult as to all his undertakings. My dealings with him are perfectly secure as to money matters, and in other respects I have always found him a gentlemanlike person to deal with.

In less than four months after the date of this extract Peter found himself a member of "the family hive" in Bridge Street, waiting until the cottage could be rendered habitable, to take up his quarters in that little retreat. Meanwhile, the changes in his native city, after an absence of twenty-seven years, presented a constant subject of interest and curiosity.

There is always "a world of finishing that one never calculates" in most buildings, and the cottage did not prove an exception. Washington had expected it to be habitable some time in June; but at the close of that month, and some five or six weeks after he had sent the first chapters of "Astoria," to press, he writes to me, then absent at Toledo, Ohio: "I am printing my book and completing my cottage slowly, and hope the former

will contribute toward defraying the accumulated expenses of the latter." A month before he had written to me: "The cottage is slowly approaching to a finish, but will take a few weeks yet. For such a small edifice it has a prodigious swallow, and reminds me of those little fairy changelings called Killcrops, which eat and eat, and are never the fatter." The few weeks, however, lengthened out into months, and, though opened on the 1st of September, it was not until October that the little edifice became fully habitable.

"Astoria," which was going through the press at the close of June, was published in October. He received from Bentley, in London, £500, and from Carey & Lea, for the right of printing five thousand copies, four thousand dollars, in three equal notes, at four months.

In the following extract of a letter to myself, we have an interesting allusion to its reception.

"Astoria" succeeds equal to your anticipations, and far beyond my own. It is highly spoken of in two English reviews which I have read. One pronounces it my *chef d'œuvre*. I am glad he thinks so, though I don't. Old Mr. Astor appears to be greatly gratified, which is very satisfactory to me. William Astor also expresses himself in the most gratifying terms, and seems surprised that the subject should be made so interesting and entertaining. In fact, I have heard more talk about this work, considering the short time it has been launched, than about any other that I have published for some time past.

I follow this passage with a few extracts from one of the reviews of "Astoria," to which Mr. Irving alludes —

the "London Spectator" for the week ending October 22, 1836, which opens as follows:—

We have been agreeably surprised by these volumes. Instead of a novel, which the title, on its first announcement, seemed to propose, "Astoria" is the history of as grand and comprehensive a commercial enterprise as ever was planned with any well-grounded prospect of success, and which was prosecuted among scenes as vast and nations as wild, gave rise to incidents as ludicrous, as interesting, as appalling, and developed characters and manners as marked and striking as anything on record respecting the adventurous explorers of the Middle Ages, or the hardy discoverers of more modern days.

Then, after giving a sketch of the large scheme of Mr. Astor, and the main narratives of the original voyage to Astoria, "full of pleasant humor," and the land journey across the continent, "of a more interesting and massy nature," and glancing at the principal sources from which the materials of the volumes are drawn, the reviewer sums up as follows:—

The result is the production of the most finished narrative of such a series of adventures that ever was written, whether with regard to plan or execution. The arrangement has all the art of a fiction, yet without any apparent sacrifice of truth or exactness. The composition we are inclined to rate as the *chef d'œuvre* of Washington Irving. . . . . The book, in its better parts, does not appear like a reproduction from other writing, but as a creation of genius from the original observation of things themselves. The author, with a peculiar felicity, has retained the raciness of his authorities. He displays the acuteness, distinctness, and reality of men of business and action, without their necessary minuteness and tedious expansion. He has extracted the spirit from the Astorian archives, and thrown off their dregs and dry matter.

On the 10th of December, 1836, after Peter had become an inmate of the cottage, we have the following epistle from Washington, addressed to the daughter of his sister Catharine from "The Roost," as he at first christened his new home: —

THE ROOST, December 10, 1836.

MY DEAR SARAH: —

. . . . I cannot tell you how happy I was to get back again to my own dear, bright little home, and leave behind me the hurry and worry and flurry of the city. I found all things going on well. Your uncle Peter had passed his time comfortably, and was altogether better in health and spirits than when we left him. He continues to improve. He says he is free from headache, and the touch of influenza is over. He is enabled, therefore, to enjoy the cozy comforts of the cottage; takes his meals regularly with me, is cheerful and conversable, and occupies himself with writing long letters to his correspondents — a sure sign that he is in good trim. . . . .

The goose war is happily terminated; Mr. Jones'* squadron has left my waters, and my feathered navy now ploughs the Tappan Sea in triumph. I cannot but attribute this great victory to the valor and good conduct of the enterprising and ambitious little duck, who seems to enjoy great power and popularity among both geese and ganders, and absolutely to be admiral of the fleet.

I am happy to inform you, that among the many other blessings brought to the cottage by the good Mr. Lawrence,† is a pig of first rate stock and lineage. It has been duly put in possession of the palace in the rear of the barn, where it is shown to every visitor with as much pride as if it was the youngest child of a family. As it is of the fair sex, and, in the opinion of the best judges, a pig of peerless beauty, I have named it

* George Jones had purchased the land adjoining his, in September, just after he had commenced his housekeeping.

† Silas Lawrence.

"Fanny." I know it is a name which, with Kate and you, has a romantic charm, and, about the cottage, everything, as old Mrs. Martling says, must be romance.

[His two nieces, with the rest of the world, had been running mad over the acting of *Fanny* Kemble.]

Imp, finding me abandoned by my womankind, has taken compassion on me, and gives me her company nearly all day long; sometimes clambering on my lap as I sit writing, at other times fondling about my feet, or stretching herself before the fire, clawing the carpet, and purring with perfect enjoyment.

I have been writing almost incessantly since my return to the cottage, so that I have scarcely been out of doors, though the weather, a part of the time, has been lovely. I wanted a companion to tempt me to long walks about the hills. Alice and John take good care of us, so that we want for nothing in the way of household comforts; but, old bachelor though I be, I cannot do without womankind about me; so come back, my darling girl, as soon as you are tired of New York, and bring whom you please with you; but Kate must at all events be here in the holidays.

It is Saturday evening. I hear a solemn though rather nasal strain of melody from my kitchen. It is the good ———, setting his mind in tune for the morrow. Thank Heaven, I have brimstoned my cider according to Uncle Natt's receipt; it would stand poor chance, otherwise, against such melody.

A few days later, he writes to his brother Ebenezer:—

All goes on well at the Roost. Brother Peter is getting quite in good feather again, and begins to crow!

You must contrive to come up soon, if it is only to see my new pig, which is a darling.

To me he writes at the same date:—

I am living most cozily and delightfully in this dear, bright little home, which I have fitted up to my own humor. Everything goes on cheerily in my little household, and I would not exchange the cottage for any chateau in Christendom. I am working, too, with almost as much industry and rapidity as I did at Hell Gate, and, I think, will more than pay for my nest, from the greater number of eggs I shall be able to hatch there.

CHAPTER XXI.

NEWSPAPER ATTACKS ON MR. IRVING.—JOSEPH SEAWELL JONES.—WILLIAM LEGGETT.—THE BOOKSELLERS' FESTIVAL.—HALLECK AND ROGERS.—LETTER TO EBENEZER IRVING.—PUBLICATION OF THE "ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN BONNEVILLE."—LOUIS NAPOLEON AT "THE ROOST."—PETER NO LONGER AN INMATE.—LETTER TO EDWARD EVERETT.—LETTERS TO GOUVERNEUR KEMBLE.—DEATH OF JOHN.—THE TAMMANY PEOPLE PROPOSE TO RUN HIM FOR MAYOR.—DECLINES.—PRESIDENT VAN BUREN OFFERS HIM THE SECRETARYSHIP OF THE NAVY.—DECLINES.

THE month of January, 1837, found Mr. Irving in his little cottage dressed off in Christmas greens, with only Peter for a housemate, who was now completely settled in it, and apparently much to his taste and humor. "We have a brilliant frosty prospect from our windows," writes Mr. Irving to me, who had expressed some fears that he was passing a solitary winter; "Tappan Bay covered with sparkling ice, and the opposite hills with snow; but everything is warm and cozy within doors." In these winter-quarters, which he found "anything but gloomy," he was exercising his pen, and "getting on briskly" with the "Adventures of Captain Bonneville," which he was intending to launch in the spring.

While thus enjoying himself in the quiet of the coun-

try, he is called upon most unexpectedly to notice two gratuitous newspaper attacks. The first censor was Mr. Joseph Seawell Jones, who had written a history of North Carolina, and had got into a controversy respecting the mutual and contested claims of Virginia and North Carolina to be the original depository of the peculiarities characteristic of the days of Sir Walter Raleigh and his Virgin Queen. In the course of the discussion, which was carried on in the columns of the "New York American," at that time edited by Charles King, afterward President of Columbia College, one of the parties brought forward, in support of his views, a quotation from a little comic sketch of Mr. Irving's, called "The Creole Village," lately contributed to an annual (the "Magnolia"*); and Mr. Jones thereupon—with what propriety I need not say—indulged in some coarse personal allusions toward his innocent and unsuspecting offender. Mr. Irving, in order that there might be no misapprehension of the circumstances under which his name had been introduced into this controversy, addressed the following letter to Mr. King:—

To the Editor of the "New York American":—

Sir,—I perceive a prolonged and angry discussion in the papers, with which my name has been strangely mingled. The manner in which I

* The *Magnolia* was edited by that brilliant but unfortunate English writer, Henry Herbert. Besides the "Creole Village," Mr. Irving contributed to this annual another piece—"The Happy Man." Both were afterward incorporated in *Wolfert's Roost*, the latter under the title of "The Contented Man."

have become implicated is this: In a trifling sketch of a French Creole village, inserted in one of the latest annuals, I observed, incidentally, that the Virginians retain peculiarities characteristic of the times of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh. By this remark, I have drawn upon me some very ungracious language from a writer of North Carolina, who charges me with a gross violation of the truth of history, and implies that I have committed an intentional wrong on his native State. Conscious of no intention to controvert any point of history; free from all disposition to do wrong or to give offense either to communities or individuals; and accustomed to observe, and to experience, the most courteous conduct in all dealings with my literary contemporaries, I was at a loss to what to attribute so indecorous an attack. I have since, however, understood that the feelings of the writer in question had previously become sore and irritable, in the course of a contest in the papers between himself and some Virginian writers, as to the claims of their respective States to certain historical associations with the names of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh; and that my innocently intended paragraph aforesaid, being quoted by one of his opponents, had drawn upon me his undiscriminating ire.

I have too great commiseration for any person laboring under a state of mental irritability, to seek to exasperate his malady; and feel nothing but regret that any casual remark of mine should have fallen upon this sore spot in the mind of your correspondent.

As, however, the writer's misconception has been reiterated in the newspapers, and as some readers may imagine that I really stand convicted of a deliberate outrage upon historical truth, and hostility to the claims of North Carolina, I beg leave simply to put on record, that I have neither part nor interest in the claims of either of the belligerent parties. The opinion expressed in my unlucky paragraph, had no sinister view with respect to North Carolina. It merely expressed a general notion as to the manners of the Virginians, and an idea that they had taken their original stamp from colonists who had lived in England in the time of Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, and had brought with them the habitudes and manners characteristic of that period.

If I am wrong in this idea, I plead ignorance, rather than submit to the imputation of willfully misstating facts; but I believe that the most accurate researches will establish the correctness of the casual remark which has brought upon me so much ire. As to the people of North Carolina, they have always partaken of that general feeling which I have toward the people of the South, which is anything but one of coldness or disrespect.

If, after this explanation, any disputatious writer should think fit to persist in resenting an imaginary offense, I shall leave him to the singular caprice of fighting shadows, and will only pray for his speedy restoration to a happier state of mind and greater courtesy of language.

Very respectfully yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

GREENBURG,* January 4, 1837.

Mr. Irving had hardly answered this attack, before he was assailed in the "Plaindealer" of January 14th. William Leggett, who conducted that able but short-lived weekly, has been described, by one who knew him, as taking a sort of pleasure in bearding public opinion. He had been for several years employed as one of the editors of the "Evening Post," and remained with the paper till 1836. During the absence, in Europe, of his editorial associate, William C. Bryant, from 1834 to 1836, the paper suffered in its finances from its extreme political course, and, soon after the poet's return to resume the position of a journalist, Mr. Leggett withdrew from the "Post," and commenced the "Plaindealer," the first number of which appeared December 3, 1836. In the seventh

* Greenburg, from which the letter bears date, is the name of the township in which the cottage is situated.

number, in an article on "Mutilating Books," the editor remarks: "Whatever be the motive, it is an unwarrantable liberty, particularly when the title page or preface gives no intimation that the work has undergone emendation or mutilation;" and afterward adds: "Liberties of this kind, taken with an author, are bad at best; and they become contemptible, when they result from that unmanly timidity which is afraid to let the public see the truth. Our respect for Washington Irving underwent a sensible diminution, when we perceived that, in supervising the republication of Bryant's poems in London, he changed a passage in the piece called 'Marion's Men,'—

> 'And the British foeman trembles,
> When Marion's name is heard,'—

in order to substitute something that might be more soothing to [English] ears than the mention of the effect which the mode of warfare practiced by the Southern partisan leader had on the British soldiers. When Mr. Irving, in publishing a book of his own, prepares one preface for his countrymen, full of *amor patriæ* and professions of American feeling, and another for the London market, in which all such professions are studiously omitted, he does what he has an undoubted right to do, whatever we may say of its spirit. But when, at the suggestion of a species of literary pusillanimity, he changes the language of poems, every word of which, as written by the author, will live long after even "Bracebridge

Hall" and "Knickerbocker" are forgotten, he shows a deficiency of manliness not calculated to raise him in our opinion, to say the least of it."

Mr. Irving first saw or heard of this article in coming to the city to attend the funeral of his old law preceptor, Judge Josiah Ogden Hoffman, who had died on the 24th of January. An attack so unmannerly — as it has been truly characterized by Mr. Evert A. Duyckinck, a fair-minded and elevated critic — and so unjust, took him entirely by surprise; and as it seemed to derive weight from the known friendship of Mr. Leggett and Mr. Bryant, and their long association as editors, he lost no time in addressing the following reply to the editor of the "Plaindealer," which I find in that paper of January 28:—

To the Editor of the "Plaindealer:"

Sir: Living, at present, in the country, and out of the way of the current literature of the day, it was not until this morning that I saw your paper of the 14th of January, or knew anything of your animadversions on my conduct and character therein contained. Though I have generally abstained from noticing any attack upon myself in the public papers, the present is one which I cannot suffer to pass in silence.

In the first place, you have censured me strongly for having altered a paragraph in the London edition of Mr. Bryant's poems; and the remarks and comparisons in which you have indulged on the occasion, would seem to imply that I have a literary hostility to Mr. Bryant, and a disposition to detract from the measure of his well-merited reputation.

The relation in which you stand to that gentleman, as his particular friend and literary associate, gives these animadversions the greater weight, and calls for a real statement of the case.

When I was last in London (I think in 1832), I received a copy of the American edition of Mr. Bryant's poems from some friend (I now forget from whom), who expressed a wish that it might be republished in England. I had not, at that time, the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Mr. Bryant, but I felt the same admiration for his poems that you have expressed, and was desirous that writings so honorable to American literature should be known to the British public, and take their merited rank in the literature of the language. I exerted myself, therefore, to get them republished by some London bookseller, but met with unexpected difficulties, poetry being declared quite unsalable since the death of Lord Byron.

At length a bookseller was induced to undertake an edition, by my engaging, gratuitously, to edit the work, and to write something that might call public attention to it. I accordingly prefixed to the volume a dedicatory letter, addressed to Mr. Samuel Rogers, in which, while I expressed my own opinion of the poems, I took occasion to allude to the still more valuable approbation which I had heard expressed by that distinguished author; thus bringing the work before the British public with the high sanction of one of the most refined critics of the day. While the work was going through the press, an objection was started to the passage in the poem of "Marion's Men": —

> "And the British foeman trembles
> When Marion's name is heard."

It was considered as peculiarly calculated to shock the feelings of British readers on the most sensitive point, seeming to call in question the courage of the nation. It was urged that common decorum required the softening of such a passage in an edition exclusively intended for the British public; and I was asked what would be the feelings of American readers, if such an imputation on the courage of their countrymen were inserted in a work presented for their approbation. These objections were urged in a spirit of friendship to Mr. Bryant, and with a view to his success, for it was suggested that this passage might be felt as a taunt or

bravado, and might awaken a prejudice against the work, before its merits could be appreciated.

I doubt whether these objections would have occurred to me, had they not been thus set forth; but, when thus urged, I yielded to them, and softened the passage in question, by omitting the adjective *British*, and substituting one of a more general signification. If this evinced "timidity of spirit," it was a timidity felt entirely on behalf of Mr. Bryant. I was not to be harmed by the insertion of the paragraph as it originally stood. I freely confess, however, that I have at all times almost as strong a repugnance to tell a painful or humiliating truth, *unnecessarily*, as I have to tell an untruth, under any circumstances To speak the truth on all occasions is the indispensable attribute of man; to refrain from uttering disagreeable truths, *unnecessarily*, belongs, I think to the character of a gentleman; neither, sir, do I think it incompatible with fair dealing, however little it may square with your notions of plain dealing.

The foregoing statement will show how I stand with regard to Mr. Bryant. I trust his fame has suffered nothing by my republication of his works in London: at any rate he has expressed his thanks to me by letter, since my return to this country. I was, therefore, I confess, but little prepared to receive a stab from his bosom friend.

Another part of your animadversions is of a much graver nature, for it implies a charge of hypocrisy and double dealing, which I indignantly repel as incompatible with my nature. You intimate, that "in publishing a book of my own, I prepare one preface for my countrymen, full of *amor patriæ* and professions of home feeling, and another for the London market, in which such professions are studiously omitted." Your inference is that these professions are hollow, and intended to gain favor with my countrymen, and that they are omitted in the London edition through fear of offending English readers. Were I indeed chargeable with such baseness, I should well merit the contempt you invoke upon my head. As I give you credit, sir, for probity, I was at a loss to think on what you could ground such an imputation, until it occurred to me that some circumstances attending the publication of my "Tour on the Prairies" might have given rise to a misconception in your mind.

It may seem strange to those intimately acquainted with my character, that I should think it necessary to defend myself from a charge of *duplicity;* but as many of your readers may know me as little as you appear to do, I must again be excused in a detail of facts.

When my "Tour on the Prairies" was ready for the press, I sent a manuscript copy to England for publication, and, at the same time, put a copy in the press at New York. As this was my first appearance before the American public since my return, I was induced, while the work was printing, to modify the introduction so as to express my sense of the unexpected warmth with which I had been welcomed to my native place, and my general feelings on finding myself once more at home, and among my friends. These feelings, sir, were genuine, and were not expressed with half the warmth with which they were entertained. Circumstances alluded to in that introduction had made the reception I met with from my countrymen doubly dear and touching to me, and had filled my heart with affectionate gratitude for their unlooked-for kindness. In fact, misconstructions of my conduct, and misconceptions of my character, somewhat similar to those I am at present endeavoring to rebut, had appeared in the public press, and, as I erroneously supposed, had prejudiced the mind of my countrymen against me. The professions, therefore, to which you have alluded, were uttered, not to obviate such prejudices, or to win my way to the good will of my countrymen, but to express my feelings after their good-will had been unequivocally manifested. While I thought they doubted me, I remained silent; when I found they believed in me, I spoke. I have never been in the habit of beguiling them by fulsome professions of patriotism, those cheap passports to public favor; and I think I might for once have been indulged in briefly touching a chord on which others have harped to so much advantage.

Now, sir, even granting I had "studiously omitted" all those professions in the introduction intended for the London market, instead of giving utterance to them after that article had been sent off, where, I would ask, would have been the impropriety of the act? What had the British public to do with those home greetings, and those assurances of gratitude and affection which related exclusively to my countrymen, and grew out

of my actual position with regard to them? There was nothing in them at which the British reader could possibly take offense; the omitting of them, therefore, could not have argued "timidity," but would have been merely a matter of good taste; for they would have been as much out of place repeated to English readers, as would have been my greetings and salutations to my family circle, if repeated out of the window, for the benefit of the passers-by in the street.

I have no intention, sir, of imputing to you any malevolent feeling in the unlooked-for attack you have made upon me: I can see no motive you have for such hostility. I rather think you have acted from honest feelings, hastily excited by a misapprehension of facts; and that you have been a little too eager to give an instance of that "plain dealing" which you have recently adopted as your war-cry. Plain dealing, sir, is a great merit, when accompanied by magnanimity, and exercised with a just and generous spirit; but if pushed too far, and made the excuse for indulging every impulse of passion or prejudice, it may render a man, especially in your situation, a very offensive, if not a very mischievous member of the community. Such I sincerely hope and trust may not be your case: but this hint, given in a spirit of caution, not of accusation, may not be of disservice to you.

In the present instance, I have only to ask that you will give this article an insertion in your paper, being intended not so much for yourself, as for those of your readers who may have been prejudiced against me by your animadversions. Your editorial position of course gives you an opportunity of commenting upon it according to the current of your feelings; and, whatever may be your comments, it is not probable that they will draw any further reply from me. Recrimination is a miserable kind of redress, in which I never indulge, and I have no relish for the warfare of the pen.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The editor of the "Plaindealer," in introducing Mr.

Irving's dignified reply to his strictures, accompanied the letter with "the most explicit exoneration of Mr. Bryant from any lot or part, directly or indirectly, in the remarks" he made concerning "what seemed to him a piece of literary pusillanimity on the part of Mr. Irving;" and added, that "candor required him to state, that on various occasions he had heard Mr. Bryant express the kindest sentiments towards Mr. Irving for the interest he took in the publication of a London edition of his poems, and for the complimentary terms in which he introduced them to the British public."

Mr. Bryant himself, however, to leave no doubt of the editor's sincerity in this exoneration, took occasion in the succeeding number of the "Plaindealer," to state explicitly that, though he would not have made the alteration, he had never complained of it, and had no doubt it was done with the kindest intentions; expressing, at the same time, with some feeling, his surprise at one or two unguarded passages in Mr. Irving's letter, as if leveled at himself. To this Mr. Irving replied through the columns of the "New York American," in a letter addressed to Mr. Bryant, expressing his deep regret that any passages in his letter to Mr. Leggett should have seemed susceptible of a construction unfavorable to him, and disavowing emphatically any suspicion or the remotest intention to insinuate that he had the least participation in the attack recently made on his character. The letter closed as follows:—

As to the alteration of a word in the London edition of your poems, which others have sought to nurture into a root of bitterness between us, I have already stated my motives for it, and the embarrassment in which I was placed. I regret extremely that it should not have met with your approbation, and sincerely apologize to you for the liberty I was persuaded to take ; a liberty I freely acknowledge the least excusable with writings like yours, in which it is difficult to alter a word without marring the beauty.

The two letters of Mr. Bryant, written after he had received a copy of the London edition of his poems, forwarded by Mr. Irving, in which he expresses his thanks to him for the kind interest he had taken in procuring the publication of his poems in England, have already been given.

It is evident from the tone of the "Plaindealer" in this attack, that its editor was infected with a notion that Mr. Irving had been too much inclined to pay court to England. It is not necessary to vindicate him from this false impression at the present day, but the question is so fully met, and the analysis of Mr. Irving's character in this particular so admirably and truly given by Mr. Bryant, in the beautiful address delivered on occasion of his death, that I cannot deny myself the pleasure of quoting from it in this connection.

After alluding to the author's agreeable pictures of English life in the "Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," and the "Tales of a Traveller," "seen under favorable lights, and sketched with a friendly pencil," he remarks :—

Let me say here, that it was not to pay court to the English that he thus described them and their country ; it was because he could not describe them otherwise. It was the instinct of his mind to attach itself to the contemplation of the good and the beautiful, wherever he found them, and to turn away from the sight of what was evil, misshapen and hateful. His was not a nature to pry for faults, or disabuse the world of good-natured mistakes ; he looked for virtue, love, and truth among men, and thanked God that he found them in such large measure. If there are touches of satire in his writings, he is the best-natured and most amiable of satirists, amiable beyond Horace ; and in his irony—for there is a vein of playful irony running through many of his works—there is no tinge of bitterness.

I rejoice for my part, that we have had such a writer as Irving to bridge over the chasm between the two great nations—that an illustrious American lived so long in England, and was so much beloved there, and sought so earnestly to bring the people of the two countries to a better understanding with each other, and to wean them from the animosities of narrow minds. I am sure that there is not a large-minded and large-hearted man in all our country, who can read over the "Sketch Book," and the other writings of Irving, and disown one of the magnanimous sentiments they express with regard to England, or desire to abate the glow of one of his warm and cheerful pictures of English life. Occasions will arise, no doubt, for saying some things in a less accommodating spirit, and there are men enough on both sides of the Atlantic who can say them ; but Irving was not sent into the world on that errand. A different work was assigned him in the very structure of his mind and the endowments of his heart—a work of peace and brotherhood ; and I will say for him, that he nobly performed it.

I now go back a little, to give the following letter of Washington to his brother Ebenezer, dated January 10, 1837, four days prior to the rude assault of the "Plain-dealer :"—

All is going on well at the cottage. Peter is in good condition and good spirits.

I have looked over the account current, and find on computing my expenses since I began housekeeping on the first of September, that I can keep on at the rate at which I have been living without any danger of *running aground*. This is very satisfactory ; for so many fears were expressed on my account, that I almost began to doubt, myself, whether I were not playing the part of the prodigal son, and wasting my substance in riotous living. I question, after all, whether the cottage will not prove in the end, the best of all my speculations.

Let me hear, by mail, about the maps.

The maps in question were designed for the work he was about to publish, entitled "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville, U. S. A., in the Rocky Mountains of the Far West. Digested from his Journal, and illustrated from various other Sources."

A few weeks later, we find this work going through the press. Peter writes from the cottage, on the 6th of March :—

Washington is in New York, superintending the printing of a new work, which will be supplementary to "Astoria," as it treats of expeditions in the same regions since that date, with an ample account of the Indian tribes and the white trappers, with details of their peculiar characters and adventurous lives beyond the Rocky Mountains. It is a picture of a singular class of people midway between the savage state and civilization, who will soon cease to exist, and be only known in such records, which will form a department of great interest in the history of our country.

The "leading theme" of these pages, however, was the expeditions and adventures of Captain Bonneville, of the United States army, "who, in a rambling kind of en-

terprise, had strangely ingrafted the trapper and hunter upon the soldier." Mr. Irving had first met this gentleman in the autumn of 1835, at the country-seat of Mr. Astor. Coming upon him afterward, in the following winter, at Washington, and finding him engaged in rewriting and extending his travelling notes, and making maps of the regions he had explored, he purchased this mass of manuscripts from him for one thousand dollars, and undertook to fit it for publication, and bring it before the world. That manuscript, which was full of interesting details of life among the mountains, and of the singular castes of races, both white and red men, among whom he had sojourned, formed the staple of the work, though other facts and details were interwoven, gathered from other sources, especially from the conversations and journals of some of the captain's contemporaries, who were actors in the scenes he describes; while to the whole he gave a tone and coloring drawn from his own observation during his tour on the prairies.

Mr. Irving obtained for the work, from his American publishers, Carey, Lea & Co., three thousand dollars, and from Bentley, in London, £900.

It was while this work was going through the press, that Mr. Irving attended a complimentary entertainment, given by the booksellers of New York to authors and other literary and distinguished men, at which Chancellor Kent, James K. Paulding, William Cullen Bryant, Fitz-Greene Halleck, Rev. Orville Dewey, Judge Irving, and

others were present. In the absence of Thomas Swords, the oldest bookseller in New York, occasioned by ill health, Mr. David Felt presided. Mr. George P. Putnam, then a youthful member of the trade, was one of the committee of arrangements and a reporter in part of the proceedings. I take from the report of the future publisher, in the "New York American," the following notice of Mr. Irving's brief remarks, which derive their chief interest from the pleasant allusion to Rogers and Halleck:—

Mr. Washington Irving, being called upon for a toast, observed that he meant to propose the health of an individual whom he was sure all present would delight to honor—of Samuel Rogers, the poet. Mr. Irving observed, that in a long intimacy with Mr. Rogers, he had ever found him an enlightened and liberal friend of America and Americans. Possessing great influence in the world of literature and the fine arts in Great Britain, from his acknowledged soundness of judgment and refinement of taste, he had often exerted it in the kindest and most gracious manner in fostering, encouraging and bringing into notice the talents of youthful American artists. He had also manifested, on all occasions, the warmest sympathy in the success of American writers, and the promptest disposition to acknowledge and point out their merits. I am led to these remarks, added Mr. Irving, by a letter received yesterday from Mr. Rogers, acknowledging the receipt of a volume of Halleck's poems which I had sent him, and expressing his opinion of their merits. Mr. Irving here read the following extract from the letter:—

"With Mr. Halleck's poems I was already acquainted, particularly with the two first in the volume, and I cannot say how much I admired them always. They are better than anything we can do just now on our side of the Atlantic [Hear, hear]. I hope he will not be idle, but continue long to delight us. When he comes here again, he must not content himself with looking on the outside of my house, as I am told he did

once, but knock and ring, and ask for me as for an old acquaintance [Cheers]. I should say, indeed, if I am here to be found; for if he or you, my dear friend, delay your coming much longer, I shall have no hope of seeing either of you on this side the grave."

Mr. Irving concluded by giving as a toast: Samuel Rogers—the friend of American genius.

The company all rose, and drank the health standing, with the greatest enthusiasm.

Notwithstanding the boding allusion to his declining years in Rogers' letter—for he was then seventy-five—it was the fortune of Mr. Irving to meet again the venerable bard "on this side the grave" more than once.

Among the memorable events of this season at the cottage, was a visit from the present Emperor of France, then simple Louis Napoleon, who, after having been a prisoner of state for some months on board of a French man-of-war, was set at liberty on our shores at Norfolk, early in the spring of 1837. From Norfolk he came immediately to New York, where he remained about two months, and then returned to Europe. It was during this interval that he made his visit to "The Roost," accompanied by a young French count, and the Rev. Charles S. Stewart, Chaplain in the Navy, and escorted by a neighbor, Mr. Anthony Constant, with whom he had been passing a day or two, and who had previously announced to Mr. Irving his intention of bringing him to breakfast. Mr. Irving enjoyed the visit, and was much interested in the peculiar position of his somewhat quiet guest, though little anticipating the dazzling career which awaited him.

At this time Peter had resumed his place in "the family hive" in New York, preferring, in his invalid state, to reconnoitre the world from a nearer and more populous point than the cottage. During the remaining fourteen months of his life he continued in the city, which furnished so much more for amusement and observation.

In the following letter to Edward Everett, Mr. Irving declines an invitation to deliver a public address: —.

GREENBURG, July 12, 1837.

DEAR SIR :—

I have to acknowledge the receipt of your favor of the 24th ult., informing me that the government of the Boston Lyceum had done me the honor to invite me to deliver the introductory address at the opening of their course for next winter. The official communication to which you advert has not come to hand, probably owing to the irregularity with which my letters are forwarded me from town. I trust, therefore, that a reply to you as President of the Institution will be sufficient. I have delayed replying earlier, in the hope that I might prevail upon myself to accept so very flattering and gratifying an invitation; but I regret to say that a shrinking repugnance to everything calculated to bring me personally before the public eye, has, by unwise indulgence, grown upon me to such a degree as to be, I fear, absolutely insurmountable. There is no gift I more envy and admire than that which enables the possessor to bring his mind to act directly upon an intelligent audience, and to arouse and delight his auditors. Did I possess this great and glorious gift, I should feel a triumph in exerting it before such an audience as that of the Lyceum: but feeling and deploring my incapacity, I can only, through you, convey to that institution my most sincere and grateful acknowledgments for the high proof they have given me of their esteem.

Accept for yourself, my dear sir, my kindest thanks for the repeated

marks of friendly consideration which I have experienced from you from time to time, and believe me, with the highest respect and regard,

Very faithfully yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Honorable EDWARD EVERETT, etc., etc., etc.

The little domain of "The Roost," originally of ten acres, afterward swelled to eighteen, now consisted of about fifteen acres — eight acres, added in the spring of 1836, having been exchanged by the author for a neighboring lot, the property of his nephew, Oscar Irving. In the succeeding year he bought fourteen additional acres, of which he soon after parted with six for the cost of the fourteen — the only fortunate speculation, as he used to say, he ever made, though the purchase of Michigan lands, in which he went shares with his friend Kemble, humorously hinted at in the following letter, must certainly claim exemption from his unlucky ventures. The letter is addressed to his old friend, then a member of the House of Representatives at Washington, and contains something like a profession of political faith — as near, perhaps, as he ever came to one; for though always keenly alive to everything that affected the interest or honor of his country, he had no party prejudices or strongly marked political opinions.

[*To Gouverneur Kemble.*]

NEW YORK, January 10, 1838.

MY DEAR KEMBLE: —

On coming to town, I found yours of the 3d instant waiting for me. Arrange with Godfrey as you think best about the payment of the land

The late hardships of the times have moderated all my towering notions. I am now perfectly resigned to fifty per cent. profit, and seven per cent. interest until paid. Nothing teaches a man better philosophy than a little experience in "castle building."

My brother, E. I., who, you know, is a wary man of business, suggests that the mortgage we are to receive should be signed by the wives of the opposite parties, if they have any, and that the buildings on the land mortgaged should be insured, and the policies assigned to us.

As to Van Buren's insinuation that I have *cut* him, I repel the monstrous charge. What! cut a President ?— turn my back upon a friend when at the height of power ? What the plague does he take me for? I always suspected he had no very high idea of my merit as a politician, but I never imagined he could think me capable of so gross a departure from the ways of the political world.

Seriously, however, I have not corresponded with Van Buren, because I did not relish some points of his policy, nor believe in the wisdom and honesty of some of his elbow counselors; yet had too great diffidence of my own judgment and experience in political matters to intrude upon him my opinions. I have for him the most hearty and sincere regard, and, if I had the arm of a Hercules, I would lift him out of the mire in which I think others are plunging him, and would place him upon firm ground; but, with my feeble and uncertain means, I should only bother where I might seek to aid.

As far as I know my own mind, I am thoroughly a republican, and attached, from complete conviction, to the institutions of my country; but I am a republican without gall, and have no bitterness in my creed. I have nc relish for puritans either in religion or politics, who are for pushing principles to an extreme, and for overturning everything that stands in the way of their own zealous career. I have, therefore, felt a strong distaste for some of those locofoco luminaries who of late have been urging strong and sweeping measures, subversive of the interests of great classes of the community. Their doctrines may be excellent in theory, but, if enforced in violent and uncompromising opposition to all our habitudes, may produce the most distressing effects. The best of

remedies must be cautiously applied, and suited to the state and constitution of the patient; otherwise, what is intended to cure, may produce convulsion. The late elections have shown that the measures proposed by Government are repugnant to the feelings and habitudes, or disastrous to the interests of great portions of our fellow-citizens. They should not then be forced home with rigor. Ours is a government of compromise. We have several great and distinct interests bound up together, which, if not separately consulted and severally accommodated, may harass and impair each other. A stern, inflexible, and uniform policy may do for a small, compact republic, like one of those of ancient Greece, where there is a unity of character, habits and interests; but a more accommodating, discriminating, and variable policy must be observed in a vast republic like ours, formed of a variety of States widely different in habits, pursuits, characters, and climes, and banded together by a few general ties.

I always distrust the soundness of political councils that are accompanied by acrimonious and disparaging attacks upon any great class of our fellow-citizens. Such are those urged to the disadvantage of the great trading and financial classes of our country. You yourself know, from education and experience, how important these classes are to the prosperous conduct of the complicated affairs of this immense empire. You yourself know, in spite of all the commonplace cant and obloquy that has been cast upon them by political spouters and scribblers, what general good faith and fair dealing prevails throughout these classes. Knaves and swindlers there are doubtless among them, as there are among all great classes of men; but I declare that I looked with admiration at the manner in which the great body of our commercial and financial men have struggled on through the tremendous trials which have of late overwhelmed them, and have endeavored, at every pecuniary sacrifice, to fulfill their engagements. Europe, after an interval of panic and distrust, is beginning to do them justice; and the faith of an American merchant, and of American moneyed institutions, is likely to take a still higher rank in foreign estimation from the recent trials it has sustained.

As to the excessive expansions of commerce, and the extravagant land speculations, which excited such vehement censure, I look upon them as

incident to that spirit of enterprise natural to a young country in a state of rapid and prosperous development; a spirit which, with all its occasional excesses, has given our nation an immense impulse in its onward career, and promises to carry it ahead of all the nations of the globe. There are moral as well as physical phenomena incident to every state of things, which may at first appear evils, but which are devised by an all-seeing Providence for some beneficent purpose. Such is the spirit of speculative enterprise which now and then rises to an extravagant height, and sweeps throughout the land. It grows out of the very state of our country and its institutions, and, though sometimes productive of temporary mischief, yet leaves behind it lasting benefits. The late land speculations, so much deprecated, though ruinous to many engaged in them, have forced agriculture and civilization into the depths of the wilderness; have laid open the recesses of primeval forests; made us acquainted with the most available points of our immense interior; have cast the germs of future towns and cities and busy marts in the heart of savage solitudes, and studded our vast rivers and internal seas with ports that will soon give activity to a vast internal commerce. Millions of acres which might otherwise have remained idle and impracticable wastes, have been brought under the dominion of the plough, and hundreds of thousands of industrious yeomen have been carried into the rich but remote depths of our immense empire, to multiply and spread out in every direction, and give solidity and strength to our great confederacy.

All this has in a great measure been effected by the extravagant schemes of land speculators. I am, therefore, inclined to look upon them with a more indulgent eye than they are considered by those violent politicians who are prescribing violent checks and counter measures, and seem to have something vindictive in their policy.

But enough of all this scribble scrabble. I shall be heartily glad if Mr. Van Buren, by his sub-treasury scheme, or any other measure, can extricate both the Government and the country from the present state of financial perplexity. For my own part, I cannot but think a national bank, properly restrained and guarded (especially as it respects dealing in foreign exchange), will, after all, be the measure most likely to suit the cur-

cumstances of the country, and restore the prosperous action of its trade. It would be a salutary check upon all minor banks, and would curb the power of Mr. Biddle, who is now getting a complete financial sway.

And now, my dear Kemble, let me have done with this "mortal coil," and thank you for your kind invitation to Washington. I should like much to visit there, if I could lounge about, a quiet and idle spectator; but I have a love of ease and tranquillity growing upon me, that makes even the bustle of gay society irksome, and which quite incapacitates me for the turmoil and excitement of a great political metropolis in a high state of fermentation. I am now in the city, on a visit to old Mr. Astor, with whom I shall probably remain for two or three weeks, and then return to my little retreat in the country, where I play the hermit without the least shadow of gloom, and from whence I peep forth upon the world without the slightest tinge of misanthropy or spleen.

Give my kindest regards to Mr. Van Buren, and tell him that though I refrain from "bestowing my tediousness" upon him in the way of advice, yet I like him just as well as if I scribbled to him by the ream; and that though I may appear to cut him now in the day of his power, yet, whenever he may retire from the Presidential chair, he shall be welcome to the easiest chair in my cottage.

With kind remembrances to your sister Mary,

Yours ever, my dear Kemble,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following is also addressed to the same correspondent, in reply to some query respecting a rumor which had reached him :—

NEW YORK, March 12, 1838.

MY DEAR KEMBLE:—

Absence from town has prevented my answering sooner your letter of the 4th instant. There is no truth in the rumor of my having consented to become a candidate for the Mayoralty. I have not even been applied to on the subject; but, if I had been, nothing could induce me to undertake an office for which I feel myself so little fitted. Besides, I value my peace

of mind too highly to suffer myself to be drawn into the vortex of New York politics; which, not to speak profanely, is a perfect Hell Gate. . . . . With kindest remembrances to your sister, I am, my dear Kemble, Yours ever,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

At the date of the foregoing extract, Washington was in the city attending at the bedside of John, who was soon after removed from him by death. This brother, about whom he had long before expressed his fears that his health would give way under the exhausting duties of his official position, was now sinking into the grave, a martyr to an overtasked mind. He expired on the 15th of March, in the fifty-eighth year of his age, after having filled with honor the position of First Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for the City and County of New York for twenty years. He was a man of perfect uprightness and great refinement of character, and enjoyed, through life, the high respect of the community. In his earlier days he had something of a literary turn, which, however, was soon quenched under the dry details of the law, and the resolute fidelity with which he gave himself up to the claims of his profession.

Some time after this, we find Mr. Irving again in his little country home, whence he writes to his sister, Mrs. Paris :—

My return to the cottage was a return to peace and tranquillity of mind. I laid awake early this morning, with the little birds singing before the window, and all my thoughts and plans were pleasant.

Yesterday I had a full deputation from Tammany Hall at the cottage, informing me that I had been unanimously and vociferously nominated as Mayor, and hoping that I would consent to be a candidate. Of course I declined.

Mr. Irving had scarcely declined this proffered nomination for an incongruous post, when he received a letter from President Van Buren, informing him of the intention of the existing Secretary of the Navy to retire, and tendering him the appointment as his successor.

I believe you to possess [writes Mr. Van Buren, with whom he had maintained intimate and friendly personal relations] in an eminent degree those peculiar qualities which should distinguish the head of that Department, and the successful and efficient employment of which is so important to this branch of the public service. This opinion has been confirmed by a full and confidential conversation with your friends Paulding and Kemble, whose judgment and sincerity I highly respect, and the former of whom is more particularly informed in regard to the services to be rendered.

Mr. Irving, however, was not to be tempted by the offer of so honorable a post in the Cabinet of the President.

Mature reflection [he writes in reply] and self-examination have served to confirm my first impulse, which was to decline your most kind and flattering offer. It is not so much the duties of the post that I fear, as I take a delight in full occupation, and the concerns of the Navy Department would be peculiarly interesting to me; but I shrink from the harsh cares and turmoils of public and political life at Washington, and feel that I am too sensitive to endure the bitter personal hostility, and the slanders and misrepresentations of the press, which beset high station in this country. This argues, I confess, a weakness of spirit and a want of true phil-

osophy; but I speak of myself as I am, not as I ought to be. Perhaps, had my ambition been directed toward official distinction, I might have become inured to the struggle; but it has lain in a different and more secluded path, and has nurtured in me habits of quiet and a love of peace of mind that daily unfit me more and more for the collisions of the world. I really believe it would take but a short career of public life at Washington to render me mentally and physically a perfect wreck, and to hurry me prematurely into old age.

CHAPTER XXII.

DEATH OF PETER. — GOSSIPINGS ABOUT THE COTTAGE. — HIS INVESTMENTS IN LANDS UNPRODUCTIVE OF REVENUE. — ENGAGES UPON THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO. — SURRENDERS THE THEME TO PRESCOTT. — CORRESPONDENCE ON THE SUBJECT. — RECEIPT OF PRESCOTT'S "HISTORY OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO." — LETTER THEREUPON.

THE cottage of Mr. Irving, from being a bachelor nest, had now assumed the character of a family mansion. It had been decided that Ebenezer should give up the house in town, and his family, heretofore fluctuating inmates of "The Roost," were now to make it their permanent home. Ebenezer and Peter still retained apartments in the city, while Washington, to quote from one of the last letters Peter was ever to write, addressed to Mrs. Irving at Toledo, "was vibrating between town and country like the pendulum of a clock." In a letter addressed to me at Toledo, at which place I remained until the following autumn, when I resumed my residence at New York, he says: —

We are cosily quartered at The Roost, and very comfortable. The season is coming out in all its beauty, and we are in the midst of birds and blossoms and flowers. I look forward with pleasure to the prospect of

seeing you and Helen at the cottage in the course of the summer, and showing you what a capital florist and horticulturist and agriculturist I am becoming. I beat all the gentleman farmers in my neighborhood, for I can manage to raise my vegetables and fruits at very little more than twice the market price.

On the 27th of June, Washington was called to meet one of the severest blows of his life in the death of his cherished brother Peter. His danger was considered imminent but a very few days. How deeply he felt this great bereavement, following so soon after the death of his brother John, the following extract from a letter to his sister, Mrs. Van Wart, dated nearly three months after, will show:—

Every day, every hour I feel how completely Peter and myself were intertwined together in the whole course of our existence. Indeed, the very circumstance of our both having never been married, bound us more closely together. The rest of the family were married, and had families of their own to engross or divide their sympathies, and to weaken the fraternal tie; but we stood in the original, unimpaired relation to each other, and, in proportion as others were weaned away by circumstances, we grew more and more together. I was not conscious this was the case while he was living, but, now that he is gone, I feel how all-important he was to me. A dreary feeling of loneliness comes on me at times, that I reason against in vain; for, though surrounded by affectionate relatives, I feel that none can be what he was to me; none can take so thorough an interest in my concerns; to none can I so confidingly lay open my every thought and feeling, and expose every fault and foible, certain of such perfect toleration and indulgence. Since our dear mother's death, I have had no one who could so patiently and tenderly bear with all my weaknesses and infirmities, and throw over every error the mantle of affection.

I have been trying, of late, to resume my pen, and, by engaging my mind in some intellectual task, to keep it from brooding over these melancholy themes; but I find it almost impossible. My literary pursuits have been so often carried on by his side, and under his eye—I have been so accustomed to talk over every plan with him, and, as it were, to think aloud when in his presence, that I cannot open a book, or take up a paper, or recall a past vein of thought, without having him instantly before me, and finding myself completely overcome. I hope and trust that, as the autumn advances, and the weather becomes cool and bracing, I shall regain something of my usual vigor of body, and with it a healthier tone of mind; at any rate, I will not trouble you again with such sad lamentations.

This extract is dated September 22d. October 24th he writes to the same sister:—

My little cottage is well stocked. I have Ebenezer's five girls, and himself also, whenever he can be spared from town—sister Catherine and her daughter—Mr. Paris occasionally—with casual visits from all the rest of our family connection. The cottage, therefore, is never lonely. It is now the beautiful autumnal season, and the weather this year is extremely fine. The summer has extended far into autumn; we have had no sharp frosts, and it is but recently that we have made fires. The foliage has its rich and variegated autumnal tints, and the wide landscape has that prevailing golden hue that gives such sober magnificence to the decline of the year. The girls live very much in the open air. The retired situation of the cottage, with its secluded walks, quiet glens, and sheltering groves, enables them to rove about without fear or restraint.

December 1st, he writes again to Mrs. Van Wart, giving her this glimpse into his domestic and literary concerns:—

You are urgent with me, my dear sister, to pay you a visit in the spring. You have no idea how completely I am rooted here. I cannot afford any more to travel. A considerable part of my means is invested in land, which on the present moment is unproductive of revenue, and I have to economize on various points, to keep from going too much behindhand. I cannot, as formerly, carry my home with me, and limit my expenses to my personal expenditure. Wherever I go, my cottage must be kept up; so that my travelling expenditures would be an additional drain on my purse. What has made me feel rather poor of late, and cautious as to extra expenses, is the circumstance that for a long time past I have been unable to exercise my pen; until at length I became despondent, and thought the vein had entirely deserted me. This, of course, would dry up my usual source of support, and throw me entirely on the income to be derived from my actual capital, which, as I have already observed, is in a great measure invested in unproductive property. Happily, within the last month, I have been once more enabled to get my pen into motion; and the effect has been more salutary on my spirits, as well as cheering to my prospects.

Mr. Irving was now busy upon the "History of the Conquest of Mexico," and it was upon this theme that he was exercising his pen. He had not only commenced the work, but had made a rough draft to form the groundwork of the first volume, when he went to New York to procure or consult some books on the subject. He was engaged in "The City Library," as it is commonly designated, though its official style is "The New York Society Library," then temporarily in Chambers Street, when he was accosted by Mr. Joseph G. Cogswell, the eminent scholar, afterward so long and honorably connected with the Astor Library. It was from this gentleman that Mr.

Irving first learned that Mr. Prescott, who had a few months before gained a proud name on both sides of the Atlantic by his "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," now had the work in contemplation upon which he had actually commenced. Cogswell first sounded him on the part of Mr. Prescott, to know what subject he was occupied upon, as he did not wish to come again across the same ground with him. Mr. Irving asked: "Is Mr. Prescott engaged upon an American subject?" "He is," was the reply. "What is it? Is it the Conquest of Mexico?" Mr. Irving rapidly asked. "It is," answered Cogswell "Well, then," said Mr. Irving, "I am engaged upon that subject, but tell Mr. Prescott I abandon it to him, and I am happy to have this opportunity of testifying my high esteem for his talents, and my sense of the very courteous manner in which he has spoken of myself and my writings in his Ferdinand and Isabella, though they interfered with a part of the subject of his history."

In a subsequent conversation, Mr. Irving learned from Mr. Cogswell that Mr. Prescott had not commenced the work, but had merely collected materials for it. He did not, however, revoke what he had said, but threw by his pen, and gave up the task on which he had been occupied during the autumn and winter.

It was not, however, without a pang that he surrendered so glorious a theme; and I think that on the same day in which he told me what I have related above, he mentioned to me that he had been looking over some

papers in the morning, and had come across his commencement of the Conquest of Mexico; that he read over what he had written, and, in a fit of vexation at having lost the magnificent theme, destroyed the manuscript.

With this preface, I introduce the following correspondence between him and Mr. Prescott, alike honorable to both parties. The first letter is from Mr. Prescott:—

Boston, December 31, 1838.

My dear Sir:—

If you will allow one to address you so familiarly, who has not the pleasure of your personal acquaintance, though he feels as if he had known you for a long time. Our friend, Mr. Cogswell, who is here on a short visit, mentioned to me a conversation which he had with you respecting the design I had formed of giving an account of the Conquest of Mexico and Peru. I hope you will excuse me if I tell you how the matter stands with me.

Soon after I had despatched their Catholic Highnesses, Ferdinand and Isabella, I found the want of my old companions in the long hours of an idle man's life; and as I looked around for something else, the history of Cortes and Pizarro struck me as the best subject, from its growing out of the period I had become familiar with, as well as from its relation to our own country. I found, too, I had peculiar facilities for getting such books and MSS. as I needed from Madrid, through the kindness of Mr. Calderon, whom you know. The only doubts on the subject I had, were respecting your designs in the same way, since you had already written the adventures of the early discoverers. I thought of writing you, to learn from you your intentions; but I was afraid it would seem impertinent in a stranger to pry into your affairs. I made inquiries, however, of several of your friends, and could not learn that you had any purpose of occupying yourself with the subject. And as you had never made any public intimation of the sort, I believe, and several years had elapsed

since your last publication of the kind, during which your attention had been directed in another channel, I concluded that you had abandoned the intention, if you had ever formed it. I therefore made up my mind to go on with it; and as I proposed to give a pretty thorough preliminary view of the state of civilization in Mexico and Peru previous to the Conquest, I determined to spare no pains or expense in collecting materials. I have remitted £300 to Madrid for the purchase and copying of books and MSS., and have also sent for Lord Kingsborough's and such other works relating to Mexico as I can get from London. I have also obtained letters to individuals in Mexico, for the purpose of collecting what may be of importance to me there. Some of the works from London have arrived, and the drafts from Madrid show that my orders are executing there. Such works as can be got here, in a pretty good collection in the College Library, I have already examined, and wait only for my books from Spain. This is the state of affairs, now that I have learned from Mr. C. that you had originally proposed to treat this same subject, and that you requested him to say to me that you should relinquish it in my favor. I cannot sufficiently express to you my sense of your courtesy, which I can very well appreciate, as I know the mortification it would have occasioned me, if, contrary to my expectations, I had found you on the ground; for I am but a dull sailer from the embarrassments I labor under, and should have found but sorry gleanings in the field which you had once thoroughly burnt over, as they say in the West. I fear the public will not feel so well pleased as myself by this liberal conduct on your part, and am not sure that I should have a right, in their eyes. to avail myself of it. But I trust you will think differently, when I accept your proffered courtesy in the same cordial spirit in which it was given. It will be conferring a still further favor on me, if you will allow me occasionally, when I may find the want of it, to ask your advice in the progress of the work. There are few persons among us who have paid much attention to these studies, and no one, here or elsewhere, so familiar as yourself with the track of Spanish adventure in the New World, and so well qualified, certainly, to give advice to a comparatively new hand. Do not fear that this will expose you to a troublesome correspondent. I have never been

addicted to much letter writing, though, from the specimen before you, I am afraid you will think those I do write are somewhat of the longest.

Believe me, dear sir, with great respect, your obliged and obedient servant,

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq.

P. S.—Will you permit me to add, that if you have any materials in your own library, bearing on this subject, that cannot be got here, and that you have no occasion for yourself, it will be a great favor if you will dispose of them to me.

Mr. Irving responded as follows :—

NEW YORK, January 18, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR :—

Your letter met with some delay in reaching me, and since the receipt of it, I have been hovering between town and country, so as to have no quiet leisure for an earlier reply.

I had always intended to write an account of the Conquest of Mexico, as a suite to my "Columbus," but left Spain without making the requisite researches. The unsettled life I subsequently led for some years, and the interruptions to my literary plans by other occupations, made me defer the undertaking from year to year. Indeed, the more I considered the subject, the more I became aware of the necessity of devoting to it great labor, patient research, and watchful discrimination to get at the truth and to dispel the magnificent *mirage* with which it is enveloped; for, unless this were done, a work, however well executed in point of literary merit, would be liable to be subverted and superseded by subsequent works founded on those documentary evidences that might (be) dug out of the chaotic archives of Spain. These considerations loomed into great obstacles in my mind, and, amid the hurry of other matters, delayed me in putting my hand to the enterprise. About three years since I made an attempt at it, and set one of my nephews to act as pioneer, and get together materials under my direction; but his own concerns called him elsewhere, and the matter was again postponed

Last autumn, after a fit of deep depression, feeling the want of something to arouse and exercise my mind, I again recurred to this subject, fearing that, if I waited to collect materials, I should never take hold of the theme; and, knowing my own temperament and habits of mind, I determined to dash into it at once, sketch out a narrative of the whole enterprise, using Solis, Herrera, and Bernal Dias as my guide books, and, having thus acquainted myself with the whole ground, and kindled myself into a heat by exercise of drafting the story, to endeavor to strengthen, correct, enrich, and authenticate my work, by materials from every source within my reach. I accordingly set to work, and had made it my daily occupation for about three months, and sketched out the groundwork for the first volume, when I learned from Mr. Cogswell that you had undertaken the same enterprise. I at once felt how much more justice the subject would receive at your hands. Ever since I had been meddling with the theme, its grandeur and magnificence had been growing upon me, and I had felt more and more doubtful whether I should be able to treat it *conscientiously* —that is to say, with the extensive research and thorough investigation which it merited. The history of Mexico prior to the discovery and conquest, and the actual state of its civilization at the time of the Spanish invasion, are questions in the highest degree curious and interesting, yet difficult to be ascertained clearly, from the false lights thrown upon them. Even the writings of Padre Sahagun perplex me as to the degree of faith to be placed in them. These themes are connected with the grand enigma that rests upon the primitive population and civilization of the American continents, and of which the singular monuments and remains scattered throughout the wilderness serve out as tantalizing indications. The manner in which you have executed your noble history of Ferdinand and Isabella gave me at once an assurance that you were the man to undertake this subject; your letter shows that I was not wrong in the conviction, and that you have already set to work on the requisite preparations. In at once yielding up the theme to you, I feel that I am but doing my duty in leaving one of the most magnificent themes in American history to be treated by one who will build up from it an enduring monument in the literature of our country. I only hope that I may live to see your work executed,

and to read in it an authentic account of that conquest, and a satisfactory discussion of the various questions connected with Mexico and the Mexicans, which since my boyhood have been full of romantic charm to me, but which while they excited my imagination, have ever perplexed my judgment.

I am sorry that I have no works to offer you that you have not in the Boston libraries. I have mentioned the authors I was making use of; they are to be found in the Boston Athenæum, though I doubt not you have them in your own possession. While in Madrid, I had a few chapters of Padre Sahagun copied out for me, relating merely to some points of the Spanish invasion. His work you will find in Lord Kingsborough's collection; it professes to give a complete account of Mexico prior to the Conquest—its public institutions, trades, callings, customs, etc., etc. Should I find among my books any that may be likely to be of service, I will send them to you. In the meantime, do not hesitate to command my services in any way you may think proper.

I am scrawling this letter in great haste, as you will doubtless perceive, but beg you will take it as a proof of the sincere and very high respect and esteem with which I am your friend and servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WM. H. PRESCOTT, Esq.

Mr. Prescott rejoins:—

BOSTON, January 25, 1839.

MY DEAR SIR:—

You will be alarmed at again seeing an epistle from me so soon; but I cannot refrain from replying to your very kind communication. I have read your letter with much interest, and, I may truly say, that part of it which animadverts on the importance of the theme, as illustrating the Mexican antiquities, with some dismay. I fear you will be sadly disappointed if you expect to see a solution, by me, of those vexed questions which have bewildered the brains of so many professed antiquaries. My fingers are too clumsy to unravel such a snarl. All I propose to do in this part of the subject, therefore, is to present to the reader such a view of the institutions and civilization of the conquered people as will interest

him in their fortunes. To do this, it will not be necessary, I hope, to involve myself in those misty speculations, which require better sight than mine to penetrate; but only to state facts, as far as they can be gathered from authentic story. For this part of the subject I have not attempted, therefore, to collect MSS., of which I suppose there is a great number in the libraries of Mexico—at least there was in Clavigero's time; but I shall content myself with the examination of such works as have been before the public, including, indeed, the compilation of Lord Kingsborough, and the great French work, "Antiquités Mexicaines," since published; the chief value of both which, I suspect, excepting the Chronicles of Sahagun in the former, consists in their pictorial illustrations. My chief object is the Conquest; and the materials I am endeavoring to collect are with the view to the exhibition of this in the most authentic light. It will give you satisfaction to learn that my efforts in Spain promise to be attended with perfect success. I received letters, last week, from Madrid, informing me that the Academy of History, at the instance of Señor Navarrete, had granted my application to have copies taken of any and all MSS. in their possession, having relation to the conquests of Mexico and Peru, and had appointed one of their body to carry this into effect. This person is a German, named Lembke, the author of a work on the early history of Spain, which one of the English journals, I remember, rapped me over the knuckles for not having seen. This learned Theban happens to be in Madrid for the nonce, pursuing some investigations of his own, and he has taken charge of mine, like a true German, inspecting everything, and selecting just what has reference to my subject. In this way he has been employed with four copyists, as he writes me, since July, and has amassed a quantity of unpublished original documents illustrative of the Mexican Conquest, which, he writes me, will place the expedition in a new and authentic light. He has already sent off two boxes of these MSS. for me to Cadiz, and is now employed in hunting up the materials relating to Peru, in which, he says, the library appears to be equally rich. I wish he may not be too sanguine, and that the MSS. may not fall into the hands of Carlists or Christinos, who would probably work them up into musket waddings in much less time than they were copying. The

specifications of MSS. furnished me by Dr. Lembke makes me feel nearly independent of Mexico, with which the communications are now even more obstructed than with Spain. I have endeavored to open them, however, through Mr. Poinsett, and through the Barings, and cannot but hope I shall succeed through one or the other channel.

I had no idea of your having looked into the subject so closely yourself, still less that you had so far broken ground on it. I regret, now, that I had not communicated with you earlier, in a direct way, as it might have saved both, or rather one of us, some previous preparation; for, during the summer and autumn, I have been occupied with the investigation of the early Mexican history, having explored all the sources within my reach here, and being stopped by the want of them. Now that I have gone so far with my preparations, I can only acknowledge your great courtesy toward me with my hearty thanks; for I know well that whatever advantages I might have acquired on the score of materials, would have been far, very far outweighed by the superiority, in all other respects, of whatever might fall from your pen. And your relinquishing the ground seems to impose on me an additional responsibility to try to make your place good, from which a stouter heart than mine may well shrink. I trust, however, in you I shall find a generous critic; and allow me to add, with sincerity, that the kind words you have said of the only child of my brain, have gratified and touched me more deeply than anything that has yet reached me from my countrymen.

Believe me, my dear sir, with sincere respect, your friend and servant,

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

WASHINGTON IRVING, Esq.

It was about five years after this correspondence, that Mr. Irving, then in Madrid, received from Mr. Prescott a copy of his "History of the Conquest of Mexico," in the Preface to which he makes public acknowledgments to him for his surrender of the subject. "I need not say," writes Mr. Irving to me, in noticing its receipt, "how

much I am delighted with the work. It well sustains the high reputation acquired by the History of Ferdinand and Isabella." Then, adverting to the terms of Mr. Prescott's handsome acknowledgment in the Preface, to which I had called his attention, he adds :—

I doubt whether Mr. Prescott was aware of the extent of the sacrifice I made. This was a favorite subject, which had delighted my imagination ever since I was a boy. I had brought home books from Spain to aid me in it, and looked upon it as the pendant to my "Columbus." When I gave it up to him, I in a manner gave him up my bread, for I depended upon the profit of it to recruit my waning finances. I had no other subject at hand to supply its place. I was dismounted from my *cheval de bataille*, and have never been completely mounted since. Had I accomplished that work, my whole pecuniary situation would have been altered. . . . . When I made the sacrifice, it was not with a view to compliments or thanks, but from a warm and sudden impulse. I am not sorry for having made it. Mr. Prescott has justified the opinion I expressed at the time, that he would treat the subject with more close and ample research than I should probably do, and would produce a work more thoroughly worthy of the theme. He has produced a work that does honor to himself and his country, and I wish him the full enjoyment of his laurels.

The plan I had intended to pursue was different from that which he has adopted. I should not have had any preliminary dissertation on the history, civilization, etc., of the natives, as I find such dissertations hurried over, if not skipped entirely, by a great class of readers, who are eager for narrative and action. I should have carried on the reader with the discoverers and conquerors, letting the newly explored countries break upon him as they did upon them; describing objects, places, customs, as they awakened curiosity and interest, and required to be explained for the conduct of the story. The reader should first have an idea of the superior civilization of the people from the great buildings and temples of stone

and lime that brightened along the coast, and "shone like silver." He should have had vague accounts of Mexico from the people on the seaboard; from the messengers of Montezuma. His interest concerning it should have increased as he went on, deriving ideas of its grandeur, power, riches, etc., from the Tlascalans, etc. Every step, as he accompanied the conquerors on their march, would have been a step developing some striking fact, yet the distance would still have been full of magnificent mystery. He should next have seen Mexico from the mountains, far below him, shining with its vast edifices, its glassy lakes, its far-stretching causeways, its sunny plain, surrounded by snow-topped volcanoes. Still it would have been vague in its magnificence. At length he should have marched in with the conquerors, full of curiosity and wonder, on every side beholding objects of novelty, indicating a mighty people, distinct in manners, arts, and civilization from all the races of the Old World. During the residence in the capital, all these matters would have been fully described and explained in connection with the incidents of the story. In this way the reader, like the conquerors, would have become gradually acquainted with Mexico and the Mexicans; and by the time the conquest was achieved, he would have been familiar with the country, without having been detained by long dissertations, so repulsive to the more indolent class of readers.

My intention also was, to study the different characters of the *dramatis personæ*, so as to bring them out in strong relief, and to have kept them, as much as possible, in view throughout the work. It is surprising how quickly distinctive characteristics may be caught from a few incidental words in old documents, letters, etc., and how the development of them and the putting them in action give life and reality to a narrative. Most of the traits that give individuality to Columbus, in my biography of him, were gathered from slightly mentioned facts in his journals, letters, etc., which had remained almost unnoticed by former writers on the subject.

However, I am running on into idle "scribble scrabble" about a matter now passed away, and which I would not utter to any one but yourself, who are becoming in a manner my father confessor. My plan might

have had an advantage in some respects: it might have thrown a more poetical interest over the work; but the plan of Mr. Prescott is superior in other respects; and I feel I never should have wrought out a work so "worthy of all acceptation," as that which he has given to the public.

The letter from which I take this extract is dated Madrid, March 24, 1844, and is marked (Private); but, now that both are gone, I have felt at liberty to give this interesting portion of its contents.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ENGAGES TO CONTRIBUTE MONTHLY TO THE "KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE."—HIS POSITION RESPECTING AN INTERNATIONAL COPY-RIGHT LAW, IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.—PRESCOTT'S VIEW.—OLD AND NEW TARRYTOWN.—PICTURE OF HIS NEIGHBORHOOD.—BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF GOLDSMITH FOR HARPER'S "FAMILY LIBRARY."—EBENEZER IRVING.—BIOGRAPHY OF MARGARET DAVIDSON.—ANECDOTE OF CLARK AND GEOFFREY CRAYON.

AVING surrendered the theme of the Conquest of Mexico, as we have seen at the close of the last chapter, Mr. Irving was induced to enter into an engagement with the proprietors of the "Knickerbocker," a magazine published in the city of New York, to contribute monthly to its pages; they agreeing upon stated payments at the rate of two thousand dollars per annum. In the March number of 1839, in which he introduces himself to the public, he holds the following language to its editor, Louis Gaylord Clark, so long associated with its fortunes:—

SIR:—

I have observed, as a man advances in life, he is subject to a kind of plethora of the mind, doubtless occasioned by the vast accumulation of wisdom and experience upon the brain. Hence he is apt to become narrative and admonitory—that is to say, fond of telling long stories and of

doling out advice, to the small profit and great annoyance of his friends. As I have a great horror of becoming the oracle, or, more technically speaking, the "bore" of the domestic circle, and would much rather bestow my wisdom and tediousness upon the world at large, I have always sought to ease off this surcharge of the intellect by means of my pen, and hence have inflicted divers gossiping volumes upon the patience of the public. I am tired, however, of writing volumes: they do not afford exactly the relief I require; there is too much preparation, arrangement, and parade in this set form of coming before the public. I am growing too indolent and unambitious for anything that requires labor or display. I have thought, therefore, of securing to myself a snug corner in some periodical work, where I might, as it were, loll at my ease in my elbow-chair, and chat sociably with the public, as with an old friend, on any chance subject that might pop into my brain.

Few would imagine from the tone of this extract, at what expense of feeling he had just given up the task of "writing volumes," and bound himself to the irksome obligations of periodical labor. To have to draw upon a capricious fancy once a month for an article, was not a position he would have sought, but for the necessity pressing upon him for additional income. Irksome as the task was, however, and notwithstanding the returns were less prompt than he had anticipated, his good-will to the magazine induced him to continue his connection with it for two years. He brought it to an end in March, 1841, with the article of "Don Juan: a Spectral Research." A majority of his contributions to the "Knickerbocker," including this article, were long afterward collected by him, and incorporated in a little volume,

published in 1855, entitled "Wolfert's Roost," the extraordinary sale of which made ample amends for any shortcomings of the magazine.

The most felicitous, perhaps, of all his contributions to this periodical, was "The Birds of Spring," in the May number of 1839, containing the exquisite sketch of "The Bobolink," which was extracted into almost every paper in the Union.

In January, 1840, Mr. Irving addressed the following letter to the editor of the "Knickerbocker," in which he defines his position on the subject of an international copy-right law, so long and so ineffectually pressed upon Congress: —

To the Editor of the Knickerbocker: —

Sir, — Having seen it stated more than once, in the public papers, that I declined subscribing my name to the petition presented to Congress during a former session, for an act of international copy-right, I beg leave, through your pages, to say, in explanation, that I declined, not from any hostility or indifference to the object of the petition, in favor of which my sentiments have always been openly expressed, but merely because I did not relish the phraseology of the petition, and because I expected to see the measure pressed from another quarter. I wrote about the same time, however to members of Congress, in support of the application.

As no other petition has been sent to me for signature, and as silence on my part may be misconstrued, I now, as far as my name may be thought of any value, enroll it among those who pray most earnestly to Congress for this act of international equity. I consider it due, not merely to foreign authors, to whose lucubrations we are so deeply indebted

for constant instruction and delight, but to our own native authors, who are implicated in the effects of the wrong done by our present laws.

For myself, my literary career as an author is drawing to a close, and cannot be much affected by any disposition of this question; but we have a young literature springing up, and daily unfolding itself with wonderful energy and luxuriance, which, as it promises to shed a grace and lustre upon the nation, deserves all its fostering care. How much this growing literature may be retarded by the present state of our copy-right law, I had recently an instance in the cavalier treatment of a work of merit written by an American, who had not yet established a commanding name in the literary market. I undertook, as a friend, to dispose of it for him, but found it impossible to get an offer from any of our principal publishers. They even declined to publish it at the author's cost, alleging that it was not worth their while to trouble themselves about native works of doubtful success, while they could pick and choose among the successful works daily poured out by the British press, *for which they had nothing to pay for copy-right.* This simple fact spoke volumes to me, as I trust it will do to all who peruse these lines. I do not mean to enter into the discussion of a subject that has already been treated so voluminously. I will barely observe, that I have seen few arguments advanced against the proposed act, that ought to weigh with intelligent and high-minded men; while I have noticed some that have been urged, so sordid and selfish in their nature, and so narrow in the scope of their policy, as almost to be insulting to those to whom they are addressed.

I trust that, whenever this question comes before Congress, it will at once receive an action prompt and decided, and will be carried by an overwhelming, if not unanimous vote, worthy of an enlightened, a just, and a generous nation. Your obedient servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Not a month before the publication of this letter, in which Mr. Irving commits himself so decidedly to the justice of an international copy-right law, as due alike to

foreign and native authors, Mr. Prescott had written to him from Boston that, if anything was to be done in the matter, he was the one who, from his literary position in the country, should take the lead in it. In this letter the historian, in reference to a projected copy-right bill to be brought in by Mr. Clay at that session of Congress, says: —

> Whether anything effectual can be done, seems to me very doubtful. Such a law is certainly demanded by every principle of justice. But I suspect it is rather late in the day to talk of justice to statesmen. At all events, one of those newspapers, which they are now turning out every week here, and which contain an octavo volume each, of the new publications, at sixpence apiece, will, I am afraid, be too cogent an argument in favor of the present state of things, to be refuted by the best memorial ever drafted.

In the letter from which I take the above extract, Mr. Prescott informs Mr. Irving that he was the possessor of a copy of the "Sketch Book" which had been owned by Sir James Mackintosh, and had his pencillings in the margin.

In April, 1840, Mr. Irving writes me, on renewing his yearly arrangement with the "Knickerbocker," then behindhand in its payments: "I am convinced that, by exercising my pen in my former independent way, and taking my time to collect my writings into volumes, I should make much more money eventually, and escape a monthly recurring task."

It is worthy of mention, in connection with this allusion

to the "Knickerbocker," that he had just given to the magazine his skillful contribution, entitled "A Time of Unexampled Prosperity: The Great Mississippi Bubble," afterward published in "Wolfert's Roost." He had written feelingly on the subject, for he himself was now suffering the embarrassment arising from investments made in just such a time of fictitious prosperity and unreal fortunes.

A year later he writes in reference to the disastrous results of this spirit of speculation in Western lands, which swept the country in 1836:—

We are gradually getting through this "valley of the shadow of death," which the whole busy world has had for some few years past to traverse, and I am in hopes that the severe lessons received this time will be held in remembrance, and have a wholesome effect for the residue of our existence. The world at large is suffering the penalty of its own avarice; for avarice for a time was as extensive and deleterious in its sway as the cholera. Every one was seized with the mania of becoming suddenly rich; and, in yielding to the frantic impulse, has impoverished himself. The only consolation to each individual sufferer is, that he is not worse off than most of his neighbors. It has been a mania, too, that has affected the most knowing as well as the most simple minded; indeed, some of the shrewdest calculators have been the most taken in.

November 25th, 1840, after having contributed to the "Knickerbocker" Sketches in Paris in 1825, from the Travelling Note Book of Geoffrey Crayon," he writes to his sister, Mrs. Van Wart:—

If times ever again come smooth and flush with me, so that I can command a decent income independent of the irksome fagging of my pen, I

shall think nothing of an occasional trip across the Atlantic, now that steam has made the voyage short and commodious; but cares and claims multiply upon me as I advance in years.

Then follows this agreeable picture of the neighborhood in which he had fixed his residence, so much changed from the "old Tarrytown" of his correspondent's recollection:—

I find, by your correspondence with sister Catherine, that she gives you many details of our country neighborhood and circle, and that you take great interest in everything relating to "old Tarrytown." You would scarcely recognize the place, however, it has undergone such changes. These have in a great degree taken place since I have pitched my tent in the neighborhood. My residence here has attracted others; cottages and country seats have sprung up along the banks of the Tappan Sea, and Tarrytown has become the metropolis of quite a fashionable vicinity. When you knew the village it was little better than a mere hamlet, crouched down at the foot of a hill, with its dock for the accommodation of the weekly market sloop. Now it has mounted the hill; boasts of its hotels, and churches of various denominations; has its little Episcopalian church with an organ—the gates of which, on Sundays, are thronged with equipages belonging to families resident within ten or a dozen miles along the river banks. We have, in fact, one of the most agreeable neighborhoods I ever resided in. Some of our neighbors are here only for the summer, having their winter establishments in town; others remain in the country all the year. We have frequent gatherings at each other's houses, without parade or expense, and I do not know when I have seen more delightful little parties, or more elegant little groups of females. We have, occasionally, excellent music, for several of the neighborhood have been well taught, have good voices, and acquit themselves well both with harp and piano: and our parties always end with a dance. We have picnic parties also, sometimes in some inland valley, or piece of wood, sometimes on the

banks of the Hudson, where some repair by land, and others by water. You would be delighted with these picturesque assemblages, on some wild woodland point jutting into the Tappan Sea, with gay groups on the grass under the trees; carriages glistening through the woods; a yacht with flapping sails and fluttering streamers anchored about half a mile from shore, and rowboats plying to and from it, filled with lady passengers. Country life with us, at present, is very different from what it was in your youthful days. There is more of morning visiting, like in country life in England; still it differs essentially from English rural life. The nature of our climate influences our habits. We have so much sunshine and fine warm weather during the genial months of the year, that we live more out of doors, and in a more free and unceremonious style. Our very winters, though sometimes intensely cold, are brilliant and beautiful from the purity of the atmosphere and the prevalence of sunshine. For my part, I am almost a worshipper of the sun. I have lived so much of my life in climates where he was all-powerful, that I delight in his vivifying effect on the whole face of nature, and his gladdening influence on all animate creation. In no climate within the range of my experience is sunshine more beautiful in its effect on landscape than in this, owing to the transparency of the atmosphere, and, at the same time, the variety of the clouds with which our skies are diversified. To my mind, neither Spanish nor Italian skies, so bright and cloudless, can compare with ours, forever shifting in their tints, and at times so gorgeous with their floating regions of "cloud-land."

To the same sister he gives the following picture of the holidays, under date of December 26th :—

We have had a pleasant Christmas gathering at the cottage. The day was bright and sunny, but the weather changed in the night, and now a snow-storm is prevailing, which promises to be a severe one. This, however, is rather a welcome event in the country, as it produces fine sleighing, and sets all the country in movement. I know nothing more exhilarating than the first sleigh rides; skimming over the sparkling snow, the

air so pure and bracing, the sunshine so splendid; the very horses seem to share your animation and delight, and dash forward merrily to the jingling of the sleigh-bells.

Mr. Irving had recently written a biography of Goldsmith for Harper's "Family Library," which was intended merely as a sketch to accompany a collection or selection of his writings. He afterward, as will be seen, prepared another, which is now known as his best and only biography of his favorite author.

The following letter to Mrs. Van Wart has some allusion to this sketch of Goldsmith, and touches also upon another interesting biography upon which he had been employed during his engagement with the "Knickerbocker." It opens, as will be seen, with a notice of the prolonged absence from the cottage of Ebenezer, his only surviving brother, whose character is feelingly portrayed:—

It is now nearly a month since brother Ebenezer has been at the cottage. I have never known him to be so long absent before, unless when on a journey. Business has detained him in town. . . . . I think him one of the most perfect exemplifications of Christian character that I have ever known. He has all his father's devotion and zeal, without his strictness. Indeed, his piety is of the most genial and cheerful kind, interfering with no rational pleasure or elegant taste, and obtruding itself upon no one's habits, opinions, or pursuits. I wish to God I could feel like him. I envy him that indwelling source of consolation and enjoyment, which appears to have a happier effect than all the maxims of philosophy or the lessons of worldly wisdom.

I promised, in a late letter, to send you a copy of my biography of Gold-

smith, recently published. I have not been to town since, but when I do go, I will procure a copy and forward it. In the spring I shall publish a biography of Miss Margaret Davidson, with her posthumous writings. She was a sister of Lucretia Davidson, whose biography * you may have read—a lovely American girl, of surprising precocity of poetical talent, who died at the age of seventeen or eighteen. The one whose biography I have just written died a year or two since, between fifteen and sixteen years old. I saw her when she was about eleven years old, and again when about fourteen. She was a beautiful little being, as bright and as fragile as a flower, and like a flower she has passed away. Her poetical effusions are surprising, and the spirit they breathe is heavenly. I think you will find her biography one of the most affecting things you have ever read. It is made up in a great degree from memorandums furnished by her mother, who is of almost as poetical a temperament as her children. The most affecting passages of the biography are quoted literally from her manuscript. You may recollect the family of Mrs. Davidson; she is one of a number of sisters—very beautiful girls—of the name of Miller, who, in your younger days, lived in Maiden Lane.

Mr. Irving transferred to the mother the copyright of the biography of Margaret Davidson, reserving merely the right to publish it at any time in connection with his other writings. The success which it met with he was not disposed to attribute to any merit of his, but to the extreme interest and pathos of the materials placed in his hands.

It was during his engagement with the "Knickerbocker," now about to close, that its editor, Clark, made the visit to Mr. Irving of which he has given a published ac-

* Written by Miss Catherine Sedgwick.

count. The little brook on the place had lately broken bounds, and he found him engaged in making, as his host expressed it, "a dam and some other profane improvements." In the afternoon they drove out together in an open one-horse carriage, to explore the wizard region of Sleepy Hollow. A sudden and violent shower coming up, accompanied with thunder and lightning, Mr. Irving stopped the horse, and took refuge under a large tree, leaning against the trunk, where, however, he soon became thoroughly drenched. All this while Clark was standing out in the pouring rain. "Why don't you come under a tree," asked Mr. Irving, facetiously, "and be dry and comfortable like me?" Clark excused himself on the ground that his father had once taken refuge from a sudden thunder shower under a spreading chestnut tree, which was struck, his father prostrated and rendered insensible for four hours; and that on his recovery he gave him an injunction never to stand under a tree, in an open field, in a thunder storm. "O!" replied Mr. Irving, with a look in which you could see the humorous thought before he gave expression to it, "that makes all the difference in the world. If it is hereditary, and lightning runs in your family, you are wise."

CHAPTER XXIV.

LETTER FROM DICKENS—ALBERT GALLATIN.—VISITS IN THE HIGHLANDS.—THE "LIFE OF WASHINGTON" BEGUN.—THE DICKENS DINNER.—LETTER FROM BOZ.—EMBARKATION AND FAREWELL.

IN April, Mr. Irving addressed a letter to Charles Dickens, "expressing his heartfelt delight in his writings, and his yearnings toward himself." He had never seen "the glorious fellow," as he styles him at the time, for he was yet in his minority when he left England, but he had read his productions with warm admiration as they had since appeared, and on the perusal of one of them he could no longer repress his desire to testify to the author his delighted interest in the story and his high appreciation of his genius. I have not the letter, but the following is Dickens's glowing reply:—

MY DEAR SIR:—

There is no man in the world who could have given me the heartfelt pleasure you have, by your kind note of the 13th of last month. There is no living writer, and there are very few among the dead, whose approbation I should feel so proud to earn. And with everything you have written upon my shelves, and in my thoughts, and in my heart of hearts, I may honestly and truly say so. If you could know how earnestly I write this, you would be glad to read it—as I hope you will be, faintly guessing

at the warmth of the hand I autobiographically hold out to you over the broad Atlantic.

I wish I could find in your welcome letter some hint of an intention to visit England. I can't. I have held it at arm's length, and taken a bird's-eye view of it, after reading it a great many times, but there is no greater encouragement in it this way than on a microscopic inspection. I should love to go with you—as I have gone, God knows how often—into little Britain, and Eastcheap, and Green Arbor Court, and Westminster Abbey. I should like to travel with you, outside the last of the coaches, down to Bracebridge Hall. It would make my heart glad to compare notes with you about that shabby gentleman in the oilcloth hat and red nose, who sat in the nine-cornered back parlor of the Masons' Arms ; and about Robert Preston, and the tallow chandler's widow, whose sitting-room is second-nature to me ; and about all those delightful places and people that I used to walk about and dream of in the day-time, when a very small and not over-particularly-taken-care-of boy. I have a good deal to say, too, about that dashing Alonzo de Ojeda, that you can't help being fonder of than you ought to be; and much to hear concerning Moorish legend, and poor unhappy Boabdil. Diedrich Knickerbocker I have worn to death in my pocket, and yet I should show you his mutilated carcass with a joy past all expression.

I have been so accustomed to associate you with my pleasantest and happiest thoughts, and with my leisure hours, that I rush at once into full confidence with you, and fall, as it were, naturally, and by the very laws of gravity, into your open arms. Questions come thronging to my pen as to the lips of people who meet after long hoping to do so. I don't know what to say first, or what to leave unsaid, and am constantly disposed to break off and tell you again how glad I am this moment has arrived.

My dear Washington Irving, I cannot thank you enough for your cordial and generous praise, or tell you what deep and lasting gratification it has given me. I hope to have many letters from you, and to exchange a frequent correspondence. I send this to say so. After the first two or three I shall settle down into a connected style, and become gradually rational.

You know what the feeling is, after having written a letter, sealed it, and sent it off. I shall picture you reading this, and answering it before it has lain one night in the post office. Ten to one that before the fastest packet could reach New York I shall be writing again.

Do you suppose the post office clerks care to receive letters? I have my doubts. They get into a dreadful habit of indifference. A postman, I imagine, is quite callous. Conceive his delivering one to himself, without being startled by a preliminary double knock!

Always your faithful friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

In July I find him among the Highlands on a visit to his friend, Gouverneur Kemble—a visit somewhat saddened by the recent death of that gentleman's sister, Gertrude, the wife of James K. Paulding, whose image was linked with the familiar scene. It is to her that the extract which follows, from a letter to his niece, Mrs. Storrow, who had recently married and was now residing in Paris—makes the brief and touching allusion. West, his companion in the visit, was William E. West, the amiable American artist, whose likeness of Lord Byron had made him famous.

I arrived here the evening before last, in company with Mr. West. We had a splendid evening's voyage through the Highlands, which looked to me more magnificent than ever. I found Mr. Kemble's house a real "bachelor's hall," having no longer a lady to preside there. . . . . The glorious being who used to grace and gladden this little mansion with her presence is gone forever! I cannot express to you how dreary I have occasionally felt since I have been here.

I give this further extract from the same letter, for its

interesting allusion to the venerable Albert Gallatin, then long withdrawn from public life:

> The day before I left the cottage I dined at the Sheldon's, to meet Mr. and Mrs. Gallatin (the old people), who were on a visit there. Mr. George Jones was the only guest besides myself from the neighborhood. We had a very cheerful dinner. Mr. Gallatin was in fine spirits, and full of conversation. He is upward of eighty, yet has all the activity and clearness of mind and gayety of spirits of a young man. How delightful it is to see such intellectual and joyous old age; to see life running out clear and sparkling to the last drop! With such a blessed temperament, one would be content to linger and spin out the last thread of existence.

From Kemble's, Mr. Irving proceeded to visit his friend, Henry Brevoort, who had taken the old Beverley House in the Highlands, which formerly belonged to the family of the Robinsons, and was associated with the history of the Arnold treason. It was distant about five miles from the residence of Gouverneur Kemble. It was while here that he was unexpectedly tempted to accompany the directors of the Delaware and Hudson Canal, of whom Brevoort was one, in their annual visit of examination. "I do not know," he writes, "when I have made a more gratifying excursion, with respect to natural scenery, or more interesting from the stupendous works of art." He did not gain in health, however, by the exposures of this wild expedition into the mining regions of Pennsylvania. "I returned home completely out of order," he writes, "and in the course of three or four days my indisposition terminated in a violent fever." By the first of September

his malady had passed away, and he began to be himself again.

On the 7th of December, after having spent a fortnight in town, he writes to his niece in Paris :—

> I have stayed until to-day, to be present at the anniversary of the St. Nicholas Society, which went off yesterday in great style. The dinner was more numerously attended than on any former occasion. We had Lord Morpeth there, who of late has been the universal guest. He made a very neat speech on the occasion. My health was drunk in the course of the evening, and I was absolutely hurried upon my legs to make a speech, but, agitated and abashed as usual, and overcome by the prolonged and deafening testimonials of good-will, I blundered through two or three indistinct sentences, and sat down amidst thundering applause. I never shall figure as an orator.

Toward the close of the same month he acknowledges the receipt of some books which had been procured for him from Paris. "They are very rare works," he remarks, "not to be met with in this country, but indispensable to a work which I have in contemplation."

The work he had in contemplation was his "Life of Washington," upon which he had actually commenced and got fairly under way, when he received the appointment of Minister to Spain — an honor totally unsought and unlooked-for by himself and his friends. It was on the 10th of February, in the city of New York, where he had been passing the winter, that he first heard of his nomination. "Washington Irving," said Daniel Webster, the distinguished Secretary of State, when he supposed a sufficient time had elapsed for him to have received the tidings of

his nomination, "Washington Irving is now the most astonished man in the city of New York." I saw him at my office within an hour after he had received the news, and he had not yet got over the surprise and excitement of this unexpected event. Yet, as he paced up and down, revolving the prospect of a separation from home and home scenes, he appeared less impressed with the distinction conferred, than alive to the pain of such an exile. "It is hard — very hard," he half murmured to himself, half said to me; "yet," he added, whimsically enough, being struck with the seeming absurdity of such a view, "I must try and bear it. *God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.*"

At a later period, and in a different mood, he spoke of this appointment to me as "the crowning honor of his life;" yet I am persuaded he would have declined it, but for a confident belief that a diplomatic residence at Madrid need work no interruption to his "Life of Washington," the literary task upon which he had now set his heart.

The following letter was written after he had been dubiously balancing the pros and cons for a time in my presence, and had concluded by a determination to accept. It is addressed to his brother Ebenezer at Sunnyside, now his home; his growing deafness and advancing years disqualifying him for further active occupation in the city.

New York, February 10, 1842.

My dear Brother: —

I have been astounded, this morning, by the intelligence of my having been nominated to the Senate as Minister to Spain. The nomination, I

presume, will be confirmed. Nothing was ever more unexpected. It was perfectly unsolicited.

I have determined to accept. . . . .

In the following unofficial letter from Mr. Webster we find that the appointment had taken place: —

WASHINGTON, February 14, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR: —

You will have heard of your nomination and appointment as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Court of Madrid. I assure you it gives me pleasure to have been instrumental in calling you to so distinguished a post in the public service. If a gentleman of more merit and higher qualifications had presented himself, great as is my personal regard for you, I should have yielded it to higher considerations.

The time of your departure from this country will be left to your own convenience. We have some confidential subjects, depending between the United States and Spain, in regard to which it would be well that you would confer with the Department, before you repair to your post.

I am, truly and cordially, yours,

DANIEL WEBSTER.

The suggestion of this appointment, however readily it may have been adopted by the President, John Tyler, originated with Mr. Webster, who, in the first month of his Secretaryship, had been agitating Mr. Irving's name for a diplomatic post. The sudden death of the President, General Harrison, very probably effected a change in his views at that time, but his purpose would seem, from this evidence, to have remained. Mr. Irving's old friend, William C. Preston, then a Senator of the United States from South Carolina, is also linked in this testimo-

nial. "I have rarely performed," writes that gentleman in a letter to Gouverneur Kemble now before me, dated February 18th, "an official duty with more pleasure than that of reporting Irving from the Committee of Foreign Relations, and moving his confirmation. Such things make pleasant little green spots amid our wearisome pitching and tossing here. It was very gratifying, the cordial feeling manifested on both sides of the Senate."

The following is his letter of acceptance: —

New York, February 18, 1842.

The Hon. Daniel Webster, *Secretary of State, Washington:* —

Sir,—I accept, with no common feelings of pride and gratitude, the honorable post offered me by the Government, of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Spain. It will take some little time for me to arrange my affairs preparatory to so sudden and unexpected a change of position and pursuits, but I trust to be ready to depart early in April, previous to which time I will visit Washington, to receive my instructions. I am, sir, very respectfully yours,

Washington Irving.

Previous to the date of this formal acceptance, Mr. Irving had intimated a desire to have Mr. Joseph G. Cogswell appointed as Secretary of the Legation. "He is a gentleman," he wrote, "with whom I am on terms of confidential intimacy, and I know no one who, by his various acquirements, his prompt sagacity, his knowledge of the world, his habits of business, and his obliging disposition, is so calculated to give me that counsel, aid, and

companionship so important in Madrid, where a stranger is more isolated than in any other capital of Europe."

It was an object of great solicitude to him to get the right person for this important and confidential relation; but just as he had succeeded in procuring the appointment for Cogswell, Mr. John Jacob Astor, finding that he was likely to lose the invaluable services of this gentleman in organizing the Astor Library, made him librarian of that embryo institution; and Mr. Irving, unwilling to stand in the way of a selection so admirable and of so much public importance, set about procuring the appointment of another in his place. His personal comfort and happiness were somewhat at stake in this matter, and it was a little doubtful whether he could get his inclinations consulted in another choice. He was most fortunate, however, in accomplishing the appointment of Alexander Hamilton, Jr., for the post; though not without some political scruples on the part of Mr. Tyler, which were finally yielded to a conviction of his fitness for the place, and a disposition to oblige the newly appointed Minister.

Taking no lady with him to preside over his bachelor establishment at Madrid, his Secretary of Legation and two young gentlemen, Hector Ames, a son of Barrett Ames, of the city of New York, and J. Carson Brevoort, a son of his old friend, Henry Brevoort, would comprise his diplomatic family — the two last as attachés.

It was just when Mr. Irving had received the appointment of Minister to Spain, that Charles Dickens made

his first appearance in New York, having arrived shortly before at Boston.

The genial and lamented Felton, at this date Professor, afterward President of Harvard University, was visiting New York at the same time; and after the death of Mr. Irving, in his remarks before the Massachusetts Historical Society, in paying his tribute to his memory, gives the following characteristic picture of their intercourse at that period: —

The time when I saw the most of Mr. Irving was the winter of 1842, during the visit of Charles Dickens in New York. I had known this already distinguished writer in Boston and Cambridge, and while passing some weeks with my dear and lamented friend, Albert Sumner. I renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Dickens, often meeting him in the brilliant society which then made New York a most agreeable resort. Halleck, Bryant, Washington Irving, Davis, and others scarcely less attractive by their genius, wit and social graces, constituted a circle not to be surpassed anywhere in the world. I passed much of the time with Mr. Irving and Mr. Dickens; and it was delightful to witness the cordial intercourse of the young man, in the flush and glory of his fervent genius, and his elder compeer, then in the assured possession of immortal renown. Dickens said, in his frank, hearty manner, that from his childhood he had known the works of Irving; and that, before he thought of coming to this country, he had received a letter from him, expressing the delight he felt in reading the "Story of Little Nell:" and from that day they had shaken hands *autographically* across the Atlantic. Great and varied as was the genius of Mr. Irving, there was one thing he shrank with a comical terror from attempting, and that was *a dinner speech*. A great dinner, however, was to be given to Mr. Dickens in New York, as one had already been given in Boston; and it was evident to all that no man but Washington Irving could be thought of to preside. With all his

dread of making a speech, he was obliged to obey the universal call, and to accept the painful preëminence. I saw him daily during the interval of preparation, either at the lodgings of Dickens, or at dinner or evening parties. I hope I showed no want of sympathy with his forebodings, but I could not help being amused with the tragi-comical distress which the thought of that approaching dinner had caused him. His pleasant humor mingled with the real dread, and played with the whimsical horrors of his own position with an irresistible drollery. Whenever it was alluded to, his invariable answer was, "I shall certainly break down!"—uttered in a half-melancholy tone, the ludicrous effect of which it is impossible to describe. He was haunted, as if by a nightmare; and I could only compare his dismay to that of Mr. Pickwick, who was so alarmed at the prospect of leading about that "dreadful horse" all day. At length the long-expected evening arrived; a company of the most eminent persons, from all the professions and every walk of life, were assembled, and Mr. Irving took the chair. I had gladly accepted an invitation, making it, however, a condition that I should not be called upon to speak—a thing I then dreaded quite as much as Mr. Irving himself. The direful compulsions of life have since helped me to overcome, in some measure, the post-prandial fright. Under the circumstances—an invited guest, with no impending speech—I sat calmly, and watched with interest the imposing scene. I had the honor to be placed next but one to Mr. Irving, and the great pleasure of sharing in his conversation. He had brought the manuscript of his speech, and laid it under his plate. "I shall certainly break down," he repeated over and over again. At last the moment arrived. Mr. Irving rose, and was received with deafening and long-continued applause, which by no means lessened his apprehension. He began in his pleasant voice; got through two or three sentences pretty easily, but in the next hesitated; and, after one or two attempts to go on, gave it up, with a graceful allusion to the tournament, and the troops of knights all armed and eager for the fray; and ended with the toast, "Charles Dickens, the guest of the nation." "There!" said he, as he resumed his seat under a repetition of the applause which had saluted his rising; "there! I told you I should break down, and I've done it."

There certainly never was made a shorter after-dinner speech; I doubt if there ever was a more successful one. The manuscript seemed to be a dozen or twenty pages long, but the printed speech was not as many lines. I suppose that manuscript may be still in existence; and if so, I wish it may be published.* Mr. Irving often spoke with a good-humored envy of the felicity with which Dickens always acquitted himself on such occasions.

The following letter is addressed to his brother from Washington, where he and "Boz" had gone shortly after the Dickens dinner:—

[*To Ebenezer Irving.*]

WASHINGTON, March 16, 1842.

MY DEAR BROTHER:—

My reception in Washington, by all persons and parties, has been of the most gratifying kind. The government seems disposed to grant me every indulgence as to the time and mode of my embarkation, my route, etc. I shall remain here until some time in the early part of next week, to read the correspondence and documents connected with my mission, and to make myself acquainted with the affairs of the legation, after which I shall return home to make my final preparations for departure.

I dined with Mr. Granger yesterday; Mr. Webster to-day; I dine to-morrow with Mr. Preston, of the Senate, the next day with the President, and on Saturday with Mr. Tayloe; so you see I am launched in a complete round of dissipation. Last evening I was at the President's *levee*—a prodigious crowd. I set out to walk, with Julia S. on my arm, but was penned up against the wall, and for an hour had to stand shaking hands with man, woman and child from all parts of the Union, who took a notion to *lionize* me. I thought I had become so old a story as to be past

* The manuscript, which consisted, no doubt, only of notes or hints, was probably destroyed at the time.—ED.

all such bozzing, but they seem to think me brought out in a new edition at Washington. . . . .

In the following we have a further glimpse of Boz and Diedrich:—

[*Charles Dickens to Washington Irving.*]

WASHINGTON, Monday afternoon, March 21, 1842.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

We passed through—literally passed through—this place again to-day. I did not come to see you, for I really have not the heart to say "good-by" again, and felt more than I can tell you when we shook hands last Wednesday.

You will not be at Baltimore, I fear? I thought at the time, that you only said you might be there, to make our parting the gayer.

Wherever you go, God bless you! What pleasure I have had in seeing and talking with you, I will not attempt to say. I shall never forget it as long as I live. What *would* I give, if we could have but a quiet week together! Spain is a lazy place, and its climate an indolent one. But if you have ever leisure under its sunny skies to think of a man who loves you, and holds communion with your spirit oftener, perhaps, than any other person alive—leisure from listlessness, I mean—and will write to me in London, you will give me an inexpressible amount of pleasure.

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Seventeen days later, when his departure was close at hand, he addresses the following letter to his niece, Sarah Irving, at his cottage:—

NEW YORK, April 7, 1842.

MY DEAR SARAH:—

I have given Pierre M. Irving a full power of attorney to act in my name, and have made arrangements with him for the conduct of my pecuniary affairs. . . . .

And now, my dear, good little girl, God bless you ! You have been like a daughter, and an affectionate one, to me, and so have all your sisters ; and have, by your kind attentions, made the years I have lived among you one of the happiest portions of my life. In a little while we shall come together again, I trust, and then we will have merry times at sweet little Sunnyside.

With my love to all the flock, your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

On the 10th of April he embarked for Liverpool with fine weather and fair wind.

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. IRVING IN LONDON. — LEVEE. — RECEPTION AT COURT. — MEETING OF OLD ACQUAINTANCES. — ROGERS. — LESLIE. — JAMES BANDINEL. — MONASTIC SECLUSION IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY. — ANNIVERSARY DINNER OF THE LITERARY FUND. — THE QUEEN'S GRAND FANCY BALL. — AT PARIS. — LETTER TO MRS. PARIS. — PRESENTMENT TO LOUIS PHILIPPE AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL FAMILY AT NEUILLY.

THE following letter gives the first tidings of the author's arrival in England :—

[*To Mrs. Paris, at Tarrytown.*]

MY DEAR SISTER: — LONDON, May 3, 1842.

I have arrived in England *before my ship*, and in London before visiting Birmingham; and these are the circumstances of the case : We had a fair wind and fine voyage until we made the Irish coast, when the wind came ahead. After beating for a day or two in the channel, with the prospect of passing several more days on shipboard, a steam packet hove in sight. A signal brought it within hail. It was bound from Cork for Bristol, where it would arrive on the following day. Several of my fellow-passengers and myself, therefore, got on board, and were landed on the following day (April 30th) at Bristol.

. . . . We landed after dark, and the next morning I set off in the railroad cars for London. These railroads have altered the whole style and course of travelling in England. You fly through the country rather

than ride. We were about four hours travelling a distance of one hundred miles; and such admirable vehicles. I sat as comfortably cushioned and accommodated as in my old Voltaire chair at the cottage. The railroads, too, were so well finished, that you experience none of the jarring and vibration that are felt in ours. In this way we are whirled through a succession of enchanting scenery, in all the freshness of spring; the weather was lovely, and the sunshine worthy of our own country. . . . .

The letter of varying date to Mrs. Paris, which follows, is begun at the residence of his sister, at Birmingham:—

THE SHRUBBERY, May 7, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

I wrote you a hasty scrawl a few days since, from London. I was detained in town three or four days by business, and then set off for Birmingham, where I arrived in about five hours by railroad, travelling without the least fatigue.

While I was in London I attended the levee, to be presented. I know the great interest you take in the young Queen, and that you will expect some account of her. She is certainly quite low in stature, but well formed and well rounded. Her countenance, though not decidedly handsome, is agreeable and intelligent; her eyes light blue, with light eyelashes; and her mouth generally a little open, so that you can see her teeth. She acquits herself in her receptions with great grace, and even with dignity. Prince Albert stood beside her—a tall, elegantly formed young man, with a handsome, prepossessing countenance. He is said to be frank, manly, intelligent, and accomplished; to be fond of his little wife, who, in turn, is strongly attached to him. It is rare to see such a union of pure affection on a throne.

I experienced a very kind reception at court; was warmly welcomed by many members of the diplomatic corps, though most of them were strangers to me; but I met several of my old acquaintances among the ministers—Lord Aberdeen, Sir Robert Peel, etc.

Among the most gratifying meetings with old friends during my brief

sojourn in London, I must mention those with Mr. Rogers and with Leslie. Mr. Rogers was quite affected on meeting with me (it was at a dinner party at our Minister's, Mr. Everett's). The old man took me in his arms in quite a paternal manner. He begins to show the marks of his advanced age, though he still goes out to parties, and is almost as much in company as ever. Leslie is occupied in painting a picture of the Royal Christening. His picture of the Coronation has been the making of him. He has more orders for paintings than he can execute.

Little Cloisters, Westminster Abbey, *May 9th.*—I returned to town on Saturday, after passing two days in Birmingham, intending to pay it another and a longer visit before I leave England. I am here ensconced in the very heart of this old monastic establishment, with an old friend who keeps bachelor's hall in one of the interior buildings connected with the Abbey. My host is Mr. James Bandinel, of the Foreign Office, with whom I became acquainted during my former diplomatic residence in London. He is a peculiar character; a capital scholar, a man variously and curiously informed, of great worth, kindness, and hospitality. His quarters in the old Abbey are a perfect "old curiosity shop," furnished with all kinds of antiquities and curiosities: quaint old furniture; the walls hung with ancient armor; weapons of all ages and countries; curious pictures, etc., etc.; cases and shelves of old books in every room. The entrance to this singular and monkish nest is through the vaulted passages and the long arcades of the cloisters, over the tombstones (inserted in the pavements) of the ancient abbots, which I have mentioned in the "Sketch Book," and past that mural monument, with a marble figure reclining on it, which frightened Sarah so much that evening when she was brought to the Abbey unexpectedly by Mr. Storrow. I have repeatedly passed through these cloisters and by that monument at midnight on my way home from a party, and on one occasion the Abbey clock struck twelve just as I was passing. How strange it seems to me that I should thus be nestled quietly in the very heart of this old pile, that used to be so much the scene of my half-romantic half-meditative haunts, during my scribbling days. It is like my sojourn in the halls of the Alhambra. Am I always to have my dreams turned into realities?

May 13th.—I have kept this letter by me several days, but have been unable to add a word, such is the hurry of engagements, visits, calls, notes, etc., etc., in this overwhelming metropolis. I have neither rest by day nor sleep by night, and am almost fagged out. I had hoped to enjoy some delightful quiet in this glorious seclusion of the heart of the cloisters, but the claims of the world follow me here, and keep me in continual agitation. Last Sunday, it is true, I had a delicious treat in hearing the cathedral service performed in a noble style, with the chants of the choir, and the accompaniment of the organ; but besides this, I have seen nothing of the Abbey, excepting to pass to and fro, by night and day, through the cloisters, making the vaults and monuments echo with my footsteps at midnight.

I have not been able to call on many of my old friends, but have met some of them on public occasions. Many of the literary men I met at an anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund, at which Prince Albert presided. Here I sat beside my friend Moore, the poet, who came to town to attend the dinner. He looks thinner than when I last saw him, and has the cares and troubles of the world thickening upon him as he advances in years. He has two sons; both had commissions in the army. The youngest has recently returned home, broken in health, and in danger of a consumption. The elder, Tom, has been rather wild, and is on his return from India, having, for some unknown reason, sold his commission. The expenses of these two sons bear hard upon poor Moore, and he talks with some despondency of the likelihood of his having to come upon the Literary Fund for assistance. The Literary Fund dinner was very splendid, and there was much dull speaking from various distinguished characters. I had come to it with great reluctance, knowing that my health would be drunk; and, though I had determined not to make a speech in reply, yet the very idea of being singled out, and obliged to get on my legs and return thanks, made me nervous throughout the evening. The flattering speech of Sir Robert Inglis, by which the toast was preceded, and the very warm and prolonged cheering by which it was received, instead of relieving, contributed to agitate me, and I felt as if I

would never attend a public dinner again, where I should have to undergo such a trial.

There is an amusing description, in the Diary of Thomas Moore, of his endeavors to persuade Mr. Irving to be present at this annual dinner of the Literary Fund Society, which I am tempted to extract in this place, though, in so doing, I break off from the letter, to return to it, however, again: —

[*From the Diary of Thomas Moore.*]

May 10th.—Started for town, leaving our dear boy somewhat better. Found, with my usual good luck, a note from Murray, asking me to meet at dinner, *to-day*, the man of all others I wanted to shake hands with once more — Washington Irving. Called at Murray's, to say "Yes, yes," with all my heart.

11th.—Went to the Literary Fund Chambers to see what were the arrangements, and where I was to be seated, having, in a note to Blewitt, the Secretary, begged him to place me near some of my own personal friends. Found that I was to be seated between Hallam and Washington Irving. All right. By the by, Irving had yesterday come to Murray's, with the determination, as I found, not to go to the dinner, and all begged of me to use my influence with him to change this resolution. But he told me his mind was made up on the point; that the drinking his health, and the speech he would have to make in return, were more than he durst encounter; that he had broken down at the Dickens' dinner (of which he was chairman) in America, and obliged to stop short in the middle of his oration, which made him resolve not to encounter another such accident. In vain did I represent to him that a few words would be quite sufficient in returning thanks. "That *Dickens'* dinner," which he always pronounced with strong emphasis, hammering all the time with his right

arm, *more suo*,— "that *Dickens'* dinner" still haunted his imagination, and I almost gave up all hope of persuading him. At last I said to him "Well, now, listen to me a moment. If you really wish to distinguish yourself, it is by saying the fewest possible words that you will effect it. The great fault with all the speakers, *myself* among the number, will be our saying too much. But if you content yourself with merely saying that you feel most deeply the cordial reception you have met with, and have great pleasure in drinking their healths in return, the very simplicity of the address will be more effective, from such a man, than all the stammered-out rigmaroles that the rest of the speechifiers will vent." This suggestion seemed to touch him; and so there I left him, feeling pretty sure that I had carried my point. It is very odd, that while some of the shallowest fellows go on so glib and ready with the tongue, men whose minds are abounding with matter should find such difficulty in bringing it out. I found that Lockhart also had declined attending this dinner under a similar apprehension, and only consented on condition that his health should not be given.

Whether Moore's suggestion was adopted or not, certain it is that Mr. Irving did little more than bow his thanks to the toast of Sir Robert Inglis. Happily, the brilliant Everett, never at a loss, was there to speak for the honor of American literature.

I now resume with some further passages from the letter to his sister: —

I believe I told you, in a previous letter, of the public dinner that had been intended me at Liverpool. I have since received an invitation to accept a public dinner at Glasgow, which, of course, I declined; indeed, the manifestations of public regard which I have continually experienced since my arrival have been quite overpowering.

Last evening I was at the Queen's grand fancy ball, which surpassed, in splendor and picturesque effect, any courtly assemblage that I ever

witnessed or could imagine. The newspapers are full of details of this magnificent pageant, and I must refer you to them for particulars, for the whole is a scene of bewilderment in my recollection. There were at least two thousand persons present, all arrayed in historical, poetical, or fanciful costumes, or in rich military or court uniforms. A kind of scheme was given to the whole, by making it the representation of the visit of Anne of Brittany (the character sustained by the Duchess of Cambridge) to the Court of Edward III. (Prince Albert) and his Queen Philippa (Queen Victoria). The respective sovereigns had all their courtiers and attendants in the costumes of the times, faithfully executed after old historical paintings and engravings. There was a reality mingled with the fiction of the scene. Here royalty represented royalty, and nobility represented nobility. Many of the personages present played the parts of their own ancestors, their dresses being faithfully copied from old family paintings by Vandyke and other celebrated persons. There was no tinsel nor stage trumpery in the dresses and jewels; all was of the richest materials, such as the characters represented would have worn; and there was on all sides a blaze of diamonds beyond anything I had ever seen. The saloons of the palace were of great size, so that there was ample room for display; and nothing could surpass the effect of the various groups, processions, etc., or the splendor of the assemblage in the Throne Room, where Albert and Victoria, as Edward and Philippa, were seated in state, receiving the homage of the brilliant throng.

I had a very favorable situation in one part of the evening, near the royal party, when the different quadrilles, each in uniform costumes, danced before them. The personage who appeared least to enjoy the scene seemed to me to be the little Queen herself. She was flushed and heated, and evidently fatigued and oppressed with the state she had to keep up, and the regal robes in which she was arrayed, and especially by a crown of gold, which weighed heavy on her brow, and to which she was continually raising her hand to move it slightly when it pressed. I hope and trust her real crown sits easier. Prince Albert looked uncommonly well in his costume. He would have realized the idea you have no doubt

formed of a prince, from all that you have read in fairy tales. He came up to where I was standing, and held some little conversation with me. He speaks English very well, and his manner is extremely bland and prepossessing.

The Shrubbery, *May 16th.*—I was interrupted in my letter, and had to abandon it. Yesterday I made my escape from London, in spite of a host of tempting invitations, and came off here, glad to get a little repose. I arrived wearied, exhausted, rheumatic (which I have been ever since my arrival on the coast of England); and yesterday afternoon, and all last evening, could do little else than sleep, to make up for nights of broken rest. . . . .

A few days afterward he embarked at Southampton for France, in company with Hector Ames, of New York, who was to be attached to the Legation at Madrid, and form one of his household.

The following characteristic extract is taken from a letter to his niece, Sarah Irving, an inmate of Sunnyside, in reply to some welcome intelligence from home. It is dated five days after his arrival in Paris, and is addressed to her from beneath the roof of his niece, Mrs. Storrow, with whom he was staying while in that city.

May 29th, 1842.— . . . . My visit to Europe has by no means the charm of former visits. Scenes and objects have no longer the effect of novelty with me. I am no longer curious to see great sights or great people, and have been so long accustomed to a life of quiet that I find the turmoil of the world becomes irksome to me. Then I have a house of my own, a little domestic world, created in a manner by my own hand, which I have left behind, and which is continually haunting my thoughts, and coming in contrast with the noisy, tumultuous, heartless world in which I am called to mingle. However, I am somewhat of a philosopher, and

can accommodate myself to changes, so I shall endeavor to resign myself to the splendor of courts and the conversation of courtiers, comforting myself with the thought that the time will arrive when I shall once more return to sweet little Sunnyside, and be able to sit on a stone fence, and talk about politics and rural affairs with neighbor Forkel and Uncle Brom.

In a similar vein he writes to his sister Mrs. Paris, the same day :—

. . . . Hitherto, since my arrival in Paris, I have been living very quietly, avoiding all engagements, that I might pass my time as much as possible with Sarah ; but now I shall have to launch in some degree into society. I have to make diplomatic calls in company with our Minister, General Cass, and these will lead, more or less, to various engagements. Fortunately, the fashionable season is over ; the royal family are absent, and there is less call for visits of ceremony and crowded entertainments. Still I feel a mortal repugnance to launching into the stream of public life, and I cling as long as possible to the quiet shore I am about to leave. I endeavor to conform to our old family motto, *Sub sole sub umbra virens* (flourishing in the sun and in the shade) ; but I think, upon the whole, I am more calculated for the shade.

My predecessor, Mr. Vail, expects me early in July, and is anxious to leave Madrid with his family before the intense heats of summer. I have made a kind of half arrangement by letter, with Mr. Vail, by which I shall take up my quarters with him when I arrive, and pretty much take his establishment, carriage, furniture, and servants off his hands. . . . . I shall thus have a home at once on my arrival, without being subjected to the loss of time and trouble, the bother, and perplexity, and cheatery, which I would otherwise incur in forming an establishment. I mention this to you because I know you are anxious on this point. . . . .

Not long after he entertains the same correspondent with the following :—

Paris, June 10, 1842.

My dear Sister :—

A few days since I drove out, in the evening, with our Minister, General Cass, to Neuilly, one of the royal country residences near Paris, to be presented to the King. Neuilly is situated in the midst of an English park, through which we had a pleasant drive. I observed sentinels stationed here and there about the park—a precaution taken in consequence of the repeated attempts upon the life of the King. Louis Philippe, I am told, is extremely annoyed, in his rides on horseback about the park, at finding himself thus under perpetual surveillance. He says he is almost as badly off as Napoleon at Longwood, who could never find himself out of sight of a sentinel.

A suite of saloons on the ground floor of the palace were lighted up. Very little formality is observed in these country receptions. Passing through a number of domestics in the entrance hall, we found our way from one chamber to another, until we came to where the company were assembled in a central saloon. The Queen and Madame Adelaide (sister to the King) were seated with several ladies, at a round table, at work. The King was conversing by turns with gentlemen who were standing in groups round the room, some few of whom (General Cass and myself among the number), who were there on ceremony, were in court uniforms. The King was simply dressed in black, with pantaloons and shoes. I am thus particular in noting his dress, knowing your curiosity with respect to royalty, and lest you should suppose that kings and queens are always in long velvet robes, with golden crowns on their heads. The King has altered much since I last saw him (which was in 1830, when he took the oaths of office). Age may begin to weigh upon him, but care, no doubt, still more. He is less erect than he used to be, and at times stoops considerably. How different from what he was when I first saw him, nearly twenty years since—as the Duke of Orleans, in hussar uniform, mounted on a superb horse, in a public procession, the admiration of every eye! Still he is a fine-looking man for his years, and appeared to be in good health and good spirits, laughing heartily with some of those with whom he was conversing. In his conversation with General Cass and myself, he

spoke of American affairs. and showed himself to be minutely observant of all that was passing in our country, and of the state of its relations with its neighbors in Canada, Texas, and Mexico. I am told he keeps a vigilant eye upon the newspapers, and thus informs himself of what is going on in all parts of the world.

The Queen, who is a most excellent, amiable person, is pale and thin, with blue eyes, and hair quite white. Nothing can be kinder than her manners. Her life is an anxious one. The repeated attempts upon the life of her husband, and even of her sons, have filled her with alarm, and I am told she is in a state of nervous agitation whenever they are absent on some public occasion of ceremony. She is a devoted wife and mother, a perfect pattern in the domestic relations of life. The King's sister, Madame Adelaide, is a woman of more force of character; resembles the King in features, possesses vigorous good sense and great ambition. She is said to take great interest in public affairs, and in the stability of her brother's throne.

In a letter to myself, dated June 26, he mentions the arrival in Paris of Alexander Hamilton, his Secretary of Legation, and J. Carson Brevoort, one of his attachés, and adds:

Being now joined by my household, I shall set forward for Spain as soon as possible, though I suppose they will want a little time at Paris to fit themselves out. I am anxious to be at my post, to have my establishment formed, my books and papers about me, and to get settled. The restless life I have led for some months past has grown extremely irksome, and the continual shifting of the scene, and of the *dramatis personæ*, distracts my mind without interesting me. I am too old a frequenter of the theatre of life to be much struck with novelty, pageant, or stage effect, and could willingly have remained in my little private *loge* at Sunnyside, and dozed out the rest of the performance.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ARRIVAL AT MADRID.—HIS NEW HOME.—DUKE DE GOR.—AUDIENCE OF THE MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—INTERVIEW WITH THE REGENT.—AUDIENCE OF THE QUEEN.—THE ROUTINE OF A DAY.

AFTER being detained in Paris somewhat longer than he had wished, Mr. Irving set out for Madrid in company with the future members of his diplomatic family. He reached his post on the morning of July 25th, and at once found himself the master of a new home. Five days after his arrival he writes :—

I am completely installed in the late residence of Mr. Vail, and shall probably continue to reside there for some time to come, as it is not easy to find a suitable habitation in that part of the city which I should prefer. I am in one wing, or half, of the hotel of the Duke of San Lorenzo; the opposite wing is occupied by Mr. Albuquerque, Brazilian resident Minister, who married one of the Miss Oakeys, of New York, so that we have a very pleasant and intelligent countrywoman for near neighbor. We are not far from the royal library and the royal palace.

The other morning, as I was seated in the saloon conversing with a gentleman, the servant announced the Duke de Gor ; in a moment I was in his arms. You may remember that this was the nobleman with whom I was so intimate at Granada, at whose house I was so often a guest, and who, with his children, made me frequent visits in the Alhambra. He is now

resident with his family in Madrid. I cannot express to you how rejoiced I was to see him. He is a most estimable character in every respect ; one of the *Moderados*, and therefore not exactly in favor with the party in power. He is a leading man, however, in all public institutions, and the Duchess is at the head of many of the charitable institutions. The Duke gave me anecdotes of my friends in Granada. Mateo, on the strength of my writings, is quite the cicerone of Granada and the Alhambra. Dolores and her husband reside elsewhere. The lovely little Nina, the daughter of the old Count, she who was quite my admiration and delight, is dead. . . . . The Duke was accompanied by a young gentleman, whom he recalled to my recollection as little Nicholas, *alias El Rey Chico*, who, a very small boy, had chased bats about the vaulted halls of the Alhambra. . . . .

An evening or two since, I had my audience of the Minister of Foreign Affairs, the Count Almodovar, who received me in the most courteous manner, expressing his satisfaction at my being sent to this court. I delivered him an official copy of the President's letter to the Queen, and requested that a day might be assigned for me to present the original to the Regent. The day after to-morrow (Monday), at one o'clock, is appointed for the ceremonial. Mr. Albuquerque (hitherto *chargé d'affaires*) will present his letters of credence as resident Minister at the same time. This ceremony over, I shall be a regularly accredited Minister, and will then make my visits of ceremony to the heads of departments and the gentlemen of the diplomatic corps. I am curious to have this presentation, that I may have an interview with Espartero, the Regent, who certainly is one of the most remarkable men of the age. I have as yet only seen him one day in public, on the Prado, when I was pleased with his soldier-like air and manly deportment.

The following letter relates his audience with the Regent and the Queen, and reads, in some of its particulars, like a chapter in the romance of history. In sending it unsealed to Mrs. Storrow, at Paris, to be read and for-

warded, he writes: "You are curious about the little Queen and her sister. The enclosed letter to your mother will give you some particulars about them. I feel a great interest in them, isolated as they are at such a tender age, surrounded by dreary magnificence, and by the political and military precautions incident to the present position of the government."

[*To Mrs. Paris, New York.*]

MADRID, August 3, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

The day before yesterday I had my audience of the Regent, Espartero, Duke of Victoria, to present to him my original letter of credence from the President to the Queen. I was accompanied by Mr. Vail, who went to take leave, and by Alexander Hamilton as Secretary of Legation. We were in diplomatic uniform. The Regent resides in a very spacious palace called Buena Vista, formerly belonging to the Prince of the Peace. It has an elevated site, with terraces in front, so that it might resist an attack and maintain a respectable defense—an important consideration in the residence of the present military head of the government, who is surrounded by dangers, and the object of incessant machinations.

We passed by sentinels posted at the entrance and in various parts of the palace, and were introduced into an anteroom of spacious dimensions, with busts of Espartero in two of the corners, and a picture of him in one of his most celebrated battles. Some of his officers and aides-de-camp were in this room, as well as Mr. Cavalcanti de Albuquerque, *chargé d'affaires* of Brazil, who came to deliver letters of credence as resident Minister. After a little while we (Mr. Vail, Hamilton, and myself) were ushered into an inner saloon, at one end of which Espartero stationed himself, with Count Almodovar, Minister of State, on his right hand. I advanced, and read in Spanish a short address, stating that I had the honor of delivering the letter of the President to the Queen into his

hands, as Regent of the kingdom, and expressing the sentiments of respect and good-will entertained by my government for the sovereign of this country, for its institutions, and its people; its desire to draw still closer the bonds of comity which exist between the two nations, and its ardent wish for the prosperity and glory of Spain under its present constitutional form of government. I concluded by expressing my own feelings of gratification in being appointed to a mission, the only object of which, I trusted, would be to cultivate the relations of good-will between my own country and a country which I had ever held in the highest consideration. My address was well received, and the Regent replied in a manly, frank, cordial, and courteous manner, responding to the expressions of national good-will, and ending with some complimentary expressions to myself. I then introduced Mr. Hamilton as Secretary of Legation, after which, Mr. Vail having taken leave of the Regent with mutual expressions of respect and good-will, we retired to the anteroom, to make way for the Brazilian Minister.

It being signified to us that the Queen would receive us at the royal palace, we drove thither, but had to wait some time in the apartment of Count Almodovar. After a while we had notice that the Queen was prepared to receive us. We accordingly passed through the spacious court, up the noble staircase, and through the long suites of apartments of this splendid edifice, most of them silent and vacant, the casements closed to keep out the heat, so that a twilight reigned throughout the mighty pile, not a little emblematical of the dubious fortunes of its inmates. It seemed more like traversing a convent than a palace. I ought to have mentioned, that on ascending the grand staircase, we found the portal at the head of it, opening into the royal suite of apartments, still bearing the marks of the midnight attack upon the palace in October last, when an attempt was made to get possession of the persons of the little Queen and her sister, to carry them off, that their presence might give strength and authority to the party of the Queen-mother (Queen Maria Christina, now at Paris), in any contemplated insurrection or invasion of the country to regain the authority which she had abdicated. The marble casements of the doors had been shattered in several places, and the double

doors themselves pierced all over with bullet-holes, from the musketry that played upon them from the staircase during that eventful night. What must have been the feelings of those poor children, on listening, from their apartment, to the horrid tumult, the outcries of a furious multitude, and the reports of firearms, echoing and reverberating through the vaulted halls and spacious courts of this immense edifice, and dubious whether their own lives were not the object of the assault!

After passing through various chambers of the palace, now silent and sombre, but which I had traversed in former days on grand court occasions in the time of Ferdinand VII., when they were glittering with all the splendor of a court, we paused in a great saloon, with high, vaulted ceiling incrusted with florid devices in porcelain, and hung with silken tapestry, but all in dim twilight like the rest of the palace. At one end of the saloon a door opened to an almost interminable range of other chambers, through which, at a distance, we had a glimpse of some indistinct figures in black. They glided into the saloon slowly, and with noiseless steps. It was the little Queen with her governess, Madame Mina, widow of the general of that name, and her guardian, the excellent Arguelles, all in deep mourning for the Duke of Orleans. The little Queen advanced some steps within the saloon, and then paused; Madame Mina took her station a little distance behind her. The Count Almodovar then introduced me to the Queen in my official capacity, and she received me with a grave and quiet welcome, expressed in a very low voice. She is nearly twelve years of age, and is sufficiently well grown for her years. She has a somewhat fair complexion, quite pale, with bluish or light gray eyes; a grave demeanor, but a graceful deportment. I could not but regard her with deep interest, knowing what important concerns depended upon the life of this fragile little being, and to what a stormy and precarious career she might be destined. Her solitary position, also, separated from all her kindred except her little sister, a mere effigy of royalty in the hands of statesmen, and surrounded by the formalities and ceremonials of state, which spread sterility around the occupant of a throne. I must observe, however, that the little Queen and her sister are treated with great deference and protecting kindness; that in Madame Mina, and

in the upright, intelligent, and kind-heated Arguelles, they have the best of guardians. . . . .

As I was retiring from the presence chamber, I was overtaken by Arguelles, who accosted me in the most cordial manner, reminding me of our having met in London, at the time of my return from Spain, when he was in a state of exile. I had not recollected the circumstance, though I well remembered having heard him often spoken of, during my former residence in Spain, as one of the best spirits of the nation. He promised to call upon me, and I looked forward with interest to cultivating an intimacy with a man who holds in his hands a sacred trust, so important to the future destinies of Spain. He and Espartero are men I felt extreme interest in seeing. Espartero is a fine, manly, soldier-like fellow, with a frank deportment, a face full of resolution and intelligence, and a bright, beaming black eye. He was dressed in full uniform, with various orders. He has before him a grand career, if he follows it out as he has begun, and is permitted to carry it to a successful termination. I am inclined to think his ambition of the right kind, and that he has the good of his country at heart. If he can conduct the affairs of Spain through the storms and quicksands that beset his regency; if he can establish the present constitutional form of government on a firm basis, and, when the Queen arrives at the age to mount the throne, resign the power into her hands, and give up Spain to her, reviving in its industry and its resources, peaceful at home and respected abroad, he will leave a name in history to be enrolled among the most illustrious of patriots.

I cannot but feel a deep interest in the fortunes of this harassed, impoverished, depressed, yet proud-spirited and noble country, and a most earnest desire to see it relieved from its troubles and embarrassments, and reëstablished in a prosperous and independent stand among the nations. . . . .

I am looking for the arrival of my books and papers, which were forwarded from New York to Cadiz. As soon as I receive them, I shall set to work at my "Life of Washington," and foresee that I shall have abundant leisure here for literary occupation.

These expectations of leisure for literary occupation were doomed to be sadly frustrated by a long indisposition, and other interruptions consequent upon his diplomatic position.

The following, addressed to a niece, a daughter of his deceased sister, then residing temporarily at Sunnyside, gives an interesting picture of a day's life at Madrid :—

[*To Mrs. E. R.*]

MADRID, August 16, 1842.

MY DEAR ELIZA :—

. . . . Having no news to tell you that is not in the other letters to the family, I shall give you a picture of the routine of one day, which will serve pretty much for a specimen of every day in the week. I rise about five o'clock, that I may have a good start of the sun, which rules like a tyrant throughout the day. Throwing open the doors and windows of my chamber to admit a free current of the morning air, I occupy myself reading and writing until about eight o'clock. At this time the distant sound of military music gives notice of the troops on their way to relieve guard at the royal palace. In a little while the horse-guards pass under my window, with a band of music on horseback, performing some favorite march or military air. I watch and listen as they prance down the street, between spacious dwellings of the nobility, and turn into the passage leading to the palace ; by this time another band of music comes swelling from a distance, and the foot-guards approach in quick step to some glorious march or waltz ; by the time these have disappeared, I am summoned to breakfast, which is always a lively meal with us. While we are seated at breakfast, we again hear the strains of military music, and the troops come back from relieving guard, reversing the order of their march — the foot-guards coming first, and the horse-guards afterward. This pageant, which invariably takes place at the same hour every morning, is a regale of which we never get tired. On our breakfast table are

laid the Madrid gazettes, which seldom contain anything of peculiar interest. Shortly after breakfast arrives the mail, with Paris and London papers, which occupy us some time in reading and discussing news. Should the mail bring, as it sometimes does, a packet of letters for the different members of the household, giving us the news and gossip of home, there is a complete scene of excitement, each hurrying on his letters, and calling out, every moment, some piece of intelligence, or some amusing anecdote. This over, we separate to our different rooms and pursuits, exchanging visits occasionally, as circumstances may require or humors dictate. The front windows of my apartments look into one of the main streets, traversing the city from the Prado, or public walk, to the royal palace, so that every movement of consequence is sure to pass through it. Immediately opposite some of my windows is a small square, with the *ayuntamiento*, or town hall, on one side, and a huge mansion on the other, in a tower of which Francis I. is said to have been confined when a prisoner in Madrid. In the center of this square is a public fountain, thronged all day, and until a late hour of the night, by water carriers, male and female servants, and the populace of the neighborhood, all waiting for their turns to replenish their kegs, pitchers, and other water vessels. An officer of police attends to regulate their turns; but such is the demand for water in this thirsty climate at this thirsty season, that the fountain is a continual scene of strife and clamor. The groups that form around it, however, in their different costumes, are extremely picturesque. My day, during the hot weather, is chiefly passed in my bedroom, which I likewise make my study, It is lofty and spacious, about thirty feet by twenty-two. The heat of day is shut out, as in the rest of the house, and just sufficient light admitted to permit me to read and write. Indeed, a kind of twilight reigns throughout a Spanish house during the summer heats. At five o'clock we dine, after which some take a siesta, or lounge about until the evening is sufficiently advanced to take a promenade either on the Prado, or on the esplanade in front of the royal palace. Such is the dull heat, however, that occasionally lingers in the streets, that I frequently remain at home all the evening, taking my seat in the balcony of my room, where I can catch any night-breeze that

is stirring, and can overlook the street. Between nine and ten a running footman gives notice, by the sound of a bugle, of the approach of the Queen, on her return from her evening's drive in the Retiro and in the Prado. Next come three or four horsemen in advance; then the royal carriage, drawn by six horses, in which are the little Queen and her sister, and their *aya*, or governess, Madame Mina. As the carriage is an open barouche, and passes immediately under my balcony, I have a full view of these poor, innocent little beings, in whose isolated situation I take a great interest. Mounted attendants ride beside the carriage, and it is followed by a troop of horse, after which comes another carriage and six, with those whose duties bring them in immediate attendance upon the persons of the Queen and Princess. After this cortege has passed by, I continue in my balcony until a late hour, enjoying the gradually cooling night air, which grows more and more temperate until toward midnight, when I go to bed.

Such is the routine of most of my days during this hot weather, occasionally varied by a sultry visit of ceremony in the course of the day, or a stroll late in the evening to the Prado, or the esplanade about the palace. . . . .

I have as yet been but once to the royal museum of paintings, but it was like a peep into a gold mine. The collection was one of the very best in Europe when I was here before, but such treasures have been added to it of late years, that to my mind, it surpasses all others that I have seen. This of itself will be an inexhaustible resource to me.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LETTER TO MRS. PARIS.—SKETCH OF SPANISH POLITICS AND SPANISH CHARACTERS.—THE INSURRECTION IN OCTOBER, 1841.—ATTEMPT TO GET POSSESSION OF THE PERSON OF THE QUEEN.—THE ROYAL PALACE.—ITS SITUATION.—DETAILS OF HIS FIRST AUDIENCE WITH THE QUEEN.—HIS SYMPATHY IN HER POSITION.—DIPLOMATIC THEMES.—CURIOSITY ABOUT THE DELIVERY OF HIS CREDENTIALS.—LOUIS PHILIPPE.

THE long domestic letter which I now offer, gives a peep into the affairs of the Court, and abounds in details which will account to us for the deep interest Mr. Irving took in his first audience with the little Queen. "I must confess," he writes, "the more I get acquainted with the present state of Spanish politics and the position of the government, the more does the whole assume a powerful dramatic interest, and I shall watch with great attention every shifting of the scene. The future career of this gallant soldier, Espartero, whose merits and services have placed him at the head of the government, and the future fortunes of these isolated little princesses, the Queen and her sister, have an uncertainty hanging about them worthy of the fifth act of a melodrama."

[*To Mrs. Paris, Tarrytown.*]

MADRID, September 2, 1842.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

In the letter last received from you, dated July 19th, you give me, as usual, a world of news from the *cottage*. I will, in return, give you a little history of the *palace*. I know you like to hear, now and then, what is going on in the grand world, and, from your little sheltered country nook, to "take a peep at royalty." So I will perform the promise I made you in a former letter, to give you an inkling of Spanish politics, that you may understand the present state of this harassed country.

Spain, having long experienced the evils of an absolute monarchy, where the will of the monarch was supreme law, has made repeated struggles to establish a constitutional form of government, such as is enjoyed in England and France, where the power of the king is limited and controlled by the constitution, and where the people have a voice in affairs through elective chambers of legislation. It succeeded in forming such a constitution in 1812, with the approbation of its sovereign, Ferdinand VII., who was at that time detained by Napoleon in France. The constitution was overthrown by Napoleon, who placed his brother Joseph on the throne. At the downfall of Napoleon, Ferdinand regained his throne: but, false to the nation, he refused to restore the constitution, persecuted those who had supported it, and reigned absolute monarch. A revolution, in 1820. was the consequence ; the constitution was again proclaimed, and Ferdinand again swore to support it, declaring that, in opposing it, he had acted under the influence of bad advisers. A French army, sent by Charles X., again trampled down the constitution, and replaced the faithless Ferdinand in absolute power, which he exercised for the remainder of his worthless life. At the time of my former visit to Spain, he was on the throne, and the French troops which had placed him there still lingered in the country. The liberties of Spain seemed completely prostrate, and many of her most enlightened, virtuous, and patriotic men were in exile.

In 1829, Ferdinand married, for his fourth wife, Maria Christina, sister

of the King of Naples, and niece of the present Queen of France. By her he had two daughters, his only children. In 1833, being low in health, without prospect of recovery, he became anxious to secure the succession to the throne to his own progeny; but here arose a difficulty. By long usage, the *Salique* law of France, which excludes females from the exercise of regal authority, had become naturalized in Spain. According to this, the King's eldest brother, Don Carlos, being next male heir, would inherit the crown. Ferdinand, however, supported by the opinions of men learned in the law, revived the old Spanish law of succession, which made females equally entitled to inherit with males, and quoted the reign of the illustrious Isabella of glorious memory as a case in point. The question agitated the country even before the death of Ferdinand. Don Carlos insisted on his rights, and had a strong party in his favor, composed of many of the aristocracy, who knew him to be an absolute monarchist; and by the monks and a great part of the clergy, who knew him to be a bigot. The Queen, Maria Christina, of course, stood up for the rights of her infant daughter; and her cause was the popular one, having all the *Liberals*, or those who were anxious for a constitutional government, in its favor.

Ferdinand died in 1833; and, in conformity to his will and testament, his eldest daughter, then but three years of age, was proclaimed Queen, by the name of Isabella II., and her mother, Maria Christina, Queen Regent, to exercise the royal authority in the name of her daughter, until the latter should be fourteen years of age, when, according to Spanish law, she is of age to ascend the throne. Maria Christina was likewise constituted guardian to the Queen during her minority.

Don Carlos immediately raised the standard of rebellion, and here commenced the modern "war of succession" which desolated Spain for seven years. The liberals rallied round the standard of the Queen Regent, and for a time she was exceedingly popular. Indeed, never had a woman a better opportunity of playing a noble part as a mother and a sovereign; but she proved herself unworthy of both characters. What first impaired her popularity with the Liberals was the opposition which she manifested to all their plans of salutary reform: to this, it was suspected, she was

secretly instigated by her uncle, Louis Philippe, King of France, who, though his own power originated in constitutional reform, has constantly been hostile to constitutional reform in Spain.

Another deadly blow to the popularity, and, indeed, respectability of the Queen Regent, was an unworthy connection which she formed, not very long after the death of her husband, with one of the royal body-guards, named Muños, whom she subsequently advanced in rank and fortune. This scandalous connection, it is said, was ultimately reconciled to ideas of decency by a private marriage ; though such a marriage was not valid in point of Spanish law, and, if promulgated, would have incapacitated her from acting as regent, or as guardian to the Queen. The effect of this connection, in fact, was to render Maria Christina remiss in the exercise of her high office as Regent, and, what was still worse, neglectful of her sacred duties to her legitimate children ; and the little Queen and her sister were left to the interested and venial services of the attendants about a court, to supply the want of the vigilant tenderness of a mother.

At length, in 1836, a popular movement wrung from the fears of Maria Christina what it was impossible to obtain from her gratitude or her sense of justice, and she was compelled to restore the constitution of 1812. From this time it is thought she contemplated the probability of a retirement from Spain. She had already amassed great property from her yearly allowance of two millions of dollars. This was sent out of the kingdom, as were large sums arising from the sale of every object under her control that she could convert into money. Muñoz, her minion, who formerly appeared everywhere with her in public, had for some time ceased to make himself conspicuous ; but it was known that she had lavished much of her wealth on him and his family, and that her children by this degrading union had alienated her thoughts from her regal offspring.

At length, in 1839, the civil war was brought to a close, and Don Carlos driven from the kingdom. A patriot general, Espartero, had risen to great popularity and influence by his successful campaigns, and was now commander-in-chief of the army, which idolized him, and virtually con-

troller of the politics of the kingdom. By this time Maria Christina had made herself an object of *popular* distrust, and she gave a finishing blow to her ascendency, by signing an act vesting the appointment of all municipal officers in the Crown ; thereby violating one of the grand principles of the constitution, and restoring, in a great measure, the absolute power of the throne. This rash measure she was secretly prompted to by the French Minister resident at this Court ; but, before signing the act, she repaired to Barcelona, under pretense of taking the royal children there for sea-bathing, but, in fact, to get the support of General Espartero and his victorious army, who were quartered in that city. Maria Christina miscalculated on her own reputed powers of persuasion, and on the *persuasibility*, if I may use the term, of Espartero. That general remained true to the popular cause, and warned her against the consequences of the act she contemplated. She disregarded his advice and his remonstrances, and signed the act. The consequence was, a burst of indignation from all parts of Spain, under the appalling effects of which, and the public obloquy of her connection with Muñoz, she abdicated the regency and retired from Spain, leaving her royal children to their fortunes. The little Queen and her sister, then of the respective ages of ten and eight years, were reconducted in state by Espartero to Madrid, where they were received with acclamation, replaced in their usual residence in the royal palace, and surrounded with the usual state and ceremony accorded to their rank and station. The office of Regent being vacant by the abdication of Maria Christina, Espartero was elected, and has hitherto discharged the sovereign duties with great integrity. Maria Christina having also forfeited her claims to the guardianship of the Queen and her sister, that important trust was confided to Don Augustine Arguelles, one of the most intelligent, upright, and patriotic men of Spain, who, for his lofty principles, suffered exile under the perfidious Ferdinand. A kind of maternal care has likewise been exerted over the children by the Countess Mina, widow of a patriot general. She fills the station of *aya*, or governess, and is a woman of amiable character and unblemished virtue. Their education is superintended by Quintana, one of the most learned men of the kingdom : the royal children, therefore,

are more likely to be well educated and trained up in pure principles under the persons of worth who now have charge of them, than they were under the former misrule of a corrupt and licentious court. They are treated, too, with mingled respect and tenderness ; still they cannot but feel their isolated situation, without a mother's care, and separated from all their kindred. . . . .

Maria Christina, on leaving Spain, repaired to the Court of France, where she was received with great distinction, and where she has since resided, countenanced and favored by Louis Philippe and his Queen, the latter of whom, as I have before observed, is her aunt. Her residence at Paris and in its vicinity has become the focus of all kinds of machinations against the constitutional government of Spain. Her immense wealth gave her the means of fomenting insurrections ; and the relics of the rebel armies, and the rebel generals and nobles ejected from the kingdom, have lent themselves to her plans. Louis Philippe is accused, and with apparent justice, of having countenanced her, and secretly promoted her plans, in the hope of increasing the power of his family by effecting a match between one of his sons and the little Queen. The consequence of all these plots beyond the Pyrenees was an insurrection in the north of Spain, in the month of October last, when General O'Donnell (a Spaniard in spite of his name) seized upon the citadel of Pamplona, and proclaimed Maria Christina Queen Regent. The most nefarious part of this plot was an attempt to get possession of the persons of the little Queen and her sister, and to bear them off to the rebel army, so as to give it the sanction of the royal presence. To promote this plan, immense sums had been spent in Madrid to corrupt the soldiery and the people about the palace, and the evening of the 7th of October was the time appointed for the attempt. The royal palace stands on the confines of the city, on the brow of a steep descent sweeping down into the valley of the Manzanares : it overlooks the open country toward the Guadarrama Mountains, which is so lonely, in the very vicinity of Madrid, that ten minutes' gallop from its walls takes you into scenes as savage and deserted as any of Salvator Rosa's. The palace is guarded every night by a body of troops, and is capable of a powerful defense ; but the troops who were to mount guard

that night were mostly under the influence of Generals Concha and Leon, who had been gained over to the conspiracy. Concha was an artful man, related by marriage to Espartero, so that, in this affair, he was guilty of a double treason. Leon was a brave, warm-hearted, weak-headed fellow, who, from his popularity with the soldiery, was made use of as a tool. It was a dark, tempestuous evening when the attempt was made. A part of the armed force was left to guard the avenues of the palace, and Concha and Leon, with a number of their followers, entered the main portal, rushed up the grand staircase, and expected to gain immediate entrance through the door leading into the Queen's suite of apartments, being guarded merely by a band of eighteen veteran halberdiers. To their astonishment, they met with a vigorous repulse from these gallant fellows, and several of the assailants were shot down. Repeated attempts were made to force an entrance, but were uniformly repelled with loss. The halberdiers ensconced themselves within the apartment, and fired through the wood-work of the door the moment they heard footsteps at the head of the staircase. In this way the door became completely riddled with bullet-holes, which remain to this day, and many of the assailants were slain and wounded. In the meantime, the situation of the poor little Queen and her sister may be more easily imagined than described. The repeated discharges of fire-arms, which reverberated through the courts and halls of the palace, the mingled shouts, and curses, and groans, and menaces which accompanied the attack, joined to the darkness of the night and the howling of the storm, filled their hearts with terror. They had no one with them but their *aya*, or governess, Madame Mina, and some of their female attendants, excepting their poor singing-master, who was as much frightened as any of the women. Ignorant of the object of this attack, and fearful that their own lives were menaced, the poor children gave themselves up to tears and outcries. The Queen threw herself into the arms of her governess, crying, "*Aya mia* (my dear *aya*), who are they? Are they rebels? What do they want of me?" The princess was in convulsions in the arms of an attendant, making the most piteous exclamations. It was with the greatest difficulty that the governess was able to soothe them into some degree of calmness. The noise of firearms continued;

attempts were heard to force a door leading through a private passage two or three musket-balls broke the windows of the apartment, but were stopped by the inside shutters. In the midst of these horrors, the poor little Princess, trembling and sobbing, called to one of the ladies in attendance, "Inez, I wish to say something to you ; Inez, I want to pray !" The wish of the innocent child was gratified ; they all knelt down at the couch of the Queen, and prayed : "And I felt relieved," says Madame Mina, in her narrative of this eventful night, "I felt relieved by the tears which I shed on contemplating the situation of those two innocent beings, who, full of fervor, directed their supplications to Heaven to protect and deliver them from a peril, the extent of which no one knew so well as I." The clamor of the attack subsided, the firing became less frequent. The attendants now spread mattresses for the Queen and her sister in a corner of the apartment where they would be safe from any random shot ; and the poor little beings, exhausted by the agitation and fatigue they had suffered, at length fell asleep.

The gallant defense of the handful of halberdiers effectually defeated this atrocious attempt. They kept the assailants at bay until assistance arrived. The alarm spread through Madrid. The regular troops and national guards assembled from all quarters ; Espartero hastened to the scene of action, and the palace was completely surrounded. Concha and Leon, seeing the case was desperate, left their followers in the lurch, and consulted their own safety in flight. They spurred their horses to the open country ; but Concha, being in ordinary dress, returned unobserved, concealed himself in Madrid, and ultimately escaped out of the kingdom. The heedless Leon, being in full general's uniform, was a marked object. He was discovered and arrested at some distance from Madrid, and, though great interest was made in his favor, was ultimately shot. . . . .

The result of this brutal attempt has been to throw complete odium on the course of Maria Christina, to confound the enemies of the constitution, and to strengthen the hands of Government. The insurrection in the provinces was speedily put down. Maria Christina hastened to disavow all share in the conspiracy: but proofs are too strong against her, and the French government stands chargeable with at least connivance.

The stand which England has taken, of late, in the matter, and the declaration of ministers in Parliament that they would not quietly permit the hostile interference of any foreign power in the affairs of Spain, has had a happy effect in checking the machinations of France. Spain now enjoys a breathing spell, and, I hope, may be enabled to regulate her internal affairs, and recover from the exhausting effects of her civil wars. The little Queen is now nearly twelve years of age; in about two years more her minority will terminate, and, with it, the regency of Espartero. I hope, while the power still remains in his hands, he may be enabled to carry out his proposed plans of reform, and to confirm the constitutional government, so that it may not easily be shaken. . . . .

The foregoing sketch will, I trust, enable you to form an idea of the position of Spanish affairs, and to take an interest in any particulars about this Court which I may hereafter have to relate. You will understand that Spain is now a constitutional monarchy, having its *Cortes*, or representative bodies of legislature, consisting of a senate and chamber of deputies; and that, until the Queen is fourteen years of age, Espartero (Duke of Victoria) holds the reigns of government as Regent, in her name. He is a soldier of fortune, who has risen by his merits and his services, and been placed in his present elevated situation by the votes of the *Cortes*. . . . .

You will now understand something of the jealousy and ill-will that exists between this country and France, and of the failure of the embassy of Mr. Salvandy, which made so much noise last winter. However, as the last affair may have escaped your notice, and as you and I are now embarked in diplomacy, I will call your attention to it.

After the abdication and departure of Maria Christina from Spain, the French Government, by way of slight, suffered itself for a time to remain unrepresented at the Spanish Court, excepting by a temporary *chargé d'affaires*, whereas it has usually maintained a full embassy at Madrid. At length Louis Philippe, finding that he was exciting the indignation of the Spanish people against himself, and increasing their antipathy to his nation, determined to send an ambassador. Mr. Salvandy, a man of conspicuous talents, accordingly appeared at Madrid with a brilliant train;

but here a difficulty arose : his letter of credence was addressed to the Queen, and he was instructed to deliver it *into her hands.* He demanded an audience of her for that purpose. It was objected, on the part of the Spanish Government, that the Queen, being yet a minor, was disqualified by the constitution from the performance of any public act ; that a Regent had been appointed, to whom, under that constitution, the regal power had been delegated, and who, in the name and stead of her Majesty, at his own palace, would receive Mr. Salvandy, and from his hands the credentials of which he was the bearer. The ambassador refused to deliver his letters at any other place than at the royal palace, or into any other hands than those of the Queen herself ; though, he observed, the Regent, if he thought proper, might be present at the ceremonial. The Spanish Government repeated its objections, and the ambassador wrote to Paris for new instructions. The Court of France approved of what he had done, and instructed him to persist ; Louis Philippe doubtless being disposed to pass a slight upon the constitutional government, and to pass by the Regent as not being the actual head. The ambassador again demanded an audience of the Queen, adding, that if he were refused, he should require his passports, take down the French arms from the front of the embassy, and withdraw with the whole embassy from the country. The Spanish Government stood firm ; the matter was discussed and argued on both sides, but the Spaniards were not to be argued into the admission of any slight or indignity to the constitutional Regent of their own election. Mr. Salvandy, after several days of fruitless discussion, at length demanded passports for the embassy, which were immediately granted, and he left Madrid with his retinue the same night. He moderated so much of his diplomatic threat, however, as to leave the escutcheon of the French arms standing over the gate of the embassy, and his second secretary, as *chargé d'affaires,* to take temporary care of the affairs of the mission ; otherwise a complete departure would have been tantamount to a rupture between the two nations.

You will now understand why some little importance was given to my arrival as Minister at this court. There was a curiosity to know how I

would act with respect to the delivery of my credentials. My written instructions were to present the President's letter of credence *to the Queen;* but from conversations with the government at Washington before my departure, I understood that I might regulate my conduct by circumstances. As it is a principle with us, therefore, to deal always in our diplomacy with the actual government of a country, I made no hesitation in delivering my letter into the hands of Espartero, at an audience given at his palace, specifying in my address that it was from the President to the Queen, and delivered into his hands as Regent of the kingdom. You have no doubt seen the bad translation of my address, as the government was careful to obtain from me a copy of it for publication, as it was the first time a foreign Minister had presented his credentials since the regency of Espartero. It was considered also as a precedent; and, indeed, the resident Minister of Brazil, who presented his credentials at the same time, but after me, and who is rather opposed to the present form of government, told me he should not have presented his letter of credence to Espartero, unless I had broken the way and set the example. Whether France will get over her pique, and make a step toward reconciliation with Spain, by sending a full mission, and authorizing her representative to acknowledge Espartero as the legitimate head of the government, by delivering the letter of credentials into his hand, is yet to be seen. The conduct of France toward Spain, of late years, has been anything but fair and magnanimous; and Louis Philippe, in manifesting such hostility to the constitutional forms of the government, and such a disposition to discountenance Espartero, the constitutional depositary of the regal power, seems singularly to have forgotten the history of his own elevation.

And now, having discussed these royal and diplomatic themes, I find it impossible, my dear sister, to descend to subjects of ordinary import, so shall conclude, for the present, with a promise of giving you some further anecdotes of courts, kings, and queens in my future letters, finding these matters are so much to your taste. I would observe, however, that as this letter is really meant merely for your private amusement, I do not wish it

to be shown about ; a Minister ought not to be gossiping about diplomatic affairs. Keep it, therefore, *strictly among yourselves in the family.*

And so God bless you,

Your affectionate brother,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Three days after the date of the preceding epistle, alluding to his anxiety to pass as much as possible of the evening of his days at Sunnyside, he writes :—

It seems to me as if I did not half enough appreciate that home when I was there, and yet I certainly delighted in it ; but the longer I am away, the more the charm of distance gathers round it, until it begins to be all romance. I sometimes catch myself calculating the dwindling space of life that's left to me, and almost repining that so much of the best of it must be passed far away from all that I hold most dear and delightful ; but I check such thoughts, and recollect how much there is round me to interest and exercise my mind. . . . .

The following letter to a juvenile niece, the youngest daughter of his brother Ebenezer, and one of the inmates of Sunnyside, announces his change of habitation at Madrid, and gives a picture of his new abode. The letter opens, it will be perceived, in quite a sportive vein :

[*To Miss Charlotte Irving.*]

MADRID, Sept. 16, 1842.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE :—

Your letter of July 28th reached me three or four days since, and brought me a world of intelligence. First of all, your first appearance

at the Tarrytown and Dobbs' Ferry *soirées*, held that evening at Mrs. Sheldon's, at which, I trust, you produced a proper sensation. Then the invasion of Sunnyside, by sea, by a roving *piragua*, fitted out at the port of Yonkers, and manned by Edgar and a desperate crew of ladies and gentlemen. Then the invasion by land, by Mrs. ——— and Mrs. ———'s mother, and Mrs. ———'s sister and Mr. ———'s mother—no, Mr. ———'s aunt, and a Miss P., who was staying with Mrs. ———. And then the influx of all the ———s and of all the Dr. ———s. And then a second invasion by sea, of all the Hamiltons in the *Dream*, and the carrying off of half the garrison of Sunnyside to Rockland Lake and the mountains; and then the great party at Mr. ———'s, given to Mr. and Mrs. ———, to which Mrs.——— did *not* think herself invited, but to which she afterward found she *was* invited, and which turned out a most delightful party. Guide us and keep us! what an eventful period of history we live in! Why, my dear Charlie, if matters go on at this rate, I shall find Sleepy Hollow wide awake by the time I come back.

And now, my exceeding good and very dear little woman, I will try to give you, in return for your very agreeable letter, some little inkling of my Spanish home and its affairs. I have just changed my residence, and have taken the principal apartment in a great Spanish house belonging to a bachelor nobleman named the Marquis de Mos, who has a bachelor's nest in one wing of it. I have such a range of *salons*, that it gives me quite an appetite to walk from my study to the dining-room. Then the windows of the *salons* all face the south, and look into a little dilapidated garden, in the centre of which is an old, half-ruined marble fountain, with gold-fish swimming about in it, and a superannuated triton in the middle, blowing a conch-shell, out of which, in his younger days, there no doubt rose a jet of water. My own private apartment, consisting of a bedroom and study, is in one end of the building. My bedroom formerly served as an oratory or chapel to the mansion. It is a small octagon room, rising to a little cupola or dome, with little windows in the top, about fifteen feet from the floor, by which the chamber is lighted. These windows catch the first rays of the rising sun, and as the oratory is prettily painted of a delicate pink, yellow, and pale green, and as the centre

of the dome is gilded, the whole becomes beautifully lighted up. You have no idea what a splendid waking up I have sometimes in the morning. I don't think "glorious Apollo," with his bed-chamber of sun-gilt clouds, has much the advantage of me. . . . . My study is immediately adjacent to the oratory; one window overlooks the garden of an old convent, and has a fine view of the Regent's palace, and the distant groves of the Retiro.

I have experienced a kind of home feeling of enjoyment since I have got into this house, that I have not felt before since my arrival in Madrid. My other residence was excessively noisy, and abounded with inconveniences, so that I could never feel at home in it; indeed, the very idea that I should remove as soon as I could find a house more to my mind, kept me unsettled and comfortless. Now, I trust, I am fixed for the whole of my sojourn in Madrid; and I consider myself singularly fortunate in finding in this uncomfortable metropolis so pleasant an abode.

The subjoined letter was written soon after the happy adjustment of the long-standing dispute between Great Britain and the United States respecting the North-eastern boundary. The lady to whom it is addressed was a daughter of his deceased brother William, and was occupying the former homestead of Abijah Hammond, at Throgg's Neck, on the East River, a country retreat about fourteen miles from the city of New York, of which Washington remarks: "I recollect the place well, having visited it occasionally in my frolicking and dancing days, when it was the seat of great hospitality. One of the pleasantest balls I ever attended was in that mansion, at which divers respectable old ladies of the present day sparkled as belles."

[*To Mrs. Moses H. Grinnell.*]

MY DEAR JULIA :— MADRID, September 30, 1842.

I have just received your delightful letter of August 25th, which was indeed most welcome. I wrote to you not long since, in hopes of drawing from you a letter in return, but you have kindly anticipated me. I can easily imagine your satisfaction with your country residence: I know the old mansion well, and the delightful country in which it is situated, with its splendid advantages of water. I should think it would just hit Mr. Grinnell's fancy, and hope he may find loose spending-money enough in his pocket to buy it. . . .

I am delighted with the treaty ; it has been negotiated in a fine spirit on both sides, and is a great achievement for Mr. Webster. He has remained in the Cabinet to some purpose, and now, if he thinks proper, may retire with flying colors ; yet I should be loath to see such a statesman retire from the management of our affairs. What successor will give us such state papers ? Who would have managed our Mexican correspondence in such style ? Would to God he could remain in with satisfaction to himself, and have a good majority in Congress to back him.

I have just got myself settled in a pleasant habitation, which, I think, will be my home during my residence in Madrid. It is spacious, as all Spanish houses are, but quiet and clean, which are rare qualities in Madrid mansions. I have just given my first dinner ; not such feasts as you give in New York, one of which would exhaust a Madrid market, but in a pretty French style, and to a small party ; never, if I can help it, intending to exceed the limits of a social round table. I have indeed, to play the ambassador on a cautious scale. . . . . Fortunately, there is no rivalry in expense in the diplomatic corps at Madrid, the British Minister being the only one that entertains, and his immense fortune putting competition out of the question.

I have had some brooding spells of homesickness since my arrival in Europe, but they are gradually wearing away, and I am now about to

enter upon a career of literary occupation that will effectually dispel them. . . . .

Mr. Grinnell, in his appendix to your letter, says that Mr. Webster inquired particularly after me, and expressed much interest in my mission. As yet my mission has called for but little exertion of diplomatic skill, there being no question of moment between the governments, and I not being disposed to make much smoke where there is but little fuel. . . . . I have been very quiet ever since my arrival in Madrid, getting my domestic affairs in order, and making myself acquainted with the complicated and entangled state of Spanish politics; but I shall now gradually take my stand in the diplomatic circles, and endeavor that it shall be an unobtrusive, but a firm one. . . . .

It was not long after the date of this letter, that Mr. Irving addressed his fifth diplomatic despatch to the Honorable Secretary of State, presenting a sketch of the political affairs of Spain, which were just then rising to fever heat, as the time for the opening of the *Cortes* was approaching, and powerful preparations were making to displace the existing Cabinet. Mr. Webster used to speak in high terms of the interest of these papers, and once remarked to a friend, that he always laid aside every other correspondence to read a diplomatic despatch from Mr. Irving.

The following half-melancholy letter to his old companion at Madrid, Prince Demetri Ivanovitch Dolgorouki, now Russian Minister at Naples, was written when his young housemates, Hamilton, Brevoort, and Ames, were absent on a tour in Andalusia, to be gone four or five weeks, and he was living "in solitary dignity, pacing

(his) great empty saloons to the echoes of his own footsteps."

MY DEAR DOLGOROUKI :— MADRID, October 18, 1842.

You certainly are one of the most faithful, long-suffering, and indulgent of friends, still to write to me, notwithstanding my neglect to answer your previous letters. But I am reforming as a correspondent, and henceforth, I trust, you will find me more punctual in my replies. In fact, I had grown quite indolent and self-indulgent in my happy little retreat on the banks of the Hudson, and needed something to rouse me into action. This most unlooked-for appointment to the Legation at Madrid has completely drawn me out of the oblivious influence of Sleepy Hollow, and thrown me once more into the midst of the busy world and its concerns.

And here I am, on our old campaigning ground, where we first became acquainted ; but either I am or the place is greatly changed, for we seem to be quite strange to each other. I miss all my former intimates. Navarrete, grown old and infirm, has been absent from Madrid ever since my arrival. I look with an eye of wistful recollection at the house once inhabited by the D'Oubrils, which was my familiar and favorite resort. It is undergoing great repairs and alterations, to become the residence of some millionaire who has made a fortune by speculation. How often I recall the happy, happy hours I have passed there, and summon up the recollections of that most amiable and interesting family ! Years have passed without my learning anything concerning them. Can you give me any information? I understand Mr. D'Oubril is Minister at Frankfort ; the children of course are all grown up, some, perhaps, married. When I was recently in Paris, I heard from an American gentleman that he had been acquainted with Mademoiselle Bolviller, who, with her mother, was at Florence. Have you seen her lately ?—and how is she ?

My return to Europe, after such a long absence, is full of half-melancholy recollections and associations. I am continually retracing the scenes

of past pleasures and friendships, and finding them vacant and desolate. I seem to come upon the very footprints of those with whom I have associated so pleasantly and kindly, but they only serve to remind me that those who made those footprints have passed away.

What would I not give to have that house of the D'Oubrils once more inhabited by its former tenants, just as they were when I was here in 1826. I long for such a resort; I long for such beings in whom I can take interest and feel delight. Madrid is barren, barren, barren to me of social intimacies. The civil wars, the political feuds and jealousies, seem to have cut up society, and rendered the Spaniards unsocial except in their own peculiar tertullias and cliques. Besides, I am not one to forage at large in general society; my intimacies are generally few and cherished.

I can give you but little intelligence of the gay world that used to assemble at the *soirées* of Madame D'Oubril. If you may remember, I mingled generally as a mere spectator, and seldom took sufficient interest in individuals to bear them in distinct recollection. When I have done so, I do not find the recollection productive of present satisfaction. Time dispels charms and illusions. You remember how much I was struck with a beautiful young woman (I will not mention names) who appeared in a tableau as Murillo's Virgin of the Assumption? She was young, recently married, fresh and unhackneyed in society, and my imagination decked her out with everything that was pure, lovely, innocent, and angelic in womanhood. She was pointed out to me at the theatre, shortly after my recent arrival in Madrid. I turned with eagerness to the original of the picture that had ever remained hung up in *sanctity* in my mind. I found her still handsome, though somewhat matronly in appearance, seated, *with her daughters*, in the box of a fashionable nobleman, younger than herself, rich in purse but poor in intellect, and who was openly and notoriously her *cavalier servente*. The charm was broken, the picture fell from the wall. She may have the customs of a depraved country and licentious state of society to excuse her; but I can never think of her again in the halo of feminine purity and loveliness that surrounded the Virgin of Murillo.

And so you have got my fellow traveller of the American wilds, and buffalo hunter of the prairies, Count Pourtales, in your neighborhood. When next you see him, remember me to him most cordially. Many, many pleasant scenes have we had together. He was full of talent, and had wonderful aptness at anything he turned to, but he seemed careless of turning his talent to account.

And now, my dear Dolgorouki, let me hear from you again, and before long. I envy you your beautiful residence at Naples, which is one of the lovely spots of earth that must unquestionably have dropped from the sky. Would that I could exchange for it the sterile vicinity of Madrid.

Believe me ever yours most truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

END OF VOLUME II.

THE

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING

BY HIS NEPHEW

PIERRE M. IRVING

VOLUME III.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by
PIERRE M. IRVING,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the
Southern District of New York.

Contents of Volume III.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE

Letter to Miss Catherine Irving.—Passages from Letters to Mrs. Paris.—The Queen giving Audience.—Diplomatic Conversation with Royalty.—Insurrection in Barcelona.—Departure of the Regent.—The Solitary Raven.—Attacks of the "Southern Literary Messenger" and "Graham's Magazine."—Letters on the Subject.—Literary Occupation..... 15

CHAPTER II.

Letter to Miss Sarah Irving.—Indisposition of the Author.—Letter to Mrs. Paris.—Alarming Aspect of Political Events.—Gloomy Soirée of the Regent, preparatory to his Departure.—Letters to Mrs. Storrow.—In the Midst of Conspiracies and Insurrections.—A City in a State of Siege.—Sallies forth.—Striking Scenes.—Note of the Diplomatic Corps in Behalf of the Queen..... 31

CHAPTER III.

Letter to Mrs. Paris.—Incorrect Accounts of the Interposition of the Corps Diplomatique.—His Version.—Espartero driven out.—Impatience to declare the Queen of Age.—Scenes and Ceremonials

PAGE

in the Royal Palace.—Visits the Duchess of Victoria (the Regent's Wife) in her Reverse of Fortune..... 43

CHAPTER IV.

Leaves Madrid for Change of Air.—Excursion to Versailles and Paris.—Grisi in "Norma."—Bordeaux.—Letter to Henry Brevoort.—Regrets about the Interruption of his Literary Plans.—Allusion to the Diplomatic Intervention for the Safety of the Queen.—Meeting with Rogers.—Return to Madrid.—Letter to Mrs. Paris.—The Young Queen's Accession to the Throne.—Madame Calderon.—Passages from a Letter to Mrs. Grinnell..... 53

CHAPTER V.

Extract from Various Letters.—The Past Year a Literary Blank.—The Queen's Entrance upon her Reign.—Preparations for the Arrival of the Queen-mother.—Her Return.—Letter to Mrs. Paris.—The Royal Meeting.—Entrance of Queen Christina into Madrid.—Besa Manos at the Royal Palace..... 61

CHAPTER VI.

Departure of Hamilton.—Loneliness.—The New American Minister at Paris.—Heartsick with the Politics of Spain.—The Retiro.—A New Secretary of Legation.—Letter from Barcelona.—The Turkish Minister.—Audience of the Queen.—Reminiscence of the Palace.—Its Peculiar Interest to him.—Count De Espagne.—Letter to Pierre M. Irving.—Temporary Leave of Absence granted him.—Intends to Visit Paris..... 73

CHAPTER VII.

PAGE

From Barcelona to Paris.—Marseilles.—Avignon.—Lyons.—Versailles.—Havre.—Leaves Havre for London.—Slips through London quietly.—At the Shrubbery.—Back to France.—Visit to King Louis Philippe.—Letter to Mrs. Paris.—Court Gayeties.—Musings in the Royal Pile 82

CHAPTER VIII.

Extract from a Letter to Mrs. Paris.—Narvaez.—Passages from Letters to Mrs. Storrow.—Letter to Mrs. Paris.—Transfer of his Establishment, intending to send in his Resignation.—Resolves on a Brief Visit to Paris.—Lingers there to see Mr. McLane, the American Minister at the Court of St. James.—Transmits his Resignation.—Visits London.—The Oregon Dispute.—Letter to Pierre M. Irving.—Return to Madrid..... 93

CHAPTER IX.

Historical Extract from a Diplomatic Dispatch.—Hears of the Appointment of a Successor.—His Feeling in Regard to the War with Mexico.—Allusion to the Settlement of the Oregon Question.—Arrival of General Saunders.—Audience of Leave.—Return to Sunnyside.—The Addition.—Preparing a Complete Edition of his Works.—Letter to Gouverneur Kemble..... 106

CHAPTER X.

A Literary Freak.—The Old Moorish Chronicles.—The Saddle-horse.—Completion of his Improvements.—New York as it was and is.—His Last Job.—Hard at Work on the "Life of Washington." Letter to Miss Catherine Irving..... 121

CHAPTER XI.

PAGE

Dinner at John Jacob Astor's.—Conversation about Ghosts.—The Opera-house, one of the Great Charms of New York.—The Projected Railroad along the Banks of the Hudson.—Impending Desecration of Sunnyside.—Letter to Hackett.—Arrangement with Mr. Putnam for the Republication of his Works.—"Knickerbocker."—Author's Remarks about the Revised Edition.—Notice of Henry T. Tuckerman.—A German Commentator citing "Knickerbocker."—Scheffer's "Christus Consolator."—Notices of the Republication of the "Sketch Book."—Liberal Reception of the Revised Series..... 134

CHAPTER XII.

Unprecedented Sale of Revised Edition of the "Sketch Book."—Engaged upon a "Life of Goldsmith."—Its Publication.—Ripley's Notice.—Critique of George W. Greene.—Appearance of "Mahomet and his Successors."—The Revised "Alhambra" and "Conquest of Granada."—Anxiety to begin anew on "Life of Washington."..... 151

CHAPTER XIII.

Letters to Gouverneur Kemble.—Durand's Picture.—The Horrors of the Steam Whistle.—Letter to George Ticknor.—The "Embozado."—Letter to Mrs. Storrow.—Death of President Taylor.—Visit to James K. Paulding.—Jenny Lind.—Letter to Miss Hamilton.—The Author's Hegira..... 165

CHAPTER XIV.

Application for an Original Thought.—Boring Letters.—Letter to Jesse Merwin, the Original of Ichabod Crane.—His Last Portrait.—Let-

PAGE

ter to Mrs. Storrow.—The "Reveries of a Bachelor."—The "Scarlet Letter."—Letter to M. H. Grinnell.—Bohn's Infringement of Copyright.—Letter to Bentley.—Letter of John Murray.—Letter to John Barney.—Letter to H. T. Tuckerman, alluding to Rogers, and to Article in "Homes of American Authors."—Letter to William C. Bryant on the Subject of the Different Portraits of Columbus..... 176

CHAPTER XV.

Letter to Mrs. Storrow.—Coup d'État of Louis Napoleon.—Kossuth.—Letter to Gouverneur Kemble.—The Cooper Commemoration.—Bryant's Allusion to the Coolness between Cooper and Irving.—What the latter said about it.—A Prospectus for a Course of Lectures sent to him.—Letter thereupon.—Letters from Saratoga.—Anecdotes of Charles Augustus Davis.—The Irving Literary Union.—A Breakfast with Sontag.—Letter to Miss Hamilton.—Letter to George P. Putnam 193

CHAPTER XVI.

At New York, on his Way to Baltimore.—Letter from Baltimore.—Meets Thackeray in the Cars.—Hospitable Reception at Baltimore.—Departure for Washington.—Letters from Washington.—At Work among the Archives of the State Department.—A Miniature Anchor presented to him.—Its History.—Table-tipping.—Reminiscences of the Family of the Empress of France.—Letter to Mrs. Kennedy, after his return to Sunnyside 213

CHAPTER XVII.

Letter to Mrs. Storrow.—Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo.—Seventieth Birthday.—Letter to Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.—

PAGE

Wilkie's Sketch.—Letter to Mr. Gray.—To Mrs. Kennedy.—Second Letter to Mr. Winthrop.—Letter to Miss Mary E. Kennedy.—Leaves Sunnyside on an Excursion.—Letters during his Absence.—Letter on his Return..... 226

CHAPTER XVIII.

Excursion to the Springs.—Niagara, etc.—Extract of Letter to Miss Mary E. Kennedy.—Ogdensburg revisited.—Letter to John P. Kennedy.—Extract of Letter to Mrs. Storrow.—His final Resting-place marked out.—Sets off on an Excursion.—Letter to Miss Sarah Irving.—The Irving House.—Travelling on his Capital.—The St. Nicholas Hotel.—Extract from Letter to Miss Catherine Irving.—Expedition to Winchester and Greenway Court.—Return to Sunnyside.—Letter to Mrs. Kennedy..... 241

CHAPTER XIX.

Extract from Letter to Mrs. Kennedy.—No Desire to travel with Political Notorieties.—Extract from Letter to Mrs. Sanders Irving.—His Old Dancing-school Days.—A Breakfast at John Duer's.—The Name of Dearman changed to Irvington.—Contributions to the "Knickerbocker Gallery."—To Mrs. Kirkland.—Letter to John P. Kennedy.—Visit to Idlewild.—The "Home Journal's" Account of Conversation about Moore.—Letters to John P. Kennedy.—Letter to Mrs. Storrow.—European Reminiscences.. 252

CHAPTER XX.

A New-Year Salutation.—Publication of Wolfert's Roost.—Extract from Some of the Notices.—Anecdote respecting Mountjoy.—Publication of Volume I. of the "Life of Washington."—An Equestrian Overthrow.—Letter to John P. Kennedy.—Letter

PAGE

from Bancroft on Receipt of Vol. I. of "Life of Washington." —Determines to complete the Work. — Passage from Letter to Mrs. Storrow.—Impatient to get Vol. II. ready for the Press.— Reply to Invitation from Moses Thomas. — Letter to James K. Paulding 265

CHAPTER XXI.

Publication of Vol. II. of "Life of Washington."—Letter from Prescott.—Letter to Henry T. Tuckerman.—Letter of Charles L. Brace on Vol. II.—Letter to Bancroft.—Letter to John P. Kennedy.—Letter to Gouverneur Kemble.—Publication of Vol. III.—Mrs. Emily Fuller to Washington Irving.—Reply.—Letter from Dickens.—Letter to Mrs. Storrow..... 282

CHAPTER XXII.

Letters to Charles Lanman.—Fourth Volume of "Life of Washington" going through the Press.—Letter to Henry T. Tuckerman. —Publication of Vol. IV.—Letter from George Bancroft.—Reply.—Letter to Frederick S. Cozzens.—Letter from William H. Prescott.—Letter from J. Lothrop Motley.—Letter from S. Austin Allibone, and Reply..... 298

CHAPTER XXIII.

A Literary Harvest.—Engaged on his Fifth Volume.—Letter to Mrs. Storrow.—The Crisis of 1857.—Conversation.—Kemble.—Cooke. —Cooper.—Darley and Diedrich Knickerbocker.—Washington Allston.—Letter to Bancroft.—Letter to Professor Lieber.—The Atlantic Cable.—Indisposition.—Letter to a Juvenile Correspondent..... 308

CHAPTER XXIV.

PAGE

Continuing Indisposition.—Sir Walter Scott.—Bull-fights.—Dread of the Night.—Spasmodic Affection.—Letter from Prescott.—Vol. V. of "Life of Washington" going to Press.—Wilkie.—Holmes.—Prescott's Death.—Restless Nights.—Anxiety to sleep.—His Last Birthday..... 329

CHAPTER XXV.

Temporary Improvement.—Letter from Bancroft on Vol. V.—Letter to John P. Kennedy.—Letter from William C. Preston.—Reply.—The "Heart of the Andes."—Medical Consultation.—Cogswell's Anecdote.—Relapse.—Visit of Kemble.—Discouragement.—Letter to H. T. Tuckerman on his Notice of Vol. V..... 348

CHAPTER XXVI.

Last Days.—A Formidable Visit threatened.—A Strange visitor.—Longfellow and the Acrostic.—Burr.—The Travel to Albany in Former Days.—Poe.—Clay.—The Camp-meeting.—George Sumner.—The Irishwoman's Sixpence.—Visit of N. P. Willis.—Of Theodore Tilton.—Last Interview with a Stranger.—Death and Funeral..... 361

LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER I.

LETTER TO MISS CATHERINE IRVING.—PASSAGES FROM LETTERS TO MRS. PARIS.—THE QUEEN GIVING AUDIENCE.—DIPLOMATIC CONVERSATION WITH ROYALTY.—INSURRECTION IN BARCELONA.—DEPARTURE OF THE REGENT.—THE SOLITARY RAVEN.—ATTACKS OF THE "SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER" AND "GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE."—LETTERS ON THE SUBJECT.—LITERARY OCCUPATION.

THERE is a vein of drollery in a portion of the following, to one of the youthful members of his home establishment, quite in character:—

[*To Miss Catherine Irving.*]

MADRID, November 15, 1842.

MY DEAR KATE:—

Your letter of October 1st reached me a few days since, and gave me a very sunshiny account of affairs at pleasant little Sunnyside. I thus enjoy, by reflection, the bright days which pass at that brightest of little homes. My present home is enlivened by the return of the young trav-

ellers from their tour in Andalusia, which has been a very satisfactory one, excepting that they have not been robbed, at which they appear rather disappointed, an adventure with robbers being looked upon as essential to the interest and romance of a tour in Spain. They have a world of travelling anecdotes to relate about Granada, and Malaga, and Gibraltar, and Seville, which make our repasts quite instructive as well as convivial. They are all in fine health and spirits, and, from their good tempers, good sense, good breeding, and perfect harmony, make a very pleasant household.

You seem to pity the poor little Queen, shut up, with her sister, like two princesses in fairy tale, in a great, grand, dreary palace, and "wonder whether she would not like to change her situation for a nice little cottage on the Hudson." Perhaps she would, Kate, if she knew anything of the gayeties of cottage life ; if she had ever been with us at a picnic, or driven out in the Shandry-dran, with the two roans, and James, in his slip-shod hat, for a coachman, or *yotted* in the *Dream*, or sang in the Tarrytown choir, or shopped at Tommy Dean's ; but, poor thing ! she would not know how to set about enjoying herself. She would never think of appearing at church without a whole train of the Miss ———s, and the Miss ———s, and the Miss ———s, as maids of honor, nor drive through Sleepy Hollow except in a coach and six, with a cloud of dust and a troop of horsemen in glittering armor. So I think, Kate, we must be content with pitying her, and leaving her in ignorance of the comparative desolateness of her situation.

The last time I saw the little Queen was about ten days since, at the opera, with her sister. Espartero, the Regent, sat on her right hand. She is fond of theatricals, and appeared to take great interest in the performance. She is growing fast, and will soon be quite womanly in appearance. I cannot say that she is strictly handsome, for which I am sorry, on account of your aunt ; but you may console the latter, by assuring her that the Queen's sister is decidedly pretty enough to answer her notions of a princess. I shall give your aunt another diplomatic chapter on royalty and its concerns as soon as I can find leisure from my diplomatic communications to government ; but she must not let it go to Mr.

Webster's ears how communicative I am to her on these subjects; he may not be disposed to admit her into our secrets. . . . .

God bless you, my excellent, noble-hearted little girl! I can never enough express how deeply I feel the affection I have experienced and daily experience from you all. It constitutes the great happiness of my life.

After relating a second interview with the Queen, on her saint's day,—the day of St. Isabella,—in which she received congratulatory deputations from the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies at two o'clock, and from the *Corps Diplomatique* at three, and giving an account of her setting forth, followed by her sister, "on her awful journey along the diplomatic line," to receive and reply to a speech from each, "with the terrors of a school-girl," a letter to his sister remarks:—

I believe, at first, I felt almost as much fluttered as herself. I entered so much into the novelty and peculiarity of her task—a mere child having to give audience to the official representatives of nations. Mr. Asten first addressed her. She had been accustomed to see him on other occasions, and that served to put her more at her ease. It was the same case with Count Lima; and by the time she had finished with him, she began to smile. You will want to know what discourse I held with her, as my turn came next. I do not know whether I ought to impart these diplomatic conversations with royalty, as these are the verbal links that connect the destinies of nations. However, for once, I'll venture confiding in your secrecy. I had been so interested in contemplating the little sovereign, that I had absolutely forgotten to arrange anything to say; and when she stood before me, I was, as usual with me on public occasions, at a loss. However, something must be said; so I expressed my regret that my want of fluency in the Spanish language rendered it so

difficult for me to address her as I could wish. "But you speak it very well," said she, with a smile, and a little flirt of her fan. I shook my head negatively. "Do you like Spain?" said she. "Very much," replied I, and I spoke sincerely. She smiled again, gave another little clack of her fan, bowed, and passed on. Her sister followed. She had not the womanly carriage of the Queen, being still more the child. I told her I hoped she had been pleased at the opera, where I had had the honor of seeing her a few nights before. She said "Yes; she liked the theatre," and then glided on after her sister. When they had passed on down the line, they returned to their places, and again, on being prompted, bowed to us; upon which we made respectful reverences, and retired, taking care, as we withdrew, not to turn our backs upon royalty.

I have thus, my dear sister, given you another peep into court scenes, and shown you the petty machinery of the great world. I can imagine you smiling in the serene wisdom of your elbow chair, at this picture of a row of dignified diplomatic personages, some of them well stricken in years, and all of them sage representatives of governments, bowing with profound reverence, and conjuring up nothings to say to a couple of little girls. However, this is all the whipt syllabub of diplomacy. If I were to take you into one of our conferences with Cabinet Ministers, then you would know the solid wisdom required by our station; but this department of our official functions is a sealed book!

It was not long after this audience that a popular paroxysm occurred, of which Mr. Irving gives this account, under date of November 25th:—

An insurrection has taken place in Barcelona. This is the next city in importance to Madrid. It is the capital of the province of Catalonia, the most active and industrious province in Spain. The Catalans are to Spain what the New England people are to the United States. Wherever money is to be made, there is a Catalan. They are pushing, scheming, enterprising, hardy, and litigious. Catalonia is one of the most restless

and insubordinate of the Spanish provinces, and frequently the seat of political disturbanees. It borders on France, and is infested by half-robber, half-rebel bands, the remnants of the factions of the civil wars whieh lurk about the French frontiers. There is a small but busy party of republieans, also, at Bareelona, who would gladly pull down the present form of government, and establish a republie. Catalonia also has a strong manufacturing interest, having many eotton manufaetories. This has taken the alarm at the rumor of a proposed eommereial treaty with England for the introduction of her cotton goods at a lower rate of duties, so that there is a mixture of various motives in the present eonvulsion ; and the whole has been thrown in a ferment by the intrigues of foreign agents, who seek the confusion of Spain and the downfall of its eonstitutional government. The present insurreetion seems to have broken out suddenly and aeeidentally, some trifling affray with eustom-house offieers having been the spark whieh has set the combustible eommunity in a flame. There has been fighting in the streets, as in the famous "three days of Paris," and the troops have been obliged to evaeuate the eity, but hold it elosely invested. The Regent set off from Madrid some days sinee for the seene of aetion, and troops are coneentrating upon Catalonia from every direetion : in the meantime, Madrid is full of rumors and reports that insurreetions are breaking out in other provinees, but I believe, as yet, the insurreetion is eonfined to Barcelona, and I think it probable it will be suppressed without mueh diffieulty.

The departure of the Regent was a striking seene. All the uniform companies, or national guard of Madrid, eonsisting of several thousand men, well armed, equipped, and diseiplined, paraded in the grand esplanade of the Prado in the neighborhood of the Regent's palace of Buena Vista. They really made a splendid appearance, and the air resounded with military musie, several of the regiments having eomplete bands. It was a bright, sunshiny day. About two o'cloek, the Regent sallied forth from Buena Vista, at the head of his staff. He is a fine martial figure, and was arrayed in full uniform, with towering feathers and mounted on a noble gray eharger with a flowing mane, and a long silken tail that almost swept the ground. He rode along the heads of the col-

umns, saluting them with his gauntleted hand, and receiving cheers wherever he went. He stopped to speak particularly with some of the troops of horsemen ; then, returning to the centre of the esplanade, he drew his sword, made a signal as if about to speak, and in an instant a profound silence prevailed over that vast body of troops, and the thousands of surrounding spectators. I do not know that ever I was more struck by anything than by this sudden quiet of an immense multitude. The Regent then moved slowly backward and forward with his horse, about a space of thirty yards, waving his sword, and addressing the troops in a voice so loud and clear, that every word could be distinctly heard to a great distance. The purport of his speech was to proclaim his determination to protect the present constitution and the liberties of Spain against despotism on the one hand and anarchy on the other; and that, as on a former occasion, when summoned away by distant insurrection, he confided to the loyalty of the national guards the protection of the peace of the capital, and the safeguard of their young and innocent Queen. His speech was responded to by enthusiastic acclamations from the troops and the multitude, and he sallied forth in martial style from the great gate of Alcala.

I must note, to complete the scene, that just as Espartero issued forth from Buena Vista, and rode slowly down the Prado between the columns of the troops, a solitary raven came sailing down the course of the public promenade, passed immediately above him, and over the whole line of troops, and so flitted heavily out of sight. This has been cited, even in the public papers, as a bad omen; and some of the superstitious say Espartero will never return to Madrid. I should not be surprised, however, if the omen had been prepared by some of the petty politicians with which this capital abounds, and that the raven had been let loose just at this opportune moment. However, with this portentous circumstance I will close my letter, especially as I have just received despatches from government, which, with the stirring events of the day, will cut out plenty of occupation for me.

With love to all, your affectionate brother,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

A fortnight later, he writes to the same correspondent:—

My last letter ended, I think, with the departure of the Regent to quell the insurrection in Barcelona. He travelled in his own fearless style, pushing on in a post-chaise ahead of his troops, and without escort, accompanied merely by an officer or two of his staff, and threw himself frankly among the people in the towns and villages, who showed the sense of this confidence in their loyalty, receiving him everywhere with acclamations. After his departure Madrid was full of rumors; insurrections were said to be breaking out everywhere. The downfall of Espartero and of the existing government was confidently predicted, and there were not wanting factious people and factious prints to endeavor to blow this hidden flame into a general conflagration. Thus far, however, they have been disappointed. Madrid has remained quiet under the guardianship of the national guards, and the insurrection did not extend beyond Barcelona. That factious city has once more been brought into submission to the government, but not until it had suffered a bombardment of several hours. As yet, we have no particulars of the damage done, but it must have been considerable, and I fear we shall hear of some punishments inflicted upon those who have been most active in exciting this rebellion. Barcelona has sinned so often in this way, that it is deemed necessary to treat it, in the present instance, with rigor. The bombardment, though repeatedly threatened, and the day and hour assigned, was put off from day to day and hour to hour, in the hope that the insurgent city would surrender; but a band of desperadoes had got the upper hand, who refused to submit excepting on such terms as it would have been degrading to the government to grant.

The year of Mr. Irving's departure on his interesting mission was memorable for two attacks on him, to which it is necessary to allude, to clear the way for the letters from him which I am about to quote. A writer in the

"Southern Literary Messenger," in March, 1841, had been at great pains to show that Mr. Irving's expressions of obligations to Navarrete, in the preface to his "Life of Columbus," were not sufficiently explicit, while conceding that he had performed his historical task with "accuracy, judgment, and infinite beauty." In the writer's estimation, his statements implied, though perhaps unintentionally, he admits, a more extensive search into original documents than he could have made, while the history was mainly digested from documents already collected by Navarrete.

The article was sent to Mr. Irving, and, without a perusal, handed over by him to a candid and discriminating friend, with a request that he would read it, and tell him if there was anything in it which required an answer at his hands. If so, he would notice it; otherwise he did not care to be discomposed by reading it. He claimed no immunity from critical animadversions, but it was his practice to shun the perusal of all strictures that did not involve a point of character, and demand reply.

His friend read it, and, satisfied of the unsoundness of the strictures, and that his acknowledgments to Navarrete were ample, advised him to give himself no concern about it. He dismissed it, accordingly, from his thoughts.

In the May number of 1842 of the same magazine, after Mr. Irving had left the country, the writer returns to the attack; and, as more than a year had elapsed

without any notice or refutation by the author, or his friends, of his "grave charges," he comes to the conclusion that he had preferred "the quiet disparagement of a judgment by default to the notoriety of a verdict after a fruitless contest." To this article there was a reply in the "Knickerbocker," to which Mr. Irving was in no ways privy, and a rejoinder in the "Messenger," in which the writer, with compliments to the purity and richness of his general style, still adhered to his original position that Mr. Irving had not sufficiently acknowledged his indebtedness to Navarrete.

The other attack was in Graham's "Lady's and Gentleman's Magazine," then under the editorial management of the Rev. Rufus W. Griswold, a Baptist clergyman of some six-and-twenty years, who had recently given to the world a valuable compilation, styled "The Poets and Poetry of America." The "Magazine" was published in Philadelphia; had a circulation, it was said, of fifty thousand subscribers, and numbered, among its regular contributors, Cooper, Bryant, Dana, and other distinguished names. In a notice of the "Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Sir Walter Scott," contained in the October number of that periodical, was a statement which, after charging Scott with numerous "puffs of himself from his own pen," proceeded in this language: "Washington Irving has done the same thing, in writing laudatory notices of his own works for the Reviews, and, like Scott, received pay for whitewashing himself."

As Mr. Irving was not in the country to meet this coarse aspersion with instant denial should he see fit to notice it, before communicating with him on the subject, I addressed a letter to Mr. Griswold, asking his authority for the statement, and requesting him to name the Reviews containing the laudatory notices in question. His reply gave a Mr. E———, an English gentleman, with whom his acquaintance was limited to a single interview, as the person who informed him that "Mr. Irving wrote the articles in the 'Quarterly Review,' on the 'Life of Columbus,' and the 'Chronicles of Granada.'" I replied that the "London Quarterly" contained no reviews of the "Life of Columbus," "laudatory" or otherwise, and that the review it did contain of the "Chronicles of Granada" had not a commendatory expression of the work or its author, or a single sentence that might not have come from the pen of Mr. Irving without the slightest impeachment of his delicacy. If a self-review,—and I did not then know whether it was or not,—it was not, at any rate, a self-eulogy.

Pointing out these facts to Mr. Griswold, and referring him to the files of the "Quarterly" for proof, I appealed to his sense of equity whether it were not due to Mr. Irving that he should review the grounds upon which, thus publicly and uncalled for, he had sought to bring the delicacy of his character into suspicion.

In his reply, dated October 13th, he expressed great regret for the whole matter, and said he would do Mr.

Irving justice in the December number of the "Magazine," the November number being already printed. He was as good as his word, and in that number retracted, though rather ungraciously, the pitiful charge he had been too eager to catch up and circulate. The imputation upon Scott, I presume, had as little foundation.

On the 6th of October—before, of course, the receipt of Mr. Griswold's promise of recantation of the 13th—I wrote to Mr. Irving, enclosing the leaf of "Graham's Magazine" which contained the offensive imputation, and a copy of Mr. Griswold's answer to my first letter. In his answer, which named his authority for the assumed self-laudation, he took occasion to add that he had strong ground for supposing Mr. Irving to have been a frequent contributor to the "London Quarterly," while that periodical, more than any other in Europe, was distinguished for its unprincipled hostility to the United States.

With this preface, I submit the letters of Mr. Irving on the subject of these separate charges:—

[*To Pierre M. Irving.*]

MADRID, November 12, 1842.

MY DEAR PIERRE:—

I have just received your letter of October 6th, inclosing an article from "Graham's Magazine," charging me with writing laudatory notices of my own works for the Reviews, and alluding especially to the "Quarterly." The only notice I ever took of any of my works was an article which I wrote for the "Quarterly Review" on my "Chronicle of the

Conquest of Granada." It was done a long time after the publication of the work, in compliance with the wishes of Mr. Murray, who thought the nature of the work was not sufficiently understood, and that it was considered rather as a work of fiction than one substantially of historic fact. Any person who will take the trouble to read that review, will perceive that it is merely *illustrative*, not *laudatory* of the work, explanatory of its historical foundation. I never made a secret of my having written that review : I wrote it under the presumption that the authorship of it would become known to any person who should think it worth his while to make the inquiry. I never wrote any other article for the "Quarterly Review," excepting a review to call favorable attention to the work of my friend and *countryman*, Captain McKenzie (then Slidell), entitled "A Year in Spain, by a young American," and another review, for the same purpose, of a work of my friend and *countryman*, Mr. Wheaton, at present Minister at the Court of Prussia. This last article, though written for the "Quarterly Review" did not appear in that publication, but was published in the "North American Review." The work of Mr. Wheaton which it reviews, was, I think, the "History of the Northmen." These are the only articles that I am conscious of having ever written for the "Quarterly," or any other European Review. I have never inserted in any publication in Europe or America a puff of any of my works, nor permitted any to be inserted by my publishers when I could prevent it ; nor sought to procure favorable reviews from others, nor to prevent unfavorable ones where I thought they were to be apprehended. I have on all occasions, and in every respect, left my works to take their chance, and I leave them still to do the same. My present reply to your inquiry is only drawn forth by a charge that would affect my private character ; though I hope *that* is sufficiently known to take care of itself on the point in question.

I understand a kind friend has recently been vindicating me against attacks made on me in the "Southern Literary Messenger," on the subject of my "Life of Columbus." I have never read those attacks, having been assured there was nothing in them that called for reply, and not being disposed to have my feelings ruffled unnecessarily. I understood

they mainly charged me with making use of Mr. Navarrete's work without giving him due credit. Those who will look into my "Life of Columbus" will find that in the preface I have cited the publication of Mr. Navarrete as the foundation of my work, and that I have referred to him incessantly at the foot of the pages. If I have not done so sufficiently, I was not aware of my "short-comings." His work was chiefly documentary, and, as such, invaluable for the purpose of history. As my work was not a work of invention, I was glad to find such a store of facts in the volumes of Mr. Navarrete; and as I knew his scrupulous exactness, wherever I found a document published by him, I was sure of its correctness, and did not trouble myself to examine the original. My work, however, was made up from various sources, some in print, some in manuscript, all of which, I thought at the time, I had faithfully cited. Those who wish to know Mr. Navarrete's opinion of the work will find it expressed in the third volume of his collections of documents, published after the appearance of "Columbus," in which his expressions are anything but those of a man who felt himself wronged. I can only say that I have never willingly, in any of my writings, sought to take advantage of a contemporary, but have endeavored to be fair in my literary dealings with all men; and if ever you hear again of my having practiced any disingenuous artifice in literature, to advance myself or to injure others, you may boldly give the charge a flat contradiction. What I am as an author, the world at large must judge. You know what I am as a man, and know, when I give you my word, it is to be depended upon. . . . .

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Five days later he returns to the subject of these attacks with the following supplementary letter, which relates, in his own words, particulars in his literary history heretofore hinted at by myself, and disposes of Mr. Griswold's epistolary intimation about the *frequency* of his contributions to the "London Quarterly." I have already

briefly refuted this charge, by which it was intended to prejudice his popularity at home, but the reader may be willing to see in what spirit it is met by Mr. Irving. Mr. Griswold, it will be understood, makes no such charge himself, but only reports it as a supposition which he was disposed to entertain.

[*To Pierre M. Irving.*]

MADRID, November 17, 1842.

MY DEAR PIERRE :—

I wrote to you a few days since, in reply to your letter concerning the attack upon me in "Graham's Magazine." As that reply was written hastily, I may not have been precise in one or two particulars. The review of the "Conquest of Granada" was written nearly, if not quite, two years after the publication of the work, and after it had been very favorably noticed in several periodical publications. As I before observed, it was written in compliance with the wishes of Mr. Murray, to state the historical nature of the work ; my use of the soubriquet of Fray Antonio Agapida, and the occasional romantic coloring, having led many to suppose it was a mere fabrication. I did not ask or expect any remuneration from Mr. Murray, but he sent me the sum he was accustomed to pay for similar contributions to his "Review," and I did not hesitate to accept it, the article, in fact, being written for his benefit. Perhaps it would be as well to have the review republished in the "Knickerboeker," and then the public will be able to judge whether or no it is "laudatory."

While I am upon these literary matters, I will furnish you with a fact or two in my literary life in Europe, which may enable you to reply to any similar charges that may be brought against me. In the early struggle of my literary career in London, before I had published the "Sketch-Book" in England, I received a letter from Sir Walter Scott, inviting me to Edinburgh to take charge of a periodical publication, holding out the

certainty of a liberal sum per annum, with other incidental advantages. Though low in purse and uncertain in my prospects at the time, I declined accepting the invitation, fearing it might implicate me in foreign politics.

When I was in Spain, I was offered, by Mr. Murray, £1,000 per annum to conduct a magazine which he had in contemplation, I to be paid, *in addition*, for any articles I might contribute. This I declined, because it would detain me in Europe, my desire being to return to the United States. Mr. Murray likewise offered me a hundred guineas an article for any article I might write about Spain for the "Quarterly Review." I refrained from accepting his very liberal offer. As I mentioned in my former letter, I contributed but two articles to his "Review"—one explanatory of the historical grounds of my "Chronicles of Granada," and the other a review of my friend McKenzie's "Year in Spain, by a Young American."

I do not recollect having written for any other reviews or magazines in Europe, and I again repeat, I never in any way sought to "puff" my works, or to have them puffed. I always suffered them to take their chance, and always felt that I was favored beyond my deserts.

At the close of the letter to me from which I have been quoting, dated November 17th, Mr. Irving gives this glance at his literary and diplomatic matters:—

. . . . I have, of late, been so much occupied in diplomatic business, that I have not had time to attend to the Life of "Washington." Indeed, I have not done much at it since I have been here, but I shall soon take it earnestly in hand. I found it necessary to give up literary matters for a time, and turn my thoughts entirely into the subjects connected with my station. The statistics of trade about which I have had to occupy myself, are new to me, and require close attention for a time to master them.

Five weeks later, December 21st, in a letter to his brother Ebenezer, he alludes in this way to his progress on the "Life of Washington:"

I have been much interrupted in my literary occupations for the last two or three months, by the necessity of applying my mind to the examination of some subjects connected with my diplomatic duties, and of preparing rather voluminous papers. Within this week or two past, however, I have been able to add a few chapters to my history.

CHAPTER II.

LETTER TO MISS SARAH IRVING.—INDISPOSITION OF THE AUTHOR.—LETTER TO MRS. PARIS.—ALARMING ASPECT OF POLITICAL EVENTS. — GLOOMY SOIRÉE OF THE REGENT, PREPARATORY TO HIS DEPARTURE.—LETTERS TO MRS. STORROW.—IN THE MIDST OF CONSPIRACIES AND INSURRECTIONS.—A CITY IN A STATE OF SIEGE.—SALLIES FORTH.—STRIKING SCENES.—NOTE OF THE DIPLOMATIC CORPS IN BEHALF OF THE QUEEN.

HERE is a sly vein of humor in the following extract from a letter to a juvenile inmate of Sunnyside, who had been keeping him in the current of family affairs, and giving him a budget of New York gossip :—

[*To Miss Sarah Irving.*]

January 13*th.*—1843.— . . . . Your information that Mr.——— had given Mrs. ——— a two-story house in Broadway gave me great satisfaction ; but when you added that the mantel-pieces were of wood, it went to my heart. However, let us hope for the best. If the young couple really love each other, they may manage to have a happy fireside in spite of the mantel-piece ; and who knows but the old gentleman's heart may soften toward them before his death, and he may leave them a marble mantel-piece in his will. Miss ———, on the contrary, who married according to his wishes, has been rewarded, I am told, with a three-story (I am not certain that it is not a *four-story*) house. These two instances of the matrimonial fortunes of two sisters, my dear girl, should

be held up as warnings to young ladies disposed to enter the connubial state, not to give away their soft and tender hearts without first consulting the harder hearts of all the old gentlemen they may happen to be related to. For my own part, I should take it in great dudgeon, if any of you girls at the cottage should throw yourselves away upon any agreeable young gentleman, without his first gaining the affections of your father and myself; though I trust I should not go to the length of condemning you to a wooden mantel-piece.

I thought of you all at dear little Sunnyside on Christmas day, and heartily wished myself there to eat my Christmas dinner among you. I hope you kept up Christmas in the usual style, and that the cottage was decked with evergreens. You must not let my absence cause any relaxations in the old rules and customs of the cottage; everything must go on the same as it did when I was there.

His own Christmas dinner he had eaten at the British embassy, where, he remarks, "we had the good old Christmas luxuries of plum-pudding and minced pies, and our repast was a very pleasant one."

In the beginning of this year, Mr. Irving was confined to the house by an indisposition, the consequence of a cold, which was soon followed by an inflammatory disease of the skin, similar to that which he had experienced about twenty years before, but much more virulent. It was the result, as in the former instance, of having overworked himself, and fagging too incessantly at his literary, diplomatic, and epistolary tasks, while taking too little exercise. The malady, though annoying and obstinate, was not dangerous, but it required him to renounce the pen for a while, as the least mental excitement aggra-

vated his symptoms. From this tedious and harassing complaint, which in a measure unfitted him for everything, he was doomed to suffer more or less for two years, the remedies sometimes proving almost as irksome as the disease. At the time it first set in, he had been engaging with all his powers upon his "Life of Washington," to which he had added some chapters, when he was compelled to throw by the pen, not, I think, to exercise it again on this task until his return to his own country. This interruption to his literary occupations, always cheering to him, brought additional discomfort in the midst of his malady. But though incapable of working, he could direct others, and manage to carry on the business of the legation. He was a less attentive correspondent, however, than heretofore, though not incapable of letter-writing, as the following will show:—

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

MADRID, June 21, 1843.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

I have again to thank you for kind and cheering letters, full of precious home details. I am sorry I can make but such poor returns; but, though my malady has ceased in its virulence, I find writing still irksome to me, and, indeed, am prohibited by my physician from indulging in it. It is a great privation, and reduces me to a state of idleness foreign to my habits and inclinations. The doctor would also, if he could, put a stop to my almost incessant reading, as he thinks that any fixed attention for a length of time wearies the brain, and in some degree produces those effects on the system which originated my complaint; but I cannot give

up reading, in my otherwise listless state. He has been very urgent for me to travel, not merely for a change of air, but because the succession of scenes and incidents amuses without fatiguing the mind, and thus operates healthfully upon the system. I have been recovering so much of late, however, that I hope to be able to dispense with this part of his advice, and to continue at my post. I should be loth to leave it in the present critical state of the country, when insurrections are breaking out in various parts of the kingdom, and Spain is once more threatened with civil war.

My illness has prevented me from giving you a detail of the political events of the country, which have of late assumed an alarming aspect. A coalition of various factions (opposite in their views and doctrines, and no one of them of sufficient magnitude to form a majority) has united in a vehement attempt to pull down the Regent, and put an end to the existing government. For this purpose insurrections have been stirred up in various parts of the country, and latterly, in Barcelona, that old seat of rebellion. To-day, the Regent sallies forth from the capital, to put himself once more at the head of his troops, and endeavor to quell these insurrections. I heartily pray for his success; for, should he fail, and should he be ejected from power, a fearful state of anarchy would ensue. The very coalition now combined against him would break into warring factions, each striving for the ascendency, and we might have civil war of the worst kind.

I have just returned from attending a levee held by the Regent, at twelve o'clock, preparatory to his departure. He made a frank, manly address to the diplomatic corps, declaring his disposition to cultivate cordial relations with all countries, but particularly with those who had representatives at this Court, and who recognized the constitution of Spain, the throne of Isabella II., and his regency; his loyal devotion to the constitution and the throne, and his sole and uniform ambition to place the reins of government in the hands of the youthful Queen on the 10th of October, 1844, when she should have completed her minority, and to place under her command a peaceful, prosperous, and happy country; but he expressed, at the same time, his determination to resist every at-

tempt to throw the country into a state of anarchy, and to defend the throne of Isabella and the constitution of 1837 like a good soldier.

At four o'clock a general review of the national militia takes place in the Prado, as on a former occasion, when the Regent, as before, will no doubt make them a speech, confiding the safety of the city and of the youthful Queen and her sister, to their patriotism and loyalty. At five o'clock he takes his departure. I cannot but feel that he sallies forth this time, with much more doubtful prospects than in his former expedition against Barcelona. The spirit of rebellion is more widely diffused, and is breaking forth at various points. A few days, or a very few weeks at farthest, will decide his fate, and determine whether he is to maintain his post and keep up some form of government for the remainder of the minority of the Queen (about fifteen months and a half), or whether his power, if not himself, is to be annihilated, and everything for a time thrown into chaos.

On Sunday evening last, I attended the *soirée* held weekly at the Regent's. It was the only one I have been able to attend for upward of four months ; but I was anxious to go to it, as it would be the last before the departure of the Regent. It was thinly attended, and I remarked a general gloom on the faces of those attached to the Regent, or whose interests were connected with his fortunes. The Regent himself did not appear, being engaged in a cabinet council. The Duchess was pale, and had a dejected air, complaining of headache. I rather fear it was heart ache, for she feels their hazardous position, and the pitfalls which surround them. She is an amiable and a lovely woman, and her dejected air rather heightened her beauty in my eyes. I had not seen her since my illness, and I had to thank her for many kind inquiries she had made after my health, sending one of the Duke's aides-de-camp for the purpose. It will be a joyful hour for her, I am convinced, when the Duke lays down his regency, and returns to the quiet and security of private life. . . . .

At the date of the following letter, Mr. Hamilton, his Secretary of Legation, was setting off on an excursion to

the Pyrenees. Brevoort had left the legation in April, to make the tour of Europe, and Ames had left in June, to return to France and embark for the United States in July. The letter gives some further insight into the critical state of Spanish affairs, the observation of which still took up much of his time and thoughts. It is addressed to Mrs. Storrow, at Paris, and bears date June 27th :—

. . . . We are in the midst of plots, conspiracies, and insurrections, and know not what a day may bring forth. The Regent is on his way to one part of the kingdom which is in a state of insurrection ; in the meantime, insurrections are breaking forth in other quarters. Many predict that he will never return to Madrid ; but so they predicted last year, when he sallied forth to put down the insurrection at Barcelona. For my part, I never expect to see Spain enjoy tranquillity and a settled form of government during the time I may sojourn in it, and fear I may have to witness some sanguinary scenes of popular commotion. I have looked upon Espartero as the only man likely to maintain the country in a tolerable state of tranquillity during the minority of the little Queen; but I now doubt if he will be able to keep up against the combination of factions bent upon his destruction. A few days will determine his fortunes.

Ten or twelve days later he writes to the same :—

We are here in the midst of confusion and alarm. I speak of the city and the people, for, as to myself, my mind is as tranquil and almost as stagnant as a millpond. A singular kind of rebellion is going forward. Armies marching and countermarching about the country; city after city declaring itself in a state of insurrection, but as yet no fighting. An insurgent army, under General Espiroz, has been hovering about Madrid for several days ; another (under General Narvaez) is marching from a

different direction to coöperate with it; and government troops, under Generals Soane and Zurbano, are pushing in from a distance, to aid in the defense of the place. In the meantime, the city is declared in a state of siege, and placed under martial law; the gates are closed and guarded, and we are thus shut up within the walls. The day before yesterday I was sitting in my room writing, when I was attracted to the window by an uncommon bustle and confusion of voices in the street. I looked out, and saw men, women, and children scampering in every direction; as far as the eye could reach there was the same hurry-scurry movement hither and thither. I summoned Lorenzo, and asked the reason. He told me there was a "revolution!" It appears the "General," or alarm, had been sounded, which is only done at moments of imminent peril, summoning every one to his post. The word was circulated that the enemy (an advanced guard of the army of General Espiroz) were at the Puerta de Hierro, or Iron Gate, which crosses the main road about half a league from the city gate. In a little while the national guards, or militia, were issuing from every side and corner, hastily equipped, and hurrying to their posts; women were gathering their children home, like hens gathering their chickens under their wings on the sight of a hawk. Before long there were eighteen thousand men under arms within the city; all the gates were strongly guarded: the main squares were full of troops, with cannon planted at the entrances of the streets opening into them. The shops were all shut up, and the streets, in general, deserted and silent, all those not on duty keeping as much as possible within doors. At night the whole city was illuminated, as is generally the case when any popular movement is apprehended, so that an enemy may not have darkness to favor his designs.

I was advised not to stir out, as one may get involved in tumults at such times. I kept at home all day, but in the evening I could not resist the desire to see something of a city in a state of siege, and under an alarm. I accordingly sallied forth in my carriage, and drove to the Prado. Instead of being crowded by the fashionable world, it was full of troops, there having been a review of the national guards. I alighted, and walked among them. They seemed all to be in high spirits. There were

but two carriages besides my own on the drive, usually so crowded. I drove from gate to gate of this end of the city, all closed and guarded. As the night advanced, I drove through most of the principal streets. The houses were illuminated from top to bottom. Few people were walking in the streets ; but groups were gathered about every door. Troops were patrolling in every direction, and in the main squares, which formed military posts, both officers and men were bivouacking on the pavements. The appearance of a solitary carriage rumbling through the streets attracted universal attention, but no one offered to molest me. I drove to Madame Albuquerque's, took tea there, and returned home about eleven o'clock. I never saw Madrid under more striking and picturesque circumstances.

Yesterday was comparatively tranquil, but this morning the "General," or alarm, has been given at six o'clock. The enemy has approached a different gate of the city, and there is news that General Narvaez and his troops are at Guadalajara, a few leagues distant. The city is again under arms. I presume the shops are shut up, but I have not as yet been out of the house. The greatest evil I have as yet experienced, is the cutting off the supply of butter and cow's milk for my breakfast, both coming from the royal dairy beyond the Puerto de Hierro, or Iron Gate.

As the government has prohibited the circulation of the opposition papers by the mail, they have all ceased to publish ; the government papers themselves are very scanty of intelligence, so that we are left in a state of ignorance of passing events, and are at the mercy of rumor, which fabricates all kinds of stories of plots, conspiracies to carry off the Queen, to blow up the powder magazines, etc., etc., etc.

Contradictory reports prevail also with respect to the Regent, who, by last accounts, was in La Mancha. Some say he is on his march back to Madrid, others that he is going to Cordova, others to Granada, to quell the insurrection in Andalusia. Some say his troops are in a high state of enthusiasm, others that they are deserting him. Every report has its counter report, so that one is reduced to mere conjecture.

I had looked forward to such a state of things, and I look forward to one still worse when the hostile parties come to blows. There may also

be perplexing questions for diplomatists, should the invading armies get possession of the capital, and of the person of the young Queen. The question may then arise, "Where is the actual government?" and which party is to be considered legitimate? You will now understand why, at such a crisis, a diplomatic agent should not be absent from his post.

We have no regular troops in the city, but a large force of national guards, and of the national militia from the neighboring villages. Some feel great confidence in their maintaining the safety of the city; others doubt their being willing to fight, seeing that the invaders are their countrymen. My idea is, that if Soane and Zurbano arrive in the neighborhood with the force they are said to have, the invaders will have to retreat, or to make battle. Should no such succor arrive, I should not be surprised if, after a few days, the city should make terms, acknowledge the insurgent authority, and that a temporary government should suddenly be organized here—how long to last, it would be useless even to conjecture.

I am scrawling this hastily, to be sent off by the French courier. I doubt letters going safely at present by the mail, as the insurgent cities through which it passes are eager to get at news from the capital. As I have no time to write to your mother, send her this letter when you have done with it. It will help to keep up the thread of Spanish affairs I have given her.

[*To Mrs. Storrow, Paris.*]

MADRID, July 13, 1843.

MY DEAR SARAH :—

I have just learned that a French courier is about to set off from the French embassy, and I hasten to scrawl you a line by it, as letters by the mail are apt, at the present moment, to be intercepted, and you may be anxious to hear from me during these warlike times. I wrote to you about four days since, giving you some account of the critical state of affairs in this city. Since that time, we have been in a state of siege; the enemy at the gates; the whole body of national guards, etc., under arms; the main streets barricaded; every house illuminated at night;

the streets swarming with military men ; the shops shut ; the publication of the newspapers suspended, and the public ear abused with all kinds of lying rumors. There has been brisk firing of musketry about some of the gates, and an occasional report of a cannon ; but the besiegers calculated upon the disaffection and treachery within the walls : upon a pronunciamento in favor of the insurrectional government, and upon the gates being thrown open to them. They therefore came without artillery. Thus far they have been disappointed. The national guards have remained firm and true, and have kept up a brisk fire whenever the enemy made any demonstrations. One of my windows commands a view of one of the city gates and its vicinity, and I could hear every discharge, and at night could see the flash of the guns. It has been extremely interesting to me, and fortunately, I have so far recovered from the lingering of my mal ady, that I could go all about on foot, and witness some of the striking scenes presented by a city in a state of siege, and hourly in apprehension of being taken by assault. Troops were stationed in the houses along the main streets, to fire upon the enemy from the windows and balconies, should they effect an entrance ; and it was resolved to dispute the ground street by street, and to make the last stand in the royal palace, where were the Queen and her sister, and where the Duchess of Victoria, wife of the Regent, had taken refuge, her own palace being in one of the most exposed parts of the city.

Apprehending that the lives of the Queen and her sister might be exposed to extreme hazard, as much in the defense as in the attack, the diplomatic corps addressed a note to the government, urging the most scrupulous attention to the safety of these helpless little beings, and offering to repair in a body to the palace, and remain there during the time of peril. Our offer has been declined, the ministry thinking the safety of the Queen and her sister sufficiently secured by the devotion of the inhabitants of Madrid, etc.

Last evening it was confidently reported that there would be a grand attack at various points in the course of the night, and many were in a great state of alarm. I had returned home at a late hour and had just got into bed, when I found a note lying on the table beside my bed, which

proved to be from Mrs. Weismuller, the young and beautiful bride of Mr. Weismuller, a connection and representative of the Rothschilds, who arrived here recently from England, and whose residence was in the main street leading from the gate that would be attacked. She requested permission to take refuge in my house. It was already twelve o'clock, but I hastily dressed myself again, and repaired to the residence of Mr. Weismuller, escorted by Lorenzo. Groups of soldiers, with sentinels, were stationed at every corner. I found Mr. and Mrs. Weismuller in much anxiety, he having received what he considered certain intelligence that the attack would take place about four o'clock in the morning. I offered every accommodation my house would afford, and, after much deliberation, it was determined that, on the first alarm of the attack, they should repair to my residence. This being settled, I returned home, but did not get asleep until between one and two o'clock. This morning, I awoke about four. There was the sound of a drum in the street, and the report of two or three distant shots. I thought the attack was about to commence, and prepared to rise; but all remained quiet, and there was no further alarm. It appeared that, instead of attacking, the enemy had drawn off in the night. They had heard of the approach of the forces under Generals Soane and Zurbano in one direction, and of a smaller force (about three thousand men) under Generals Iriarte and Enna in another direction. General Narvaez, therefore, has marched to encounter Soane and Zurbano, and General Espiroz to encounter Iriarte and Enna. Should they vanquish them, they will return upon Madrid, which, in such case, will probably capitulate. Should Soane and the others be successful, the Regent's government will be strengthened in Madrid; should they fail, his government will be overthrown. However this present contest may end, I look upon it as but the commencement of another series of conflicts and struggles for rule that will desolate unhappy Spain. Espartero has been the only man that has presented, for many years, calculated to be a kind of keystone to the arch; but his popularity has been undermined, and, whether he be displaced or not, I fear he will no longer have power and influence sufficient to prevent the whole edifice falling to ruin and confusion.

I scrawl this in great haste, and have no time to write to any of the family; you must forward it, therefore, to your mother, that it may let all at home know that I am *safe*, and mean to continue so, whatever storms may prevail around me. I have just received a letter from Hamilton, dated from the Pyrenees. He will be much grieved at being absent from Madrid in these stirring and eventful times.

My health is continually improving, and I think the excitement of the last two or three days has been of great service to me. Yesterday I was on my feet from ten o'clock in the morning until twelve or one at night, and, though much fatigued, feel all the better for it.

CHAPTER III.

LETTER TO MRS. PARIS. — INCORRECT ACCOUNTS OF THE INTERPOSITION OF THE CORPS DIPLOMATIQUE.—HIS VERSION.—ESPARTERO DRIVEN OUT.—IMPATIENCE TO DECLARE THE QUEEN OF AGE.—SCENES AND CEREMONIALS IN THE ROYAL PALACE.—VISITS THE DUCHESS OF VICTORIA (THE REGENT'S WIFE) IN HER REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

SOME of the letters of the foregoing chapter gave a glimpse or two of the scenes of warfare and confusion of which Mr. Irving was a witness while alone in the legation, with the city in a state of siege, and in hourly expectation of a general assault. He had, as we have seen, recovered sufficiently from his tantalizing malady to be able to go about on foot, and felt so extremely interested and excited during the crisis, that he could not keep in the house day or night. "I sallied out with as much eagerness," he writes, "as, when a boy, I used to break bounds, and sally forth at midnight to see a fire." What added, no doubt, to his excitement, was that his residence was not far from the gate of Alcala, about which most of the skirmishing took place. He states that he could see the flash of firearms from his window, and was often roused from sleep by the report of them in the night. The consequence of

this exposure and fatigue to one who had hardly yet regained the use of his legs, was a relapse.

We have seen, in a former letter that when preparations were made for a last stand at the palace, in case the city should be carried by assault, he had joined with the rest of the diplomatic corps in an offer to repair thither, and be near the Queen in the hour of danger. In the following letter, written after the event of the siege and the catastrophe of Espartero's regency, who had been driven from the country by a successful insurrection, he enters into some particulars of his agency in proposing the diplomatic intervention, and the motives which prompted the offer. The letter is to Mrs. Paris, is dated August 10th, and, besides the theme to which I have referred, contains other interesting and striking details of the royal drama of which he was a spectator.

. . . . I see the French and English papers have published incorrect accounts of an interposition of the *corps diplomatique* in relation to the safety of the little Queen and her sister, in case of the city being carried by storm. I am represented by some as having prepared a note under the direction of the French *chargé d' affaires*, by others as having prepared it in concert with the British Minister. The fact is, I prepared one according to my own conception of what would be likely to meet with the concurrence of both parties, whose disagreement was likely to defeat the whole measure. The intervention was in consequence of preparations being made to convert the royal palace into a citadel, where, in case the city were carried by assault, the last desperate stand was to be made, and in consequence of a declaration of that fanfaron Mendizabal, who had the control of affairs, that, if pushed to the utmost, he would sally forth with the Queen and her sister in each hand, put himself in the midst of the

troops, and fight his way out of the city. I looked upon this as empty swaggering, but I knew not how far the defense might be pushed, or to what dangers the poor little Queen and her sister might be exposed by those who might seek to screen themselves behind the fancied sanctity of their persons.

I entered, therefore, into the remonstrance of the diplomatic corps solely on account of the royal children. I was for protesting against any EXTREME, either of *attack or defense*, which might put their persons in imminent jeopardy, knowing that the protest of the diplomatic corps would be promulgated, and would reach the besieging army, with the leaders of which the objections of a part of the diplomatic corps would have influence ; while that of another part would have an effect upon the leaders of the defense. I had however, as I before observed, to modify the whole note, as the British Minister would only protest against the *attack*, while the rest of the diplomatic corps objected to omitting the word *defense*. I suggested the idea of offering to repair to the palace, and be near the Queen in any moment of danger; which was adopted, and incorporated in the note. Our offer was declined. Fortunately, events obviated the necessity of the measure. My only view in joining in the measure, as I before observed, was as far as our interference could have effect, to prevent the poor little Queen and her sister from being personally exposed to the dangers of any ruffian contest between warring and desperate factions. I am happy to say the storm has passed away, and they are at present safe.

The day before yesterday we had one of those transitions of scene and circumstance to which the melodramatic politics of this country are subject. Poor Espartero, as you will learn from the public papers, has been com pletely cast down, and driven out of the country. Notwithstanding all the obloquy heaped upon his name by those who have effected his downfall, I still believe him to have been loyal in his intentions towards the crown and the constitution ; but of this no more for the present. Those who were lately insurgents, now possess the power ; have formed themselves into a provisional government, occupy the capital, and carry on the affairs of the country in the accustomed manner, at the public offices.

Their great object now is to declare the Queen of age as soon as possible, so that there will be no need of a regency, and that they will be able to act immediately in her name and by her authority. Some were of opinion that the government (or cabinet of Ministers) ought to declare her so instantly, as authorized by the wish of the nation, expressed in the various *juntas* and *pronunciamentos;* but others objected that this would be unconstitutional; the *Cortes* only could, by its vote, abbreviate the minority of the Queen, and declare her of age to govern, and before the *Cortes* only could she take the necessary oaths on assuming the reins of government. It was determined, therefore, to defer the measure until the meeting of the *Cortes* in October next, but, in the meantime, to have a grand ceremonial in presence of all the dignitaries of the kingdom and the diplomatic corps, whenever the measure should be recommended in an address to the Queen, and concurred in by her, and thus a solemn pledge given to the nation, that, *the Cortes concurring*, the minority would cease, and the Queen begin to reign in her own person in October. Accordingly, the day before yesterday, at five o'clock in the afternoon, I was present at another imposing scene at that theatre of political events, the royal palace. I have given you two or three rather gloomy scenes there already, connected with the story of the little Queen. I will now give you one of a different character. As the recent change of affairs has been one in which the *moderados*, or aristocracy, have taken great part, a complete change has taken place in the affairs of the palace. Arguelles, Madame Mina, and all the official characters elevated into place about the royal person by former revolutions are now superseded, and the old nobility, who stood aloof and refused to mingle at court with people who had risen from the ranks, now surround the throne, and throng the saloons of the palace. As my carriage drew up at the foot of the vast and magnificent staircase, I observed hosts of old aristocratic courtiers, in their court dresses, thronging the marble steps, like the angels on Jacob's ladder—excepting that they were all ascending, none descending. I followed them up to this higher heaven of royalty. I paused for a moment at the great portal opening into the royal apartments. The marble casings still bear marks of the shattering musket-balls, and the

folding-doors are still riddled like a sieve—mementoes of that fearful night when this sacred abode of royalty and innocence was made the scene of desperate violence. Now all was changed ; the doors, thrown open, gave access to an immense and lofty antisala, where we passed through lines of halberdiers and court servants, all in new and bright array. All the anterooms were swarming with courtiers, military and civic officers and clergy, in their different costumes. The magnificent hall of the ambassadors, which, at our last audience of the little Queen, was almost empty and silent, was now absolutely crowded. I have already mentioned this hall to you. It is of great size, very lofty, the ceilings painted with representations of the various climes and realms of Spain in her palmy days, when the sun never set on her dominions. The walls are hung with crimson velvet, relieved with rich gilding. The chandeliers are of crystal. All the furniture is sumptuous. On one side of the saloon, just opposite the centre windows, is the throne, on a raised dais, and under a superb canopy of velvet. In this saloon, as I observed, were congregated an immense throng : old and new courtiers, many of the ancient nobility, who had kept out of sight during the domination of Espartero, but who now crept forth to hail the dawn of what they consider better days. Here, too, were many of the generals and officers who had figured in the recent insurrection, or who had hastened back from exile to come in for a share of power. Here was Narvaez, who lately held Madrid in siege ; here was Espiroz, his confederate in arms ; here was O'Donnell, the hero of the insurrection of 1840, connected with the night attack on the palace. In short, it was a complete resurrection and reunion of courtiers and military partisans, suddenly brought together by a political *coup de theatre*. For a while all was buzz and hum, like a bee-hive in swarming time, when suddenly a voice from the lower end of the saloon proclaimed, *La Reina ! la Reina !* (the Queen ! the Queen !) In an instant all was hushed. A lane was opened through the crowd, and the little Queen advanced, led by the venerable General Castaños, Duke de Bailen, who had succeeded Arguelles as tutor and guardian. Her train was borne by the Marchioness of Valverde, a splendid-looking woman, one of the highest nobility ; next followed her little sister, her

train borne by the Duchess of Medina Celi, likewise one of the grandees; several other ladies of the highest rank were in attendance. The Queen was handed up to the throne by the Duke of Bailen, who took his stand beside her; the Duchess of Valverde arranged the royal train over the back of the chair of state which forms the throne, so that it spread behind the little Queen something like the tail of a peacock. The little Princess took her seat in a chair of state on the floor, a little to the left of the throne; the Duchess of Medina Celi behind her, and the other noble ladies-in-waiting ranged along to her left, all glittering in jewels and diamonds. A little further off, likewise in a chair of state, was Don Francisco, the Queen's uncle, and beside him stood his son, the Duke of Cadiz, who is one of the candidates for the hand of her little Majesty. I had now a good opportunity of seeing this youth. He was in a hussar's uniform, and a much better-looking stripling than I had been led to suppose him. As I know I am now on a diplomatic theme that will be peculiarly interesting to you—good republican as you are—I wish I could detail to you, learnedly, the dresses of the little Queen and her sister, which, as usual, were alike. I know the body and skirt were of beautiful brocade, richly fringed with gold; there was abundance of superb lace; the trains were of deep-green velvet; the Queen wore a kind of light crown of diamonds, in which alone she differed from the princess. They both had diamond pendants and necklaces, and diamond ornaments in their side locks.

The little Queen looked well. She is quite plump, and has grown much. She acquitted herself with wonderful self-possession, considering that she was thus elevated individually in the midst of such an immense and gorgeous assemblage, and the object of every eye. Her manner was dignified and graceful. Her little sister, however, is far her superior, both in looks and carriage. She has beautiful eyes, an intelligent countenance, a sweet smile, and promises to be absolutely fascinating. Her looks and her winning manners she is said to inherit from her mother. She seemed to be in fine spirits; indeed, both of the sisters appeared to enjoy the scene. It was the first time that the little Queen had been surrounded by the aristocratical splendors of a court.

When the Queen had taken her seat, the cabinet Ministers took their stand before the throne, and one of them read an address to her, stating the circumstances that made it expedient she should be declared of age by the next *Cortes*, and should then take the oaths of office. As the little Queen held her reply, ready cut and dry, in a paper in her hand, she paid but little attention to the speech, but kept glancing her eyes here and there about the hall, and now and then toward her little sister, when a faint smile would appear stealing over her lips, but instantly repressed. The speech ended, she opened the paper in her hand, and read the brief reply which had been prepared for her. A shout then burst forth from the assemblage, *Viva la Reina!* (Long live the Queen!) The venerable Duke of Bailen, taking the lead as tutor to the Queen, then bent on one knee and kissed her hand. The Infanta Don Francisco and his son gave the same token of allegiance. The same was done by every person present, excepting the diplomatic corps. They also knelt and kissed the hand of the Princess, and some kissed the hand of Don Francisco, but those were his partisans. As the crowd was great, this ceremonial took up some time. I observed that the Queen and her sister discriminated greatly as to the crowd of persons who paid this homage, distinguishing with smiles and sometimes with pleasant words, those with whom they were acquainted. It was curious to see generals kneeling and kissing the hand of the sovereign, who but three weeks since were in rebellion against her government, besieging her capital, and menacing the royal abode, where they were now doing her homage.

This ceremony over, the Queen and her sister took their stand in a balcony in front of the great hall of ambassadors, under a rich and lofty silken awning. The high dignitaries of her court attended on her. The ladies of the court were in a balcony on one side, and the diplomatic corps in one on the other; and every window of the royal suite of apartments was thronged by persons in court dresses or uniforms. The whole effect, in that magnificent palace, was remarkably brilliant. A vast throng was collected in the great square before the palace. In a little while martial music was heard, and General Narvaez, with his staff, escorted by a troop of horse, came advancing under an archway on the

opposite side of the square. In fact, the whole army that had lately besieged the city, now came marching in review before the palace, shouting *vivas* as they passed beneath the royal balcony. It was really a splendid sight—one of those golden cloudless evenings of this brilliant climate, when the sun was pouring his richest effulgence into the vast square, around which the troops paraded. Here were troops from various parts of Spain, many of them wayworn and travel-stained, and all burnt by the ardent sun under which they had marched. The most curious part of this military spectacle was the Catalan legion—men who looked like banditti rather than soldiers—arrayed in half-Arab dress, with *mantas*, like horse-cloths, thrown over one shoulder, red woollen caps, and hempen socks instead of shoes. They are, in fact, little better than banditti—a fierce turbulent race, as are all the Catalans. I remained for a great part of an hour witnessing the passing of these insurgent legions, which were recently overrunning the country and menacing the capital, but which, by the sudden hocus-pocus of political affairs, are transformed into loyal soldiers, parading peacefully before the royal palace, and shouting *vivas* for the Queen. This is the last act I have witnessed of the royal drama, and here I will let fall the curtain.

After writing the foregoing to his sister, he drove out to pay visits of ceremony to some of the persons who had suddenly been brought into official station by the recent change of government. The visit detailed below, however, was not one of form, and had a higher prompting than diplomatic etiquette. I have heard him say it provoked a courtier's scoff. When about to bring his long letter to an end, he writes to his sister, August 11th :—

Before I conclude let me say a word or two about that most amiable and excellent woman, the Duchess of Victoria. I have always esteemed and admired her, but never so much as since her great reverse of fortune.

During the siege, as the palace of Buena Vista was near the point of attack, she took refuge in the royal palace. Since the capitulation of the city, the occupation of it by the insurgent armies, and the formation of the provisional government, she retired to the house of an aunt in the centre of Madrid. Here I visited her, and found her still attended by some faithful friends. I found her calm, self-possessed, and free from all useless repining or weak lamentation. In fact, she was in a far better state of mind than when I saw her at her *soirées* at Buena Vista, surrounded by something like a court, but harassed by doubts and forebodings. She said her conscience was clear ; she had never been excited by her elevation as the wife of the Regent, and trusted her conduct had always been the same as when wife of a simple general. She felt no humiliation in her downfall. She spoke of the charges made against her husband of grasping ambition, artifice, love of power—he, said she, whose habits were so simple, whose desires so limited ; who cared not for state, and less for money ; whose great pleasure was to be in his garden, planting trees and cultivating flowers. It was a matter of pride and consolation to her, she added, that they left the regency poorer than when they entered it. I was pleased to see that she spoke without acrimony of those political rivals who had effected the downfall of her husband, but with deep feeling of the conduct of some who had always professed devotion to him, who had risen by his friendship, and who had betrayed him. "This," said she, "is the severest blow of all, for it destroys our confidence in humankind." I could not but admire the discrimination of her conduct with respect to the two great leaders of the present government, Generals Narvaez (Commander-in-chief) and Serrano (the Minister of War). They both sent her offers of escort, and of any other service and facility. "As to General Narvaez," said she, "he has always been the avowed enemy of my husband, but an open and frank one ; he practiced nothing but what he professed ; I accept his offers with gratitude and thanks. As to Serrano, he professed to be my husband's friend ; he rose by his friendship and favors, and he proved faithless to him ; I will accept nothing at his hands, and beg his name may not again be mentioned to me."

The Duchess has set off for England by the way of France, and an

escort was furnished her by Narvaez to protect her on her journey through Spain. I have no doubt she will be well received in England, and will feel a tranquillity of mind there to which she has long been a stranger. "Oh," said she, drawing a long breath, "how glad I shall be to find myself once more at complete liberty, where I can breathe a freer air, and be out of this atmosphere of politics, trouble, and anxiety!"

CHAPTER IV.

LEAVES MADRID FOR CHANGE OF AIR.—EXCURSION TO VERSAILLES AND PARIS.—GRISI IN "NORMA."—BORDEAUX.—LETTER TO HENRY BREVOORT.—REGRETS ABOUT THE INTERRUPTION OF HIS LITERARY PLANS.—ALLUSION TO THE DIPLOMATIC INTERVENTION FOR THE SAFETY OF THE QUEEN.—MEETING WITH ROGERS.—RETURN TO MADRID.—LETTER TO MRS. PARIS.—THE YOUNG QUEEN'S ACCESSION TO THE THRONE.—MADAME CALDERON.—PASSAGES FROM A LETTER TO MRS. GRINNELL.

BEING strongly urged by his physician to try the effects of travel and a change of air for the inflammation in his ankles, which had now harassed him, more or less, for seven months past, confining him for a great part of the time to the house, and sometimes to his bed, Mr. Irving left Madrid on the 7th of September, to make an excursion into France, leaving the legation in the hands of the Secretary, Mr. Hamilton. He was accompanied by his faithful servant, Lorenzo, and from Bordeaux, where he stopped to pass a few days among his friends, the Guestiers and Johnsons, writes to his niece, Mrs. Storrow, then quartered at Versailles :—

I hope you will retain your apartments at Versailles. I would vastly prefer visiting you there than at Paris.

I must tell you that I have thus far enjoyed my journey extremely. I

do not know when scenery had a more vivifying effect on my feelings than in passing from the dreary, parched wastes of the Castles to the green mountains and valleys of the Basque provinces. The nights were superb, a full moon lighting up splendid mountain scenery ; the air bland, and fresh, and balmy, instead of the parching airs of Madrid. The first sight of the sea, too, and the inhaling of the sea-breeze, brought a home feeling that was quite reviving. You cannot imagine how beautiful France looks to me, with her orchards and vineyards, and groves, and green meadows, after naked, sterile Spain. I feel confident I shall return from this excursion with a stock of health and good spirits to carry me through the winter.

He left Bordeaux on Wednesday, the 13th, and travelling day and night, arrived at Versailles at three o'clock on Friday (15th). Here he remained nearly two weeks without coming to Paris, and, indeed, without leaving the house, excepting in a carriage to take the air, the journey from Madrid having brought on a temporary irritation of the lingering symptoms of his malady.

We came to Paris the day before yesterday [he writes to his brother, September 30th], but I have not yet been out of the house. I am gradually, however, getting over this transient access of my complaint, and hope in a few days to be again able to go about on foot. I intend consulting the ablest physician on the subject. I am anxious to get well, so as to be able to return to Madrid before the cold weather sets in. I do not like to be away from my post in these critical times.

Thirteen days later, he writes to his sister (October 12th):—

I have now been two weeks in Paris, but am still confined very much to the house, excepting when I go out in a carriage. The least exercise

on foot produces an irritation of the malady which still lingers about my ankles, and thus retards my cure. I begin to think it will yet take a considerable time to conquer it, and that I shall have to return to Madrid before my cure is completed. My general health, however, is good, my appetite excellent, and I am growing as stout a gentleman as formerly.

The next day (October 13th) he writes to me from Paris:—

I am leading a very quiet life in the very centre of all that is gay and splendid. My obstinate malady, which still clings to me just sufficiently to fetter me, prevents my sallying forth excepting in a carriage, so that I pass most of the time in the house. Last night, however, I managed to visit the opera, and saw Grisi in "Norma." She is one of the finest actors I have ever seen, quite worthy of being classed with the Siddonses, Pastas, etc. I had scarcely expected ever again to have seen such a glorious combination of talent and personal endowment on the stage.

November 22d, in a letter to me, he reports himself as being on the point of setting off in the *malle poste* for Bordeaux, in very good travelling condition; and, four days later, after a comfortable journey, he writes to his old friend, Brevoort, from that city, as follows, giving, as will be seen, a glance at his own private affairs, the public concerns of his mission, and an amusing sketch of an encounter with Rogers, while at Paris:—

BORDEAUX, November 26, 1843.

MY DEAR BREVOORT:—

I received your most kind and welcome letter some short time before leaving Paris, and should have answered it immediately, but I was in one of those moods when my mind has no power over my pen. Indeed, I have long owed you a letter, and have intended to write to you; but

correspondents multiplied fearfully upon me, and my pen was tasked, diplomatically and otherwise, on my arrival at Madrid, to such a degree as to fag me out, and to produce the malady which has harassed me for nearly a year past. I am now on my way back to my post, after between two and three months' absence. I set out in pursuit of health, and thought a little travelling and a change of air would "make me my own man" again; but I was laid by the heels at Paris, by a recurrence of my malady, and have just escaped out of the doctor's hands, sufficiently recovered to get back to my post, where I hope, by care and medical treatment, to effect my cure.

This indisposition has been a sad check upon all my plans. I had hoped, by zealous employment of all the leisure afforded me at Madrid, to accomplish one or two literary tasks which I have in hand. . . . . A year, however, has now been completely lost to me, and a precious year, at my time of life. The "Life of Washington," and, indeed, all my literary tasks, have remained suspended; and my pen has remained idle, excepting now and then in writing a despatch to government, or scrawling a letter to my family.

Carson will give you an account of diplomatic and household affairs at Madrid. I was extremely sorry to part with him; but I could not advise him to stay, where there was no career nor regular pursuit opening to him. . . . .

I do not know whether you speak in jest or earnest about the popular view of my conduct on the occasion of the diplomatic intervention for the safety of the little Queen, during the late siege of Madrid. My conduct was dictated at the time by honest and spontaneous impulse, without reference to policy or politics. I felt deeply for the situation of the Queen and her sister, and was anxious that their persons should be secured from the civil brawls and fightings which threatened to distract the city, and invade the very courts of the royal palace. In all my diplomacy, I have depended more upon good intentions, and frank and open conduct, than upon any subtle management. I have an opinion that the old maxim, "Honesty is the best policy," holds good even in diplomacy!

Thus far I have got on well with my brother diplomatists, and have

met with very respectful treatment from the Spanish Government in all its changes and fluctuations. I have endeavored punctually to perform the duties of my office and to execute the instructions of government; and I believe that the archives of the legation will testify that the business of the mission has never been neglected. I have not suffered illness to prevent me from keeping everything in train ; and, indeed, my recovery has been retarded by remaining at my post during the revolutionary scenes of last summer, though urged by my physicians to spend the hot months at the watering places in the mountains. I do not pretend to any great skill as a diplomatist ; but in whatever situation I am placed in life, when I doubt my skill, I endeavor to make up for it by conscientious assiduity.

While I was in Paris, in driving out one day, with my niece in the Champs Elysées, we nearly ran over my old friend Rogers. We stopped, and took him in. He was in one of his yearly epicurean visits to Paris, to enjoy the Italian opera and other refined sources of pleasure. The hand of age begins to bow him down, but his intellect is clear as ever, and his talents and taste for society in full vigor. He breakfasted with us several times, and I have never known him more delightful. He would sit for two or three hours continually conversing, and giving anecdotes of all the conspicuous persons who have figured within the last sixty years, with most of whom he has been on terms of intimacy. He has refined upon the art of telling a story, until he has brought it to the most perfect simplicity, where there is not a word too much or too little, and where every word has its effect. His manner, too, is the most quiet, natural, and unpretending that can be imagined. I was very much amused by an anecdote he gave us of little Queen Victoria and her nautical vagaries. Lord Aberdeen has had to attend her in her cruisings, very much against his will, or, at least, against his stomach. You know he is one of the gravest and most laconic men in the world. The Queen, one day, undertook to reconcile him to his fate. "I believe, my lord," said she, graciously, "you are not often seasick." "*Always*, madam," was the grave reply. "But," still more graciously, "not *very* seasick." With profounder gravity, "VERY, madam !" Lord Aberdeen declares, that, if her Majesty persists in her cruisings, he will have to resign.

During his absence in Paris, the declaration of the majority of the Queen had been made by the *Cortes*, and she had taken the oath to support the constitution; an imposing ceremonial, at which the diplomatic body were present. Soon after his return to Madrid, he writes as follows:—

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

MADRID, December 10, 1843.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

. . . . I arrived safe in Madrid about ten days since, after a somewhat rapid journey; but I had the mail carriage to myself, and was enabled to make myself comfortable. On approaching Spain, I heard of the mail having been robbed between Bayonne and Madrid, and the passengers extremely maltreated, and was advised not to go until I could be well escorted; but I knew that highway robberies seldom occurred twice in any neighborhood, unless at long intervals, so I pushed forward. It had been advertised that the mail would be doubly guarded, in consequence of the late robberies, but the promise was not fulfilled. We passed through the robber region in the night, with only two musketeers to guard the carriage, both of whom went to sleep. As I did not care to keep watch myself, and alarm myself with shadows, I arranged myself comfortably, and fell asleep likewise, and continued napping through all the dangerous part of the road. I arrived in Madrid just in time to witness the three days of public rejoicing for the young Queen's accession to the throne. All the houses were decorated, the balconies hung with tapestry; there were triumphal arches, fountains running with milk and wine, games, dances, processions, and parades by day, illuminations and spectacles at night, and the streets were constantly thronged by the populace in their holiday garb. . . . . The *Moderados* have the government at present, and are determined to maintain their sway by military means. General Narvaez is with them, and, under his military vigilance, the capital gleams with the bayonet as in time of war.

Ten days later, he writes to his niece, at Paris: . . . . "I found Mr. Hamilton in good health and good looks on my return. He has conducted the legation extremely well during my absence, and given it up into my hands in complete order." . . . . "I was cordially welcomed back by my brother diplomatists, and really had a home feeling on finding myself once more among them. I miss my old crony, Mr. Asten, however, sadly, and fear it will be difficult to supply his loss."

Mr. Asten, the British Minister, was succeeded by Henry Lytton Bulwer, who had not yet made his appearance in the diplomatic circle. After mentioning some accessions to that body during his absence, he adds —

> We have here, also, Mr. Calderon, formerly Minister to the United States, and his wife. The latter recently wrote a very lively work on a residence in Mexico. She is originally Scotch, but has resided for some time in the United States. I am highly pleased with her. She is intelligent, sprightly, and full of agreeable talent. I fear, however, she will not remain here long, as Mr. Calderon is likely to be appointed to some diplomatic post. Madame Calderon is a constant correspondent of Mr. Prescott. By the by, she has just lent me a copy of his "Conquest of Mexico," in sheets. I have read a great part of the introductory chapters, treating of Aztec manners, customs, etc., and am deeply interested in it.

I close the year with a few extracts from a letter, dated December 29th, to Mrs. M. H. Grinnell, in answer to some account of changes and improvements in her residence in the city of New York: —

Your account of the wonderful additions and alterations in the house in College Place quite astonishes me. G. certainly must have the bump of constructiveness strongly developed, particularly in that department of architecture which appertains to dining-rooms, butlers' pantries, and wine cellars. I have no doubt that, in consequence of his increased facilities, he now gives two dinners where he formerly gave one ; though that can hardly be, as he formerly, in general, gave one dinner and a half per diem, the latter being smuggled into the household economy under the name of a supper. . . . . God bless his bounteous heart! I have no doubt that, had he been in the place of his great namesake of Holy Writ, when he smote the rock, there would have spouted out wine instead of water. . . . .

I perfectly agree with you in your idea of ——— and ———. I feel deeply my separation from them ; they both seemed to take the place of others dear to my heart, whom I had lost and deplored. ——— came to my side when I was grieving over the loss of my dear brother Peter, who had so long been the companion of my thoughts, and I found in him many of the qualities which made that brother so invaluable to me as a bosom friend ; . . . . while ———, in the delightful variety of her character, so affectionate, so tender, so playful at times, and at other times so serious and elevated, and always so intelligent and sensitive, continually brought to mind her mother, who was one of the tenderest friends of my childhood, and the delight of my youthful years. God bless and prosper them both ! . . . .

The letter concludes with a fervent wish that he could return and be once more with his "little flock" :—

My heart yearns for home ; and as I have now probably turned the last corner in life, and my remaining years are growing scanty in number, I begrudge every one that I am obliged to pass separated from my cottage and my kindred.

CHAPTER V.

EXTRACTS FROM VARIOUS LETTERS. — THE PAST YEAR A LITERARY BLANK.— THE QUEEN'S ENTRANCE UPON HER REIGN.—PREPARATIONS FOR THE ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN-MOTHER.—HER RETURN.—LETTER TO MRS. PARIS.— THE ROYAL MEETING.—ENTRANCE OF QUEEN CHRISTINA INTO MADRID.— BESA MANOS AT THE ROYAL PALACE.

HOUGH Mr. Irving had the advantage of one of the most eminent physicians in Paris, he still brought back to Madrid the malady with which he had been so long tormented; a malady the more annoying, as it robbed him of the free use of his pen, and prevented him from being agreeably employed. The following extracts from various letters at this period are all more or less tinged with a depression arising from this drawback upon his literary plans:—

[*To Mrs. Storrow.*]

January 7th, 1844.— . . . . Madame A ——— says my visit to Paris has done me no good in one respect, that I am less content with Madrid since my return; but, in fact, I am at times disheartened by the continuance of my malady, which obliges me to abstain from all literary occupations, and half disables me for social intercourse. If I could only exercise my pen, I should be quite another being. . . . .

I am preparing to give a diplomatic dinner, which is something of an undertaking in my present nerveless condition.

[*To the Same.*]

January 14*th.*— . . . . I fear I am growing miserly over the remnant of existence, and cannot bear to have any of the few years that remain to me wasted as the last has been. I hope this year I may live more to the purpose ; otherwise it is a heavy tax to pay for mere existence.

To his niece, Sarah Irving, at the cottage, he writes:—

January 19*th.*— . . . . I hope you will all make your contemplated visits to New York in the course of the winter ; it will serve to break up the monotony of the season, though, for my part, if I could only be in my little cottage, looking out from its snug, warm shelter, upon the broad expanse of the Tappan Sea, all brilliant with snow, and ice, and sunshine, I think I should be loath to leave it for the city ; but then what would suit a philosophic old gentleman, who has seen enough of the world, and grown too wise for its gayeties, would hardly be to the taste of a bevy of young ladies, for whom the world has still some novelty.

[*To Pierre M. Irving.*]

January 20*th*, 1844.— . . . . I feel sadly the loss of the past year, which has disconcerted all those literary plans I formed on leaving home. However, I still hope the opening year, or at least a part of it, may be more profitably employed.

The following letter unfolds another page in Spanish affairs:—

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

MADRID, March 16, 1844.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

We are preparing for great ceremonies and festivities on the arrival of the Queen-mother, who has lately entered from France, and is slowly making her way to the capital, to be restored to her children. The little Queen and her sister departed from Madrid some time since, to meet her mother on the road according to Spanish usage. The meeting is to take place a little beyond the royal *sitio*, or country residence of Aranjuez, between that place and Ocaña. A temporary structure has been put up in the road for the purpose. The *corps diplomatique*, and all the court and nobility, are invited to attend on the occasion, and Aranjuez is already crowded. This place is about twenty-seven miles from Madrid, situated in a narrow valley watered by the Tagus. It is a small town, or rather village, in which are some indifferent hotels, and large barracks of houses, and is almost deserted, excepting when visited by the sovereign in the spring. The royal palace is spacious, but not magnificent. The great attractions are delicious gardens, with shady walks and bowers, refreshing fountains, and thousands of nightingales : also noble avenues of trees, and fine shady drives. All these render it a paradise in this arid, naked country ; and you come upon it by surprise, after traversing dreary plains, for it lies sunk in a narrow, green valley scooped out of the desert by the Tagus. As I have not yet sufficiently the use of my legs to enjoy the gardens and promenades, I shall not go to Aranjuez, this time, until the day before the Queen is expected to arrive. . . . .

The return of the Queen-mother is quite an event in the royal romance of the palace, and the circumstances of her journey have really a touching interest for me. She returns by the very way by which she left the kingdom in 1840, when the whole world seemed to be roused against her, and she was followed by clamor and execrations. What is the case at present ? The cities that were then almost in arms against her, now receive her with fêtes and rejoicings. Arches of triumph are erected in the streets ; *Te Deums* are chanted in the cathedrals ; processions issue forth to escort her ; the streets ring with shouts and acclamations ; homage

and adulation meet her at every step ; the meanest village has its ceremonial of respect, and a speech of loyalty from its alcalde. Thus her progress through the kingdom is a continual triumph. . . . .

In the following, to the same correspondent, dated March 23d, he gives a picture of the restoration of the Queen-mother to her children :—

I must now give you a chapter of the romance of the palace. I set off, the day before yesterday, for Aranjuez, to be present at the meeting of the little Queen and her mother. I started at six o'clock in the morning, in my carriage, with old Pedro the coachman, and my faithful Lorenzo, Mr. Valdevielso, the Mexican Minister, accompanied me, having sent on his four horses to be stationed on the road as relays. We had a beautiful morning, and enjoyed our drive to the old village of Valdemoro, where we left Pedro and the horses to await our return, and took the first pair of Mr. Valdevielso's horses, with his coachman. With these we drove to Aranjuez, not finding occasion to use the second relay, which followed us. We arrived at Aranjuez at half-past eleven, and found the meeting was expected to take place about five o'clock in the afternoon, about three miles from Aranjuez, on the road to Ocaña, a royal tent having been put up for the occasion. Aranjuez was crowded with company—all the nobility from Madrid, the military, and official characters of all sorts, not to mention office-hunters, and the countless crowd that courts the smiles of royalty.

Every vehicle at Madrid had been engaged at high prices to bring on the multitude ; every lodging, good or bad, at Aranjuez, had been taken up beforehand. I had comfortable quarters with my good friends the Albuquerques, and found myself the inmate of quite a diplomatic commonwealth, occupying a huge house hired for the occasion. It was two stories high, built around a square court-yard. You may imagine the size of the Spanish houses, when I tell you that in this were accommodated the French Ambassador and his lady, with two young gentlemen of the embassy; the Albuquerques and their family ; the Prince and

Princess de Carini ; the Count Marnex, Belgian *chargé d'affaires ;* Mr. D'Alborgo, *chargé d' affaires* of Denmark ; the Mexican Minister and myself ; and that each family had a distinct apartment to itself, with sitting-room, antechamber, etc. We all dined together, and a pleasant dinner we had ; while throughout the day and evening, Madame Albuquerque's saloon was a general resort. Here I had a comfortable sofa to lounge upon, and was quite petted by the good people. This gathering together of the diplomatic corps had, indeed, a most sociable, agreeable effect ; we seemed like one family. I became great friends with the Princess Carini, who is full of good humor and good spirits, and disposed to take the world cheerfully. Her husband was quite the life of the house, ever ready for anything that may amuse ; a man of varied talent —a musician, a painter, etc., etc.

In the course of the afternoon, I drove out, with Mr. Valdevielso, to the place where the royal meeting was to take place. The road was full of carriages and horsemen, hastening to the rendezvous, and was lined with spectators, seated by the roadside in gaping expectation. The scene of the rendezvous was quite picturesque. In an open plain, a short distance from the road, was pitched the royal tent—very spacious, and decorated with fluttering flags and streamers. Three or four other tents were pitched in the vicinity, and there was an immense assemblage of carriages with squadrons of cavalry, and crowds of people of all ranks, from the grandee to the beggar. We left our carriage at a distance from the tent, and proceeded on foot to the royal presence. The impatience of the little Queen and her sister would not permit them to remain in the tent ; they were continually sallying forth among the throng of courtiers, to a position that commanded a distant view of the road of Ocaña, as it sloped down the side of a rising ground. Poor things ! they were kept nearly a couple of hours in anxious suspense. . . . . At length the royal cortege was seen descending the distant slope of the road, escorted by squadrons of lancers, whose yellow uniforms, with the red flag of the lance fluttering aloft, made them look at a distance like a moving mass of fire and flame. As they drew near the squadrons of horse wheeled off into the plain, and the royal carriages approached. The impatience of

the little Queen could no longer be restrained. Without waiting at the entrance of the tent to receive her royal mother, according to etiquette, she hurried forth, through the avenue of guards, quite to the road, where I lost sight of her amidst a throng of courtiers, horse-guards, etc., etc. . . . . The reception of the queen-mother was quite enthusiastic. The air resounded with acclamations. . . . . The old nobility, who have long been cast down and dispirited, and surrounded by doubt and danger, look upon the return of the Queen-mother as the triumph of their cause, and the harbinger of happier and more prosperous days.

After witnessing this meeting, I hastened back to Aranjuez, to dine and get some repose before the reception of the *corps diplomatique*, which was to take place at the palace at half-past nine o'clock. We were received in plain clothes, the Queen-mother wishing to avoid the necessity of putting on a court dress. The royal palace was illuminated, and was surrounded by a crowd. We were received in a very beautiful saloon, furnished in the style of the "Empire;" that is to say, the classic style prevalent during the reign of Napoleon. Our diplomatic circle has quite increased of late, since the Queen has been recognized by different courts. The Ambassador of France takes precedence in it, from his diplomatic rank; then come the Ministers, etc., according to the date of their residence: first the Portuguese Minister, then myself, then the Mexican Minister, etc. The little Queen entered the room, followed by her mother and her sister, and the Minister of State. The ambassador of France made her a congratulatory address in the name of the corps, to which she read a brief, written reply. She then, followed by her mother and sister, passed along the line, addressing some words, of course, to each member of the diplomatic corps; after which the royal party courtesied themselves out of the room.

. . . . I was glad to get to bed that night, for my poor ankles fairly ached with having to be so much on my legs that day. The next morning Mr. Valdevielso and myself returned to Madrid, as did most of the diplomatic corps, so as to be ready to see the royal entrance into the capital. It will take place between three and four o'clock this afternoon, and I will keep my letter open to give you a word or two about it. . .

I have just returned from witnessing the entrance of Queen Christina, but have no time to give particulars, as it is dinner time, and the courier is about to depart. There was a great parade of military, and the streets were filled with a countless multitude. The Queen-mother sat in an open carriage, on the left hand of her daughter. The houses were all decorated with tapestry hung out of the windows and balconies. The reception of the Queen by the populace was not very animated. She is popular with the *Moderados*—that is to say, the aristocracy.

In the following letter to Mrs. Paris, he takes up the thread of his diplomatic themes. His elation, at the close, at being restored to the free use of his legs, from which he had been so long debarred, is quite in character:—

[*To Mrs. Paris, New York.*]

MADRID, April 17, 1844.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

My last letter concluded with the entrance of the Queen and Queen-mother into Madrid. Various fêtes and ceremonies, civil and religious, have since taken place in honor of the return of Maria Christina. I have been obliged to absent myself from most of them on account of my indisposition. I was present, however, at the *Besa manos* (or hand-kissing) at the royal palace. This is the grand act of homage to the sovereign and the royal family. The day was bright and propitious. The place in front of the royal palace was thronged with people waiting to see the equipages drive up; while the avenues were guarded by horse and foot, and the courts and halls echoed with military music. On entering the palace, the grand staircase and the antechambers were lined with the officers, halberdiers, and attendants of the royal household, and thronged with a gorgeous multitude, civil and military, glittering with gold lace and embroidery. I made my way into the Hall of Ambassadors, where the throne is situated, and which I found already filled with grandees and

high functionaries, and a number of the *corps diplomatique*. I have already noticed this hall in my former letters ; it is very magnificent, though somewhat *sombre*, the walls being covered with crimson velvet. It has a great number of large mirrors, immense chandeliers of crystal, and the vaulted ceiling is beautifully painted, representing, in various compartments, the people and productions of the various countries and climates of the Spanish empire, as it existed before its dismemberment. The throne is on the side of the hall opposite to the windows, just midway. It is raised three or four steps, and surmounted by a rich canopy of velvet. There were two chairs of state thus elevated, one on the right hand for the Queen, and on the left for the Queen-mother ; at the foot of the throne, to the left, was a chair of state for the Queen's sister. As everybody is expected to stand in the royal presence, there are no other seats provided. I began to apprehend a severe trial for my legs, as some time would probably elapse before the entrance of the Queen. The introducer of ambassadors, however (the Chevalier de Arana), knowing my invalid condition, kindly pointed out to me a statue at the lower end of the hall, with a low pedestal, and advised me to take my seat there until the opening of the court. I gladly availed myself of the suggestion, and, seating myself on the edge of the pedestal, indulged myself in a quiet survey of the scene before me, and a meditation on the various scenes of the kind I had witnessed in this hall in the time of Ferdinand VII. and during the time of my present sojourn at this court, and in calling to mind the rapid vicissitudes which had occurred, even in my limited experience, in the gilded and anxious throngs which, each in their turns, have glittered about this hall. How brief has been their butterfly existence ! how sudden and desolate their reverses ! Exile, imprisonment, death itself, have followed hard upon the transient pageants of a court: and who could say how soon a like lot might befall the courtier host before me, thus swarming forth into sudden sunshine ? They all seemed, however, secure that their summer was to last, and that the golden days of monarchical rule had once more returned. The arrival of the Queen-mother has been regarded by the aristocracy as the completion and consolidation of their triumph. They have crowded, therefore, to do

homage to the throne, and the Spanish Court has once more resumed something of its ancient splendor. Indeed, I had never seen the royal palace so brilliantly attended; and the whole ceremonial had an effect even upon the French Ambassador, who has been slow to see anything good at Madrid, but who acknowledged that the splendor of the court quite surpassed his expectations.

After we had been for some time assembled, the Queen was announced, and every one immediately ranged himself in order. The grandees take their station on the right hand of the throne ; the diplomatic corps forms a line directly in front of it, with the French Ambassador at the head. The Queen entered first, followed by her mother and the Princess Royal, and a long train of ladies of the highest nobility, magnificently dressed. The Queen and the Queen-mother took their seats on the throne, the latter on the left hand. The Princess was seated in a chair of state to the left of the throne, and the ladies in attendance ranged themselves from the left of the throne to the lower end of the hall. Among them were some of the most beautiful ladies of the nobility ; they were all in court dresses with lappets and trains, and as fine as silk, and plumes and lace, and diamonds could make them. I doubt whether even the lilies of the valley, though better arrayed than King Solomon in all his glory, could have stood a comparison with them. (I hope it is not wicked to say so.)

The little Queen and her sister were each dressed in white satin, richly trimmed with lace ; they had trains of lilac silk, and wreaths of diamonds on their heads, the only difference in their dress being the superior number of diamonds of the Queen. The Queen-mother had a train of azure blue, her favorite color. I like to describe dresses, having a knack at it ; but I absolutely forget the rest of her equipments. The little Queen, who, by the by, will soon cease to deserve the adjective of *little*, looked rather full and puffy on the occasion, being perhaps rather too straitly caparisoned ; the Infanta, too, looked pale, and, I was told, was in bad health. The Queen-mother, on the contrary, was in her best looks ; no longer fatigued and worn by a long and anxious journey, as when I saw her at Aranjuez, but cheerful and animated. I think, for

queenly grace and dignity, mingled with the most gracious affability, she surpasses any sovereign I have ever seen. Her manner of receiving every one, as they knelt and kissed her hand, and the smile with which she sent them on their way rejoicing, let me at once into the secret of her popularity with all who have frequented her court.

I remained but a short time after the *Besa manos* had commenced. It was likely to be between two and three hours before the immense crowd of courtiers, clergy, military, municipality, etc., could pay homage, and it was impossible for me to remain standing so long. I beat a retreat, therefore, in company with the *chargé d'affaires* of Denmark, the veteran D'Alborgo—a thoroughgoing courtier, who had risen from a sick-bed to be present on the occasion. I have since written a note to the Minister of State, requesting him to explain to the Queen and Queen-mother the cause of my absence from most of the court ceremonies on the recent joyful occasion; and have received a very satisfactory note in reply, with kind expressions on the part of the sovereigns. There is to be another grand *Besa manos* on the twenty-seventh of this month, by which time I hope to be sufficiently recovered from my long indisposition to resume my usual station in the diplomatic corps.

I am happy to tell you that I am getting on prosperously in my cure by the aid of baths, which I take at home. Indeed I expect, in a very little time, to be able to go about on foot as usual, and only refrain from doing so at present lest, by any over exercise, I might retard my complete recovery. When I drive out and notice the opening of spring I feel, sometimes, almost moved to tears at the thought that in a little while I shall again have the use of my limbs, and be able to ramble about and enjoy these green fields and meadows. It seems almost too great a privilege. I am afraid, when I once more sally forth and walk about the streets, I shall feel like a boy with a new coat, who thinks everybody will turn round to look at him. "Bless my soul, how that gentleman has the use of his legs!"

I want some little excitement of the kind, just now, to enliven me, for Alexander Hamilton is packing up, and preparing for his departure, which will probably take place in the course of three weeks. It will be a

hard parting for me, and I shall feel his loss sadly, for he has been everything to me as an efficient aid in business, a most kind-hearted attendant in sickness, and a cheerful, intelligent, sunshiny companion at all times. He will leave a popular name behind him among his intimates and acquaintances in Madrid, who have learned to appreciate his noble qualities of head and heart. What makes his departure very trying to me, is, that he is in a manner linked with my home, and is the last of the young companions who left home with me. God bless him! he will carry home sunshine to his family.

And now with love to "all bodies," I must conclude.

Your affectionate brother,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

On the 27th of April, Mr. Irving informs his niece, at Paris, that he had given two diplomatic dinners lately, and should give a third the next day. "You will think," he says, "I am quite 'breaking forth' with dinner parties; but, in truth, I have for a long time been so much depressed and out of social mood with my tedious malady, that I fell quite in arrears; and one of the first impulses, on finding myself really getting better, was to call my friends about me and make good cheer."

To another niece, under the same auspicious improvements in the state of his health, he writes, April 28:—

. . . . I have been rather light-hearted of late, at being in a great degree relieved from the malady which has so long kept me, as it were, in fetters. Yesterday I was at a *Besa manos*, or royal levee, at the palace, in honor of the birthday of the Queen-mother, where all the nobility and people of official rank have the honor of kissing the hands of the Queen and royal family; and, though the ceremonial lasted between two and three hours, I stood through the whole of it without flinching. I have

also taken a walk in the green alleys of the Retiro, for the first time in upward of fifteen months, and performed the feat to admiration. I do not figure about yet in the streets on foot, lest people should think me proud; I continue therefore, to drive out in my carriage. Indeed, I endeavor to behave as humbly and modestly as possible under "so great a dispensation;" but one cannot help being puffed up a little on having the use of one's legs.

CHAPTER VI.

DEPARTURE OF HAMILTON.—LONELINESS.—THE NEW AMERICAN MINISTER AT PARIS.—HEARTSICK WITH THE POLITICS OF SPAIN.—THE RETIRO.—A NEW SECRETARY OF LEGATION.—LETTER FROM BARCELONA.—THE TURKISH MINISTER.—AUDIENCE OF THE QUEEN.—REMINISCENCE OF THE PALACE.—ITS PECULIAR INTEREST TO HIM.—COUNT DE ESPAGNE.—LETTER TO PIERRE M. IRVING.—TEMPORARY LEAVE OF ABSENCE GRANTED HIM.—INTENDS TO VISIT PARIS.

THE day after the departure of Mr. Hamilton, the last of the three young companions who had embarked with him in his mission, and were linked to him by home affinities, Mr. Irving writes to Mrs. Storrow (May 15th):—

To-day there is an inexpressible loneliness in my mansion, and its great saloons seem uncommonly empty and silent. I feel my heart choking me, as I walk about and miss Hamilton from the places and seats he used to occupy. The servants partake in my dreary feelings, and that increases them. . . . .

I am scrawling this, because it is a relief to me to express what I feel, and I have no one at hand to converse with. The morning has been rainy, but it is holding up, and I shall drive out and get rid of these lonely feelings. To-day I dine with the Albuquerques, of which I am glad.

All this will soon pass away, for I have been accustomed, for a great

part of my life, to be much alone ; but I think, of late years, living at home, with those around to love and cherish me, my heart has become accustomed to look around for others to lean upon ; or, perhaps, I am growing less self-dependent and self-competent than I used to be. However, thank God, I am getting completely clear of my malady, and in a train to resume the occasional exercise of my pen ; and when I have that to occupy and solace me, I am independent of the world.

I select some further passages from letters to Mrs. Storrow, addressed to her at Paris :—

May 18*th*.—I am wearied and at times heartsick of the wretched politics of this country, where there is so much intrigue, falsehood, profligacy, and crime, and so little of high honor and pure patriotism in political affairs. The last ten or twelve years of my life . . . . has shown me so much of the dark side of human nature, that I begin to have painful doubts of my fellow-men, and look back with regret to the confiding period of my literary career, when, poor as a rat, but rich in dreams, I beheld the world through the medium of my imagination, and was apt to believe men as good as I wished them to be.

May 24*th*.—I see that a new Minister has been appointed for Paris, Mr. William King, of Alabama, who for many years has been in the Senate of the United States. He is an old acquaintance of mine, a very gentleman-like man. I first knew him about the year 1817, when I was residing with your uncle Peter, in Liverpool. He was then on his way home from Russia, having been attached to the legation in that court. He remained a week or two at Liverpool, and dined alternately with us, with a Mr. Kirwan, of Philadelphia, and Mr. Haggerty, of Virginia, so that we were every day the same party of five, though at different houses. We supposed he would give a good account of Liverpool, on his return home, as a very hospitable place, but with *only five inhabitants*. I believe he is still a bachelor, in which case I should not be surprised if he were an old one.

I have enjoyed myself greatly in the Retiro of late. It is such a delight

to be able once more to ramble about the shady alleys, and to have the companionship of nightingales, with which the place abounds at this season of the year. There is a beautiful prospect, too, of the distant Guadarrama mountains, seen rising above the tree-tops, tinted with hazy purple, and crowned with snow. The Retiro is one of the few pleasant haunts that cheer the surrounding sterility of Madrid.

The following extract from a letter to his sister, Mrs. Paris, announces the arrival of his new Secretary of Legation, Mr. Jasper H. Livingston, a son of Brockholst Livingston, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, with whom, as has been noted, Mr. Irving had passed a part of his novitiate as a student at law: —

June 15th. — I am now preparing for a journey to Barcelona, where I have to go to deliver two letters from the President to the Queen: one congratulatory on her accession to the throne, the other of condolence on the death of her uncle. They have been a long time on the way, and did not reach us until long after the Queen's departure; otherwise I should have delivered them here, and have endeavored to dispense with this journey to Barcelona. It is a long journey to make in this hot weather, and I fear I shall find Barcelona crowded, and comfortable quarters not to be had.

Mr. Livingston, who takes the place of Mr. Hamilton, arrived here about a week since, with a nephew, a fine boy about thirteen years of age. They have taken up their abode with me, and have quite enlivened my house.

Mr. Irving left Madrid for Barcelona on the 26th of June. The following is written about a week after his arrival in that "beautiful city, which," he writes to me,

"appears to me to be one of the favored spots of the earth; surrounded by a rich and fruitful country, magnificent prospects of land and sea, and blessed with a sweetly tempered southern climate."

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

BARCELONA, July 5, 1844.

MY DEAR SISTER :—

I presume Sarah Storrow has forwarded to you the letter I wrote to her on my arrival at this city, giving some account of my journey from Madrid, through the wild, mountainous region of Aragon. It was very fatiguing, very hot, and very dusty, yet I am glad I have made it, as it took me through a great part of what was a distinct kingdom before the marriage of Ferdinand with Isabella, by which the crowns of Aragon and Castile became united. We travelled almost constantly, day and night. In some of the mountainous parts the diligence was drawn by eight, and occasionally ten mules, harnessed two and two, with a driver on the box, a *zagal*, or help, who scampered for a great part of the way beside the mules, thwacking them occasionally with a stick, and bawling out their names in all kinds of tones and inflections; while a lad of fifteen years of age was mounted on one of the leaders, to act as pilot. This lad kept on with us for a great part of the journey. How he bore the fatigue, I can hardly imagine; and more especially the want of sleep, for we only paused about six hours each evening to dine and take repose. He, however, I found, could sleep on horseback; and repeatedly, when our long line of mules and the lumbering diligence were winding along roads cut around the face of mountains, and along the brink of tremendous precipices, the postilion was sleeping on his saddle, and we were left to the caution and discretion of the mules. However, we accomplished our journey in safety, in defiance of rough roads and robbers, and arrived here, after three days and a half of almost continual travel. . . . .

I am delighted with Barcelona. It is a beautiful city, especially the

new part, with a mixture of Spanish, French, and Italian character. The climate is soft and voluptuous, the heats being tempered by the sea breezes. Instead of the naked desert which surrounds Madrid, we have here, between the sea and the mountains, a rich and fertile plain, with villas buried among groves and gardens, in which grow the orange, the citron, the pomegranate, and other fruits of southern climates. We have here, too, an excellent Italian opera, which is a great resource to me. Indeed, the theatre is the nightly place of meeting of the diplomatic corps and various members of the court, and there is great visiting from box to box. The greatest novelty in our diplomatic circle is the Turkish Minister, who arrived lately at Barcelona on a special mission to the Spanish Court. His arrival made quite a sensation here, there having been no representative from the Court of the Grand Sultan for more than half a century. He was for a time quite the lion ; everything he said and did was the theme of conversation. I think, however, he has quite disappointed the popular curiosity. Something oriental and theatrical was expected — a Turk in a turban and bagging trousers, with a furred robe, a long pipe, a huge beard and moustache, a bevy of wives, and a regiment of black slaves. Instead of this, the Turkish Ambassador turned out to be an easy, pleasant, gentleman-like man, in a frock coat, white drill pantaloons, black cravat, white kid gloves, and dandy cane ; with nothing Turkish in his costume but a red cap with a long blue silken tassel. In fact, he is a complete man of society, who has visited various parts of Europe, is European in his manners, and, when he takes off his Turkish cap, has very much the look of a well-bred Italian gentleman. I confess I should rather have seen him in the magnificent costume of the East ; and I regret that that costume, endeared to me by the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments," that joy of my boyhood, is fast giving way to the leveling and monotonous prevalence of French and English fashions. The Turks, too, are not aware of what they lose by the change of costume. In their oriental dress, they are magnificent-looking men, and seem superior in dignity of form to Europeans ; but, once stripped of turban and flowing robes, and attired in the close-fitting, trimly cut modern dress, and they shrink in dimensions, and turn out a very ill-made race. Notwith-

standing his Christian dress, however, I have found the Effendi a very intelligent and interesting companion. He is extremely well informed, has read much and observed still more, and is very frank and animated in conversation. Unfortunately, his sojourn here will be but for a very few days longer. He intends to make the tour of Spain, and to visit those parts especially which contain historical remains of the time of the Moors and Arabs. Granada will be a leading object of curiosity with him. I should have delighted to visit it in company with him.

I know all this while you are dying to have another chapter about the little Queen, so I must gratify you. I applied for an audience shortly after my arrival, having two letters to deliver to the Queen from President Tyler ; one congratulating her on her majority, the other condoling with her on the death of her aunt. The next day, at six o'clock in the evening, was appointed for the audience, which was granted at the same time to the members of the diplomatic corps who had travelled in company with me, and two others who had preceded us. It was about the time when the Queen drives out to take the air. Troops were drawn up in the square in front of the palace, awaiting her appearance, and a considerable crowd assembled. As we ascended the grand staircase, we found groups of people on the principal landing places waiting to get a sight of royalty. This palace had a peculiar interest for me. Here, as often occurs in my unsettled and wandering life, I was coming back again on the footsteps of former times. In 1829, when I passed a few days in Barcelona, on my way to England to take my post as Secretary of Legation, this palace was inhabited by the Count de Espagne, at that time Captain General of the province. I had heard much of the cruelty of his disposition, and the rigor of his military rule. He was the terror of the Catalans, and hated by them as much as he was feared. I dined with him in company with two or three English gentlemen, residents of the place, with whom he was on familiar terms. In entering his palace, I felt that I was entering the abode of a tyrant. His appearance was characteristic. He was about forty-five years of age, of the middle size, but well set and strongly built, and became his military dress. His face was rather handsome, his demeanor courteous, and at table he became

social and jocose ; but I thought I could see a lurking devil in his eye, and something hard-hearted and derisive in his laugh. The English guests were his cronies, and, with them, I perceived his jokes were coarse, and his humor inclined to buffoonery. At that time, Maria Christiana, then a beautiful Neapolitan princess in the flower of her years, was daily expected at Barcelona, on her way to Madrid to be married to Ferdinand VII. While the Count and his guests were seated at table, after dinner, enjoying the wine and cigars, one of the petty functionaries of the city, equivalent to a deputy alderman, was announced. The Count winked to the company, and promised a scene for their amusement. The city dignitary came bustling into the apartment with an air of hurried zeal and momentous import, as if about to make some great revelation. He had just received intelligence, by letter, of the movements of the Princess, and the time when she might be expected to arrive, and had hastened to communicate it at head-quarters. There was nothing in the intelligence that had not been previously known to the Count, and that he had not communicated to us during dinner ; but he affected to receive the information with great surprise, made the functionary repeat it over and over, each time deepening the profundity of his attention ; finally he bowed the city oracle quite out of the saloon, and almost to the head of the staircase, and sent him home swelling with the idea that he had communicated a state secret, and fixed himself in the favor of the Count. The latter returned to us, laughing immoderately at the manner in which he had played off the little dignitary, and mimicking the voice and manner with which the latter had imparted his important nothings. It was altogether a high farce, more comic in the acting than in the description ; but it was the sportive gambling of the tiger, and I give it to show how the tyrant, in his hours of familiarity, may play the buffoon.

The Count de Espagne was a favorite general of Ferdinand, and, during the life of that monarch, continued in high military command. In the civil wars, he espoused the cause of Don Carlos, and was charged with many sanguinary acts. His day of retribution came. He fell into the hands of his enemies, and was murdered, it is said, with savage cruelty while being conducted a prisoner among the mountains. Such are the

bloody reverses which continually occur in this eventful country, especially in these revolutionary times.

I thought of all these things as I ascended the grand staircase. Fifteen years had elapsed since I took leave of the Count at the top of this staircase, and it seemed as if his hard-hearted, derisive laugh still sounded in my ears. He was then a loyal subject and a powerful commander ; he had since been branded as a traitor and a rebel, murdered by those whom he had oppressed, and hurried into a bloody grave. The beautiful young Princess, whose approach was at that time the theme of every tongue, had since gone through all kinds of reverses. She had been on a throne, she had been in exile, she was now a widowed Queen, a subject of her own daughter, and a sojourner in this palace.

On entering the royal apartments, I recognized some of the old courtiers whom I had been accustomed to see about the royal person at Madrid, and was cordially greeted by them, for at Barcelona we all come together sociably, as at a watering-place. The "introducer of ambassadors" (the Chevalier de Arana) conducted my companions and myself into a saloon, where we waited to be summoned into the royal presence I being the highest in diplomatic rank of the party present, was first summoned. On entering, I found the little Queen standing in the centre of the room, and, at a little distance behind her, the Marchioness of Santa Cruz, first lady in attendance. She received me in a quiet, graceful manner, with considerable self-possession, expressing, in a low voice, the hope that I had made a pleasant journey, etc. This must be the hardest task for so young a creature, to have to play the Queen *solus*, receiving, one by one, the diplomatic corps, and beginning the conversation with each. Our interview was brief. I presented my two letters, expressed the satisfaction which I (really) felt at seeing, by her improved looks, that the sojourn at Barcelona had been beneficial to her, etc., after which I retired, to give place to my companions. We had afterward, one by one, an audience of the Queen-mother, who is looking very well, though, I am told, she is still subject to great anxiety and frequent depression of spirits, feeling the uncertainty of political affairs in Spain, and the difficulties and dangers which surround the throne of her youthful daughter. Noth-

ing could be more gracious and amiable than her reception. Her smile is one of the most winning I have ever witnessed ; and the more I see of her, the less I wonder at that fascination which, in her younger and more beautiful days, was so omnipotent, and which, even now, has such control over all who are much about her person.

Eleven days after the date of the foregoing letter, to which he refers me, with a hint that he should have to "greatly retrench the epistolary prodigality of [his] pen," he writes me from Barcelona, as follows :—

July 18th.—Yesterday I received my letters by the steam packet of the 15th of June, among which is a despatch from Government, granting me the temporary leave of absence for the benefit of my health which I had solicited. I shall avail myself of the leave of absence toward the end of this month, to make an excursion to Paris previous to returning to Madrid. I shall thus escape the dry, parching summer heat of the Spanish capital, be enabled, if necessary, to consult the French physician who attended me last autumn, refresh and recruit myself by a pleasant tour and complete change of climate, and return to Madrid early in the autumn, fully prepared, I trust, to enter with vigor upon my literary as well as my diplomatic occupations.

CHAPTER VII.

FROM BARCELONA TO PARIS.—MARSEILLES.—AVIGNON.—LYONS.—VERSAILLES HAVRE.—LEAVES HAVRE FOR LONDON.—SLIPS THROUGH LONDON QUIETLY.—AT THE SHRUBBERY.—BACK TO FRANCE.—VISIT TO KING LOUIS PHILIPPE. LETTER TO MRS. PARIS.—COURT GAYETIES.—MUSINGS IN THE ROYAL PILE.

IN the following extract we have a pleasant picture of the author's wayfaring from Barcelona to Marseilles:—

[*To Mrs. Paris.*]

BARCELONA, July 28, 1844.

MY DEAR SISTER:—

To-morrow I embark in a Spanish steamer for Marseilles, on my way to Paris. I leave this beautiful city with regret, for my time has passed here most happily. Indeed, one enjoys the very poetry of existence in these soft, southern climates which border the Mediterranean. All here is picture and romance. Nothing has given me greater delight than occasional evening drives with some of my diplomatic colleagues to those country seats, or *Torres,* as they are called, situated on the slopes of the hills, two or three miles from the city, surrounded by groves of oranges, citrons, figs, pomegranates, etc., etc., with terraced gardens gay with flowers and fountains. Here we would sit on the lofty terraces overlooking the rich and varied plain ; the distant city gilded by the setting sun, and the blue sea beyond. Nothing can be purer and softer and sweeter than the evening air inhaled in these favored retreats.

July 29th. On board of the Spanish steamer Villa de Madrid.—At seven o'clock this morning we left Barcelona, and have been all day gliding along a smooth summer sea, in sight of the Spanish coast, which is here very mountainous and picturesque. Old ruined castles are to be seen here and there on the summit of cragged heights, with villages gleaming along the shore below them. The Catalonian coast is studded with bright little towns, the seats of industry and enterprise, for Catalonia is the New England of Spain, full of bustle and activity. We have, as usual, a clear blue sky overhead; the air is bland and delightful, and the sea enlivened here and there by the picturesque Mediterranean vessels, with their tapering lateen sails. To-night we shall have delightful sailing by the light of the full moon—a light which I have peculiarly enjoyed, of late, among the orange gardens of Barcelona.

On board of the steamer we have a joyous party of Catalans, gentlemen and ladies, who are bound to St. Filian, a town on the coast, where there is to be held some annual fête. They have all the gayety and animation which distinguish the people of these provinces.

While I am writing at a table in the cabin, I am sensible of the power of a pair of splendid Spanish eyes which are occasionally flashing upon me, and which almost seem to throw a light upon the paper. Since I cannot break the spell, I will describe the owner of them. She is a young married lady, about four or five and twenty, middle sized, finely modeled, a Grecian outline of face, a complexion sallow yet healthful, raven black hair, eyes dark, large, and beaming, softened by long eyelashes, lips full and rosy red, yet finely chiseled, and teeth of dazzling whiteness. She is dressed in black, as if in mourning; on one hand is a black glove; the other hand, ungloved, is small, exquisitely formed, with taper fingers and blue veins. She has just put it up to adjust her clustering black locks. I never saw female hand more exquisite. Really, if I were a young man, I should not be able to draw the portrait of this beautiful creature so calmly.

I was interrupted in my letter-writing, by an observation of the lady whom I was describing. She had caught my eye occasionally, as it glanced from my letter toward her. "Really, Señor," said she, at

length, with a smile, "one would think you were a painter, taking my likeness." I could not resist the impulse. "Indeed," said I, "I am taking it; I am writing to a friend the other side of the world, discussing things that are passing before me, and I could not help noting down one of the best specimens of the country that I had met with." A little bantering took place between the young lady, her husband, and myself, which ended in my reading off, as well as I could into Spanish, the description I had just written down. It occasioned a world of merriment, and was taken in excellent part. The lady's cheek, for once, mantled with the rose. She laughed, shook her head, and said I was a very fanciful portrait painter; and the husband declared that, if I would stop at St. Filian, all the ladies in the place would crowd to me to have their portraits taken—my pictures were so flattering. I have just parted with them. The steamship stopped in the open sea, just in front of the little bay of St. Filian; boats came off from shore for the party. I helped the beautiful original of the portrait into the boat, and promised her and her husband, if ever I should come to St. Filian, I would pay them a visit. The last I noticed of her, was a Spanish farewell wave of her beautiful white hand, and the gleam of her dazzling teeth as she smiled adieu. So there's a very tolerable touch of romance for a gentleman of my years.

Marseilles, *July 31st.*—I arrived here yesterday morning, about eight o'clock, after a beautiful sail by moonlight, which kept me a great part of the night on the deck.

I entered the harbor of Marseilles between the forts that guard it like two giants. Just without the fort I recognized a little cove where I used to bathe when I was here, just forty years since. I landed on the quay where I had often walked in old times. It was but little altered, but the harbor, at that time, was nearly empty, being a time of war ; it was now crowded with shipping. The city had nearly doubled in size, and had greatly improved in beauty, as have all European cities during this long peace. It is indeed a magnificent city, one of the stateliest in France.

On the afternoon of the 31st July, Mr. Irving, accom-

panied by his faithful Lorenzo, took the diligence for Avignon, and, after travelling all night, arrived early in the morning at that "ancient and picturesque town," which he had visited in his youthful days. He took another look at the old castle where the Pope resided for nearly a century, and a peep into the old church where once was the tomb of Petrarch's Laura, and then embarked in a steamer on the Rhone for Lyons. "I was delighted with the scenery of the river," he writes. "It is very varied, many parts wild, mountainous and picturesque, some parts resembling the scenery of the Hudson, with the addition of old towns, villages, ruined castles, etc. From Lyons he continued his course in another steamer up the Saone, the scenery of which he did not find so striking as that of the Rhone, to Chalons, whence he took the diligence for Paris. After passing a week "of heartfelt pleasure" at Versailles with his niece, Mrs. Storrow, he set off, with Lorenzo, for Havre, to pay his friend Beasley a visit. From Havre, where he spent a few days "most pleasantly," he started at five o'clock in the afternoon of the 21st of August, in a steamer for London direct, whence he intended to make the best of his way to Birmingham, the residence of his sister. "Tell Mr. Storrow," he writes to his niece on the eve of his departure, "to send all his letters for me in an envelope addressed to Mr. Van Wart. I do not want my name to appear in any way that may draw upon me invitations."

He slipped through London, only stopping to pass his

trunks through the custom-house; and, after a pleasant sojourn of about three weeks at Birmingham, where he found his sister, who had been an invalid, improved beyond his expectations, he shaped his course again for France.

The teasing remains of his malady still clung to his ankles, and he continued to linger in Paris for some time, in hopes of getting in good travelling condition by the aid of baths. A few days before he set off on his long journey to his post, he sends his sister, Mrs. Paris, the following account of another visit to Louis Philippe :—

I have been living so quietly for some time past, that I have nothing new to tell you excepting a visit which I paid to King Louis Philippe, about a week since. I made it in company with Mr. King, our Minister at the Court, and Mr. Wheaton, our Minister to Prussia, who is making a sojourn in this city. The royal family were at St. Cloud, a few miles from Paris. The King, while at the country seats, receives privileged visitors in the evenings, when they go in plain dress. We drove out to St. Cloud in Mr. King's carriage. I thought of Napoleon as we entered the gates and ascended the great marble staircase of this beautiful palace, for it was one of his favorite residences. The interior of the palace was brilliantly lighted up. We passed through spacious halls and antechambers, and caught vistas through long galleries superbly painted and gilded ; all contrasting with the partial gloom of the royal palace at Madrid, on my last evening visit to it.

We found the royal family in a lofty square chamber, at the end of one of the saloons. As on my former visit (in 1842), the Queen and Madame Adelaide were seated at a round table, engaged in needlework or embroidery. The beautiful young Duchess de Nemours was likewise seated at the table, as were two or three ladies of rank. At another round

table on the opposite side of the room, were seated two or three ladies of honor. The tea equipage was on the table, as in a private house. Several gentlemen, some in military uniforms, were in groups about the room. The Duke de Nemours was in one of the groups, and the King was conversing with a diplomatic personage in the embrasure of one of the windows. The King was in plain dress, and there was altogether an absence of form and ceremony.

We had a long and varied conversation with the King. He appears to be in excellent health and spirits, and bears in his countenance and carriage the promise of a length of days. He converses very freely and copiously, and turned from one subject to another, varying his humor with his theme. He is fond of telling stories of his adventures in the back-woods in America, and gave us one or two in excellent style, laughing heartily. I was surprised to find how tenaciously he retains the names of places and persons, the relative distances, the nature of the country, etc., etc. Our conversation must have lasted for half an hour, and was more like the frank, social conversation of common life, than the diplomatic communications between the king and ambassadors. The King has been highly gratified by his late visit to England, and it has put him in wonderful good humor. He regretted that the ocean was so wide and the United States so far off, that he could not pay our country a vist with equal convenience.

The next letter from which I quote is addressed to the same correspondent, nine days after his arrival in Madrid, which he reached on the 17th of November, after a more comfortable journey from Paris than he had anticipated from the irritation that still hung about his ankles.

My return home was hailed with transports of joy by the whole household. Juana threw her arms around my neck. Old Pedro, the coachman, cut a most uncouth caper, and I had much ado to avoid the embraces of the cook's aide-de-camp and the foot-boy. I found everything pre-

pared to make me comfortable for the winter ; my bedroom fresh papered, curtained, and carpeted, and looking so cozy, that, were I an old bachelor (which you know I am not), I should have been tempted to nestle myself in it, and give up the world until spring time.

I find Madrid quite grand and gay under the domination of the *Moderados*. The nobility and the wealthy are vying with each other in display, during this interval of political sunshine ; and as many fortunes have been made by men in office and political speculators, all Madrid rattles and glitters with new equipages. One would hardly suspect, from the luxury of the capital, that the country was so wretchedly impoverished. The Court, too, is more gay and magnificent than I have ever known it to be. There had been a grand concert at the palace a few days before my arrival ; and I came just in time for a *Besa manos* at the palace, and a ball at General Narvaez's, on the young Queen's saint's day.

After some account of the crowded *Besa manos*, where the diplomatic corps were kept standing for a couple of hours in front of the throne, while the immense throng passed one by one, kneeling, and kissing the hands of the Queen and royal family, the letter proceeds:—

In the evening was the ball at the hotel of General Narvaez, at which the Queen and royal family were present—a compliment rarely paid to a subject at this punctilious Court. Though the hotel of General Narvaez is of great size, built around an open court, with great saloons, yet it was exceedingly crowded, there being about fifteen hundred persons present. The General is of a swelling, magnificent spirit, and does not regard expense, and certainly nothing had been spared to make this entertainment worthy of the royal presence. An inner room, at the end of the principal saloon, was appropriated to the Queen and royal family, with such of the royal household as were in attendance on them, and to the members of the *corps diplomatique*, who are expected to be near the royal person. I had great difficulty in making my way through the crowded saloons to the royal presence. The young Queen had laid aside her state dress of the

morning, and was arrayed simply, but becomingly, in white. Her principal ornament was a necklace of six rows of pearls with a splendid diamond clasp. She was in high glee. Indeed, I never saw a school-girl at a school ball enjoy herself more completely. A royal quadrille was formed in the saloon just in front of the presence chamber. In the first quadrille, General Narvaez danced with the Queen ; Count Bresson (the French Ambassador) with the Queen-mother ; the Portuguese Minister with the Infanta ; others of the diplomatic corps and of the royal household with the princesses (daughters of Don Francisco), the Princess Carina, the French ambassadors, etc. There were blunders in the quadrille, which set the little Queen laughing ; and queer old-fashioned dancing on the part of the Portuguese Minister, which increased her risibility. She was at times absolutely convulsed with laughter, and throughout the whole evening showed a merriment that was quite contagious. I have never seen her in such a joyous mood, having chiefly seen her on ceremonious occasions, and had no idea that she had so much real *fun* in her disposition. She danced with various members of the diplomatic corps ; and about four o'clock in the morning, when she was asked if she could venture upon another dance, O, yes ! she said ; she could dance eight more, if necessary. The Queen-mother, however, got her away between four and five. I was repeatedly asked to take a part in the royal quadrille, but pleaded my lameness as an excuse ; for I do not know whether my *years* would have been a sufficient apology where royalty was in question. I left the ball about three o'clock in the morning ; and, having been on my legs at that, and the *Besa manos*, almost ever since one o'clock in the preceding day, I expected to be laid up with inflammation of the ankles. To my great surprise and satisfaction, I have experienced no ill effects, and, ever since, the symptoms of my malady have been declining.

I have given you but the beginning of Court gayeties. To-morrow, the *corps diplomatique* are invited to a royal dinner at the palace, which I am curious to see, having never been present on an occasion of the kind at this Court. There is a talk, also, of a succession of concerts and balls at the palace : of another ball at General Narvaez's, and of other enter-

tainments in the court circle, unless some conspiracy or insurrection should break out to throw everything in confusion. Everything is undertaken here with such a proviso ; and a lady who was preparing for the grand ball of General Narvaez, expressed her fears to me that we should all be blown up there, a plot having been discovered, some months since, to blow the general up at his lodgings.

A few days later, he gives his sister a long account of the royal banquet, at which the number of guests was upward of a hundred, composed of the Cabinet Ministers, the principal dignitaries of the government, the diplomatic corps, with their wives (such as had any), and the ladies in attendance on the royal family. His position at the table was to the left of the Queen-mother. In bringing his details to a close, he remarks :—

Thus, my dear sister, I have endeavored to give you a familiar idea of a royal banquet; and the interior of a royal palace. I am afraid, if any strange eye should peruse these domestic scribblings, I should be set down as one infatuated with courts and court ceremonies ; but these are intended only for your eye, my dear sister, and for the domestic little circle of the cottage, and to gratify that curiosity which those who live in the quiet and happy seclusion of the country have to learn the reality about kings and queens, and to have a peep into the interior of their abodes.

At the close of another letter addressed to Mrs. Storrow at Paris, in which he had indulged in some details of court entertainments, and other festivities, he observes :—

You will conclude, from all these details of gayeties, that I am a very gay fellow ; but I assure you I am often, in the midst of these brilliant

throngs, the very dullest of the dull. Unless there should be some one or other of my few cordial intimates present to whom I can link myself, I am apt to gaze on the crowd around me with perfect apathy, and find it very difficult, and at times impossible, to pay those commonplace attentions, and make those commonplace speeches to scores of half acquaintances, required in the wide circulation of fashionable society. I have grown too old or too wise for all that. I hope those who observe my delinquency attribute it to the latter cause. How different my feelings are at these court fêtes and fashionable routs, from what they were at our cordial little American *soirées* at Paris !

I take the following from a letter to Mrs. Paris, dated Madrid, February 19th, 1845 :—

Madrid has been uncommonly gay this winter. The aristocracy, having got the government in their hands, and feeling confident of continuing in power have resumed somewhat of their old state and splendor. The Court has been quite magnificent. . . . .

I have been particularly pleased with two concerts given at the palace. One was an amateur concert, at which several ladies of the court circle acquitted themselves in a manner that would have done crèdit to first-rate artistes. On these occasions an immense range of saloons and chambers was thrown open, different from those in which the banquet was given, or in which the *Besa manos* are held. The concert was given in a splendid saloon, where seats were provided for a great part of the company ; many, however, had to stand the whole time. The seats assigned to the diplomatic corps were in front, close to those of the Queen and royal family ; there was no stirring, therefore, from one's place. After the first part of the concert, however, we all adjourned to a distant apartment fitted up in the style of a grotto, where tables were set out with a cold supper, confectionery, ices, etc., etc. . . . .

When the company returned to the concert room, I did not return to my place, but passed through to the range of apartments beyond. Here

I enjoyed myself in my own way : loitering about a long suite of magnificent rooms brilliantly lighted up, decorated with all the luxuries of art, hung with paintings of the great masters, and with historical portraits. These I had, in a manner, all to myself, for, excepting here and there a domestic in royal livery, or a couple of courtiers who had stolen out to whisper secrets in a corner, the whole range was deserted. All the embroidered throng had crowded into the concert room to be in the presence of majesty. I wandered about, therefore, musing, and weaving fancies, and seeming to mingle them with the sweet notes of female voices, which came floating through these silken chambers from the distant music room. And now and then I half moralized upon the portraits of kings and queens looking down upon me from the walls, who had figured for a time in the pageants of this royal pile, but, one after another, had "gone down to dusty death." Among them was Ferdinand VII., and his wife, Amelia of Saxony, who had presided in this palace during my first visit to Spain, and whom I had often seen, objects of the adulation of its courtiers—Amelia, whose death-knell I heard rung from the cathedral towers of Granada, at the time I was a resident in the Alhambra. Talk of moralizing among the tombs ! You see one may moralize even in a palace, and within hearing of the revelry of a court.

CHAPTER VIII.

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO MRS. PARIS.—NARVAEZ.—PASSAGES FROM LETTERS TO MRS. STORROW.—LETTER TO MRS. PARIS.—TRANSFER OF HIS ESTABLISHMENT, INTENDING TO SEND IN HIS RESIGNATION.—RESOLVES ON A BRIEF VISIT TO PARIS.—LINGERS THERE TO SEE MR. MCLANE, THE AMERICAN MINISTER AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES.—TRANSMITS HIS RESIGNATION.—VISITS LONDON.—THE OREGON DISPUTE.—LETTER TO PIERRE M. IRVING.—RETURN TO MADRID.

I CONTINUE the picture of Mr. Irving's life at Madrid, and the changing scenes in which he was mingling, with some extracts from a letter to the sister to whom he was accustomed to write so copiously on Spanish affairs:—

. . . . General Narvaez, you perceive, is quite the lord of the ascendant. There appears to be more court paid to him even than to the sovereign. Wherever he goes he is the object of adulation, not merely among men but among women. He is a great admirer of the sex, and received by them everywhere with smiles; and he has a quick, inflammable temper, that makes men stand in awe of him. He is, in fact, a singular compound: brave, high-spirited, proud, and even vain, generous to profusion, very punctilious, excessively sensitive to affronts, but passionate rather than vindictive; for, though in the first moment of passion he is capable of any excess, yet, when passion is past, he can forgive anything but an insult. . . . .

While thus at the height of power as a subject, and apparently basking

in the sunshine of royal favor, I look on the position of Narvaez as perilous in the extreme, and I should not be surprised at seeing him suddenly toppled down by some unlooked-for catastrophe. A schism has gradually taken place between him and the Queen-mother, which is daily widening, though still they wear the external appearance of good will. The Narvaez Cabinet has pushed the reform of the constitution to a great extent, so to take a vast deal of the power out of the hands of the people, and invest it in the crown. It has stopped short, however, of what is desired by some of the Absolutists, who are for restoring an absolute monarchy; and it has stopped short of the wishes of the clergy. During the revolution, the clergy were stripped of their immense landed possessions, which gave the Church such power in Spain; and all the convents of monks, and most of those of nuns, were suppressed. A great part of the lands thus confiscated have been sold and resold, and have passed into the hands of persons of all ranks and conditions. One great object of the Queen-mother, since her return to Spain, has been to replace the clergy, as much as possible, in their former state. To this she is urged by the Court of Rome, and it is made a condition for her being taken into favor with the Pope, receiving absolution for her sins, and for her daughter, Isabella II., being recognized by the Pope as the legitimate sovereign of Spain. The Narvaez Cabinet, in compliance with these views and wishes, have suspended the sale of the Church property, and have determined that all that remained unsold should be devoted to the benefit of the clergy. This, however, is not considered enough by a number of hot-headed priests, who have recently denounced from their pulpits all those who should purchase or hold property that had been wrested from the Church. An alarm has spread through all ranks of society, as this rendered all property insecure, and threatened to unsettle society. The Queen-mother, being a little tender in conscience, and under the influence of some of the most bigoted of the priesthood, is thought to incline to ultra-monarchical and apostolical measures. Narvaez has come out bravely in opposition to any measures of the kind, and has declared his determination to stand by the constitution as at present reformed, defending it equally against absolute Monarchists and ultra-Apostolicals on the one side, and Revolution-

ists, or Radicals, on the other. He says the Cabinet are all strictly united, and determined to stand or fall together; and he trusts to the fidelity of the army to check any attempts at insurrection. Thus you see how critical a stand he takes—how full of danger. The whole Cabinet may be upset by a *coup d'état* brought about by the policy of the Queen-mother; or Narvaez may be shot down by a secret enemy or rival (as had nearly been the case last year); or the army may be corrupted, as it was under Espartero, and then we shall have confusion and bloodshed. Even within these two days a conspiracy has been discovered in Vittoria, among the troops stationed there; and this day's "Gazette" gives the names of three captains, several lieutenants, and about twenty sergeants arrested, of whom a number will no doubt be promptly shot. . . .

Narvaez has great faults, but he has also great merits. He has risen to the level of his situation, and displays a tact and capacity in the various concerns of government quite beyond what was expected from him. He is extremely vigilant, prompt in action, and possesses the true spirit of command. Altogether he appears to me to be one of the most striking characters, if not the most striking, that has risen to power in Spain during the long course of her convulsions.

The epistolary passages which follow, present some interesting touches of self-portraiture:—

[*To Mrs. Storrow.*]

MADRID, March 27, 1845.

. . . . The spring has suddenly broken upon us with all its splendor; that is to say, as far as weather is concerned, for the vicinity of Madrid affords but little opportunity for the spring to put on its gala dress. The weather, however, is exquisite. Such bright sunshine, such a deep blue sky, and such bland temperature! The Prado is gay with equipages, and the promenade crowded with all the beauty and fashion of Madrid. I confine my drives, at present, to this popular resort, which is somewhat like the Champs Elysées, and amuse myself by observing the passing throngs. In this way, though alone, I am not lonely. Indeed, I

have been for so much of my life a mere looker on in the game of society, that it has become habitual to me; and it is only the company of those I truly like, that I would prefer to the quiet indulgence of my own thoughts and reveries. I therefore pass much of my time alone through choice. I breakfast alone, when I read the papers; then pass the morning in my study, until summoned to my afternoon drive. This I usually take alone, amusing myself, as I before observed, with looking out upon the world. I return home in time to dress for dinner, which I take in company with Mr. Livingston, and occasionally a guest or two; and in the evening I take my quiet seat at the opera, where I need no company to help me enjoy the music. This is the scheme of many of my days, though occasionally diversified by visits to my particular intimates, and evening gatherings at the French embassy, or at Mr. O'Shea's. My literary occupations have a great effect in reconciling me to a solitary life, and even in making it pleasant. . . . . Besides, I am now at that time of life when the mind has a stock of recollections on which to employ itself; and though these may sometimes be of a melancholy nature, yet it is a "sweet-souled melancholy," mellowed and softened by the operation of time, and has no bitterness in it. My life has been a checkered one, crowded with incidents and personages, and full of shifting scenes and sudden transitions. All these I can summon up and cause to pass before me, and in this way can pass hours together in a kind of reverie. When I was young my imagination was always in the advance, picturing out the future, and building castles in the air; now, memory comes in the place of imagination, and I look back over the region I have travelled. Thank God, the same plastic feeling, which used to deck all the future with the hues of fairy land, throws a soft coloring on the past, until the very roughest places through which I struggled with many a heartache, lose all their asperity in the distance.

[*To the Same.*]

April 3d.— . . . . This is my sixty-second birthday. I recollect the time when I did not wish to live to such an age, thinking it must be

attended with infirmity, apathy of feeling, peevishness of temper, and all the other ills which conspire to "render age unlovely;" yet here my sixty-second birthday finds me in fine health, in the full enjoyment of all my faculties, with my sensibilities still fresh, and in such buxom activity that, on my return home yesterday from the Prado, I caught myself bounding up-stairs three steps at a time, to the astonishment of the porter, and checked myself recollecting that it was not the pace befitting a Minister and a man of my years. If I could only retain such health and good spirits, I should be content to live on to the age of Methuselah.

To-day I am to dine at the house of a rich neighbor, Mr. Arcos, who has a fine, joyous, musical family of young men, so that I anticipate a jovial birthday dinner, and am determined to be as young as any of the party.

You must not keep angling for me for your Swiss tour. I am not to be caught, even though you bait your hook with Mrs. E— and her black velvet dress. I *have* visited Switzerland, though I may never have talked about it to you. In my young days I crossed St. Gothard, on my return from Italy. The road was not practicable for wheel carriages then, as now, so that I crossed on horseback, three days from the Italian valley of the Tecino, to the banks of the Lake of the Four Cantons; and a wild, picturesque journey it was: from the rich, umbrageous scenery of Italy, to the then terrific pass of the Devil's Bridge, and the dreary valley of Schoellenen. I traversed all of the four cantons, coasted by some of the scenes of the exploits of William Tell, visited Lucerne, Zurich, Basle, etc., and then struck off on my first visit to Paris. I well remember what a home feeling I had in Switzerland; what delight I had in again meeting with log houses among the mountains; what pretty girls I saw in every village; I am sure I should not see as many now, even though I have the advantage of looking through spectacles. O, days of my youth! how much younger and greener the world then was than now. And the women!—the world is full of old women now; they were all young in those times.

[*To the Same.*]

May 24th.— . . . . Yesterday we had a grand ceremony—the Queen going in state to close the *Cortes;* after which the *corps diplomatique* repaired to the palace to make a farewell visit to the Queen and her mother and sister, who depart this day for Barcelona.

. . . . There is a complete breaking up of society here for the summer. The diplomatie corps disperses in every direction. Part will come together again at Barcelona. Even Mr. Livingston takes his departure for France in the course of a few days, so you see I shall be perfectly alone. If I can only exercise my pen, however, I shall be content.

The following extract of a letter to Mrs. Paris, dated August 9th, presents scenes and groups characteristic of Spain. There is something striking in the picture it gives of the loneliness of the vast landscape in the neighborhood of Madrid :—

My evening drives, though lonely, are pleasant. You can have no idea of the neighborhood of Madrid from that of other cities. The moment you emerge from the gates, you enter upon a desert : vast wastes, as far as the eye can reach, of undulating, and, in part, hilly country, without trees or habitations, green in the early part of the year, and cultivated with grain, but burnt by the summer sun into a variety of browns, some of them rich though sombre. A long picturesque line of mountains closes the landscape to the west and north, on the summits of some of which the snow lingers even in midsummer. The road I generally take, though a main road, is very solitary. Now and then I meet a group of travellers on horseback, roughly clad, with muskets slung behind their saddles, and looking very much like the robbers they are armed against ; or a line of muleteers from the distant provinces, with their mules hung with bells, and tricked out with worsted bobs and tassels ; or a goatherd,

driving his flock of goats home to the city for the night, to furnish milk for the inhabitants. Every group seems to accord with the wild, half-savage scenery around ; and it is difficult to realize that such scenery and such groups should be in the vicinity of a populous and ancient capital. Some of the sunsets behind the Guadarrama mountains, shedding the last golden rays over this vast melancholy landscape, are really magnificent.

I have had much pleasure in walking on the Prado on bright moonlight nights. This is a noble walk within the walls of the city, and not far from my dwelling. It has alleys of stately trees, and is ornamented with fine fountains decorated with statuary and sculpture. The Prado is the great promenade of the city. One grand alley is called the Saloon, and is particularly crowded. In the summer evenings there are groups of ladies and gentlemen seated in chairs, and holding their *tertulias*, or gossiping parties, until a late hour ; but what most delights me, are the groups of children, attended by their parents or nurses, who gather about the fountains, take hands, and dance in rings to their own nursery songs. They are just the little beings for such a fairy moonlight scene. I have watched them night after night, and only wished I had some of my own little nieces or grandnieces to take part in the fairy ring. These are all the scenes and incidents that I can furnish you from my present solitary life.

I am looking soon for the return of the Albuquerques to Madrid, which will give me a family circle to resort to. Madame Albuquerque always calls me Uncle, and I endeavor to cheat myself into the idea that she is a niece ; she certainly has the kindness and amiableness of one, and her children are most entertaining companions for me.

Your letter from the cottage brings with it all the recollections of the place : its trees and shrubs, its roses and honeysuckles and humming-birds. I am glad to find that my old friend, the catbird, still builds and sings under the window. You speak of Vaney's barking, too ; it was like suddenly hearing a well-known but long-forgotten voice, for it is a long time since any mention has been made of that most meritorious little dog. . .

A short time after, we find he is about to send in his

resignation, and has made a sudden transfer of his establishment to the Albuquerques—an arrangement satisfactory to all parties, excepting, he remarks, "to my poor servants, who, at first, were quite in consternation."

[*To Mrs. Storrow.*]

MADRID, September 6, 1845.

MY DEAR SARAH :—

This is the country of revolutions, and one has just taken place in my own domains. I have made a transfer of my establishment (furniture, etc.) to the Albuquerques, with whom I shall live *en famille* for the residue of my residence in Madrid, having the intention to send home my resignation, so as to be relieved from my post by the opening of spring, if not before. I retain a small part of the Apartment, and maintain the office of the Legation there. This arrangement suits us all admirably. The Albuquerques have a commodious, well-furnished house, ready provided for them, at a time when they were at their wits' end to find a habitation, and I am saved all the trouble, delay, and sacrifice of breaking up and selling off an establishment by piecemeal. In the meantime, being now relieved from the responsibilities of housekeeping, I have resolved upon making a brief visit to Paris. . . . .

The "brief visit to Paris" which Mr. Irving was meditating, resulted, as we shall see, in a much longer absence from Madrid than was his purpose when he left.

It was on his journey to Bordeaux, at this time, on his way to the capital of France, that he was induced to go out of his route to visit the little town of Tonneins, rendered memorable to him as the scene where, long years before, he had played the part of the English prisoner of

war. The reader may recollect this incident of his youthful days, as given in the fourth chapter of the first volume.

From Bordeaux he proceeded by sea to Nantes, then ascended the Loire in steamboat, "through very beautiful and historical scenery," and at Orleans took the railroad to Paris, where, he observes, "I arrived quite the worse for a fortnight of fatiguing travel." On the 1st of November he was expecting "to be able, in the course of a few days, to return for the last time to Madrid." On the 15th of the same month, he writes to me that he was still lingering in Paris, in hopes of seeing Mr. McLane, the American Minister at London, who talked of making a brief visit to the French capital, and wished to find him there. "He is very anxious," he writes, "about the state of our affairs with England. The Oregon question is becoming more and more difficult of adjustment." . . . "Much will depend upon the temper and language of the forthcoming Message of Mr. Polk."

On the 29th of December he writes to me, still at Paris :—

I have deferred my return to Madrid, and am in the midst of preparations for a visit to England, where my friends think I may be of more service, during the present crisis, than in Spain. I shall remain in England three or four weeks, part of which I shall pass at Birmingham, and will then set out for Madrid, there to await the arrival of my successor. I send my resignation by this steamer.

The President's Message, though firm and unflinching on the subject of

the Oregon question, has not been of a tone to create any *flare-up* in England. I think he is justifiable in the view he takes of that question, and believe that the present Cabinet of Great Britain would be well disposed to entertain the proposition which was so haughtily rejected by Mr. Packenham. I still hope the matter may be settled by negotiation ; but, should England provoke a war upon the question as it stands, I am clearly of the opinion that we have the right on our side, and that the world will ultimately think so.

Immediately after the date of the foregoing letter, Mr. Irving proceeded to England, and, on the 3d of February, writes me as follows, from London :—

I have now been about a month in England, part of the time at Birmingham, and part in London. I came here under an invitation from McLane, and in the idea that I might be of more public service here, at this particular juncture, than I would be at Madrid. I think I have been of service through old habits of intimacy with the people connected with the government, and through the confidence they have in me, in inspiring more correct notions of the disposition and intentions of our Government, and in facilitating the diplomatic intercourse of Mr. McLane.

I have been closely occupied, during the greater part of my sojourn in England, in studying the Oregon question, and in preparing an article for publication, in the hope of placing our rights and our conduct in a proper light before the British public. I have not finished the article to my satisfaction, and circumstances have concurred to make it very doubtful whether I shall give it to the press.

A close and conscientious study of the case has convinced me of the superiority of our title to the whole of the territory, and of the fairness of the offers we have made for the sake of peace, and in consideration of the interests which have grown up in the country during the long period of the joint occupancy. British diplomatists have greatly erred in not closing with our proposition of the 49th parallel, with some additional

items of accommodation. They should never have pushed so pertinaciously for the three additional degrees on the Pacific and the north bank of the Columbia. This was merely to protect the interests of the Hudson's Bay Company ; but they might have been protected by some other arrangement involving no point of pride. The full possession of the Columbia River is a matter of importance in our eyes, as being one of the great outlets of our empire. By neglecting to close with our offer, and to negotiate upon the basis of the 49th parallel, the British diplomatists have left the question at the mercy of after influences, through the malignancy of the British press and the blustering of our candidates for popularity, to get up prejudice and passion on both sides, and to make diplomatic negotiation almost hopeless.

As I doubt whether I can do any further good here at present, I propose setting off for Paris in the course of a few days, thence to continue on to Madrid, where I shall await the arrival of my successor. I long to throw off diplomacy, and to return to my independent literary pursuits. My health is now excellent.

From London, Mr. Irving proceeded to Paris, to take leave of his niece, Mrs. Storrow, who was soon to set off on a visit to the United States, and, on his departure, made a rapid journey day and night to Madrid, to await the arrival of his successor, who had not yet been nominated.

From Madrid he writes to Mrs. Paris, March 29th, after a long absence from the Court :—

There have been several changes in the Cabinet here, which have caused great agitation in the political circles. Narvaez, who had been in eclipse for a short time, is restored to power, and is again at the head of the Government, with a Cabinet completely under his dictation. The sessions of the *Cortes* are suspended ; a royal decree has completely

gagged the press, and there is every appearance of absolute rule. . . . . The question of the marriage of the young Queen becomes more and more embarrassing. Until it is settled, the affairs of Spain will always be in a precarious state, and the kingdom liable to convulsions.

I had letters from home a few days since—one from the cottage, from my dear Kate, dated in February last. She had just heard of my having sent my resignation to Government, and now felt persuaded that I would soon return. She gives me until the month of June. I had hoped to be home before that time, but now I see no likelihood of it. My successor was not appointed at the middle of February. When appointed, it will take him some time to prepare for embarkation ; then he will probably come by the way of England and France, and loiter by the way—especially at Paris, which is a kind of fitting-out place, to buy furniture, etc., etc. I watch the American papers anxiously for some notice on the subject. To-morrow I shall have news by the steamer of the 1st of March, and I hope it will bring me something definite on the subject. Now that I am in a manner half dismounted from my post, I am anxious to have done entirely with diplomatic business, and to be on my way home.

April 25th, he writes to Mrs. Paris, shortly after the precipitate banishment of Narvaez :—

You will have heard of the late events in the Spanish Court—the downfall and banishment of Narvaez. It was considered a harsh and ungrateful act on the part of the sovereigns, and has added to the unpopularity of the Queen-mother. The changes and sudden transitions in the Spanish Court are something like those in the courts of the East. It only wants the bowstring to make the resemblance complete. I am getting tired of courts, however, altogether, and shall be right glad to throw off my diplomatic coat for the last time.

In one of his diplomatic despatches to Mr. Webster,

before his retirement from the administration of President Tyler, in the spring of 1843, referring to the unparalleled number of changes that had taken place in the Spanish Cabinet within the preceding eight years, which, in the Department of State, in which the lowest number occurred, amounted "to two and a half ministers per annum," Mr. Irving remarks :—

> It gives a startling idea of the interruptions to which an extended negotiation with this government must be subject. . . . . This consumption of ministers is appalling. . . . . To carry on a negotiation with such transient functionaries, is like bargaining at the window of a railroad car : before you can get a reply to a proposition, the other party is out of sight.

CHAPTER IX.

HISTORICAL EXTRACT FROM A DIPLOMATIC DESPATCH.— HEARS OF THE APPOINTMENT OF A SUCCESSOR.— HIS FEELING IN REGARD TO THE WAR WITH MEXICO.— ALLUSION TO THE SETTLEMENT OF THE OREGON QUESTION.— ARRIVAL OF GENERAL SAUNDERS. — AUDIENCE OF LEAVE. — RETURN TO SUNNYSIDE. — THE ADDITION. — PREPARING A COMPLETE EDITION OF HIS WORKS.—LETTER TO GOUVERNEUR KEMBLE.

CLOSE the Minister's narrative of the caprices of Spanish politics with the following extract from an official despatch to James Buchanan, Secretary of State, in which there had been allusion to a crisis of many days' continuance in completing the new Cabinet under Isturiz, as head of the State Department. The despatch is dated April 18th, 1846:—

While dissension has been prevalent at head-quarters, an insurrection has broken out in Gallicia. Symptoms of this appeared during the last period of Narvaez's administration, and apprehensions were entertained that the Prince Don Enrique, who was at Corunna, would be induced to head it. Narvaez proceeded in the matter with his usual promptness. Military measures were taken to suppress the insurrection, and a royal command was issued to the Prince to leave the kingdom instantly, and choose some place in France for his residence, there to await royal orders, with the understanding that, should he absent himself from the place chosen,

he would be stripped of all the honors and consideration of a royal prince of Spain ; and, should he return to Spain contrary to the royal command, he would subject himself to prosecution before any tribunal in the kingdom. The Prince obeyed the royal command implicitly, and chose Bayonne as his place of exile. Scarce had he been there a few days, when Narvaez himself arrived there—a banished man ! The public papers state that Narvaez, soon after his arrival, paid the Prince a visit of respect, arrayed in full uniform. The interview must have been a curious one. As has been well observed, there is so much of the comic in these sudden and violent changes and transitions in Spanish politics, that we should be disposed to laugh at them, only that they occur so rapidly we have not time to laugh. Accustomed as I have become to all kinds of contradictory moves, I should not be surprised to see Narvaez back here again before long, at the head of affairs. The Government, in its perplexed condition, with differences of opinion in the Cabinet, with an active and confident opposition gaining strength in the capital, and rumors of conspiracies in the provinces, begins to feel the want of Narvaez's energy, activity and spirit of control. This is especially the case since it is found that, in Gallicia, some of the army have joined the insurgents. Every one of the leading personages in power attempts to shift off the odium of his precipitate banishment, and to hint a wish for his return. In the meantime the arbitrary measures instituted under his ministry continue in force ; and an attempt has been made to imitate his military rigor, by issuing a circular to the *Gefes Politicos*, or heads of municipalities throughout the kingdom, authorizing them to declare martial law in their respective jurisdictions on any appearance of popular disturbance. These rigorous measures, however, are considered as proofs of distrust and alarm on the part of Government, rather than of confidence and decision. A general uneasiness prevails throughout the community, and fearful forebodings of an approaching convulsion.

Soon after the date of the foregoing extract, Mr. Irving was informed, through the public papers, that Romulus

M. Saunders, of North Carolina, had been appointed to the Spanish mission. His resignation had been transmitted in December, and he had been looking impatiently for tidings of the appointment of a successor.

At this time came the news of the breaking out of the war with Mexico—a result of the scheme of the annexation of Texas, which had been brought to a successful issue at the close of Mr. Tyler's administration, while John C. Calhoun was Secretary of State.

On the 24th of June, he writes me from Madrid, where he was still awaiting the uncertain arrival of his successor :—

I regret exceedingly that we have got engaged in a war with Mexico. That power has been badly advised; she should have received Mr. Slidell, and the matters between us might have been amicably arranged. She has been induced to believe that certain foreign powers would back her, very probably ; if so, she will find that, after all their tampering, they will leave her in the lurch. The situation in which our little army under General Taylor was placed, apparently cut off from his supplies, and surrounded by a superior force, gave me great uneasiness. I feared some humiliating blow, and saw that the English press was preparing to trumpet it forth to Europe with the customary insults and exaggerations. I feared, also, that a blow of the kind would tend to prolong the war, as we could not think of peace until we had completely obliterated the disgrace. When I read, therefore, the account of the gallant manner in which Taylor and his little army had acquitted themselves, and the generous manner in which they had treated their vanquished enemies, the tears absolutely started into my eyes, and a load was taken from my heart. I sincerely hope this brilliant victory will be followed up by magnanimous feeling on the part of our Government, and that the war may be brought to a speedy close on fair and honorable terms.

With kind recollections of England and the home feeling he had once enjoyed there, Mr. Irving had been much disturbed of late by noticing, in the Madrid "Gazette," articles from English journals in which all our acts and intentions in regard to the Oregon question and the dispute with Mexico were grossly misrepresented, and we were reviled as a people without principle or faith. As the "Gazette" was exclusively a Court paper, edited by persons about the Government, he took occasion to inquire of Mr. Isturiz, the Minister of State, whether these British calumnies were believed and countenanced by the Cabinet. Mr. Isturiz assured him that he had not noticed the offensive articles, and that he would take care to have them excluded for the future.

In another letter, showing how much he deprecated the effect of these persevering attempts to debase the national name, he remarks: "A rancorous prejudice against us has been diligently inculcated of late years by the British press, and it is daily producing its fruits of bitterness."

"Bulwer," he once exclaimed to the British Minister at Madrid, in strong excitement on the same subject, "I should deplore exceedingly a war with England, for depend upon it, if we must come to blows, it will be serious work for both. You might break our head at first, but by Heaven! we would break your back in the end."

Late in July, in a letter to me, he has this allusion to the final adjustment of the Oregon embroilment :—

The settlement of the Oregon question is a vast event for our national credit and national prosperity. The war with Mexico will in all probability be wound up before long, and then our commercial affairs will have no external dangers to apprehend for a long series of years.

I have reason to congratulate myself that, in a quiet way, I was enabled, while in England, to facilitate the frank and confiding intercourse of Mr. McLane and Lord Aberdeen, which has proved so beneficial to the settlement of this question; so that, though I did not publish the pamphlet I had prepared, my visit to England was not without its utility.

On the 25th of July, Mr. Irving informs me that General Saunders had arrived about three days before. "I, of course," he adds, "am busy preparing to pass the legation into his hands as soon as he has been accredited, which will probably be two or three days hence. I shall then take my departure almost immediately, having made all my travelling preparations." Soon after, he closes his diplomatic letters to Mrs. Paris with this account of his audience of leave:—

A few evenings since, I had my audience of the Queen, to deliver the letter of the President announcing my recall. Ten o'clock was the hour appointed. Though sated with court ceremonies, I could not but feel a little sensitive on visiting the royal palace for the last time, and passing through its vast apartments but partially lighted up. I found the Queen in an inner cabinet, attended by the Minister of State and several ladies and gentlemen in waiting. I had prepared my speech in Spanish, which was to the following effect:—

"MADAM:—

"I have the honor to deliver into the hands of your Majesty a letter from the President of the United States, announcing my recall from

the post of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in this Court.

"I am charged by the President to express, on delivering this letter to your Majesty, his constant and earnest desire to maintain the amicable relations which so happily exist between the two countries.

"For my own part, I can assure your Majesty that I shall carry with me into private life the same ardent desire for the welfare of Spain, and the same deep interest in the fortunes and happiness of its youthful sovereign, which have actuated me during my official career; and now I take leave of your Majesty, wishing you, from the bottom of my heart, a long and happy life, and a reign which may form a glorious epoch in the history of this country."

The following is as close a translation as I can make of the Queen's reply:—

"It is with much regret that I receive the announcement of your recall from the post of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States near my person.

"Very gratifying to me are the wishes you express for the happiness of Spain. On that, I found the happiness which you desire for me personally, and the glory of my reign.

"You may take with you into private life the intimate conviction that your frank and loyal conduct has contributed to draw closer the amicable relations which exist between North America and the Spanish nation, and that your distinguished personal merits have gained in my heart the appreciation which you merit by more than one title."

This little speech reads stiff in translation, but it is very graceful and gracious in the original, and I have been congratulated repeatedly on receiving one so much out of the cold, commonplace style of diplomacy. In fact, my farewell interview with the whole of the royal family was extremely satisfactory. . . . .

The Minister of State (Mr. Isturiz) has likewise been uncommonly cordial in his expressions of regret at my departure. In a word, from the different members of the Cabinet, and from my colleagues of the diplomatic corps, I have met with nothing but the most gratifying testimonials of esteem and good will in my parting interviews.

Thus closes my public career. At six o'clock this evening I set off from Madrid, in company with Mr. Weismuller, a connection of the Rothschilds, stationed at this capital, to post for France in a private carriage. My saddest parting will be with the Albuquerques, who seem to me more like relatives than friends. . . . .

My intention is to push for England almost without stopping, so as to be ready to embark in one of the August steamers, should certain public business with which I may be intrusted by the Spanish Government render it necessary.

I regret that the late arrival of General Saunders at Madrid, and various concurring circumstances, should oblige me to give up all the farewell visits I had promised to pay to certain of my European friends, and should render my stay with our dear sister so brief as it must now be. I have promised them and myself, however, a supplementary visit to Europe after I have been home some time, and have got all my American affairs in order ; when I will pass a few months in revisiting persons and places endeared to me by past pleasures and kindnesses.

This last purpose was never fulfilled. Mr. Irving had reached London by the middle of August, and early in September he bade adieu forever to European scenes, embarking in the steamer Cambria for Boston, where he arrived on the 18th of that month, after an absence from his native country of nearly four years and a half. The following afternoon he took steamboat at New York for Tarrytown, two miles north of Sunnyside.

"I long to be once more back at dear little Sunnyside,

while I have yet strength and good spirits to enjoy the simple pleasures of the country, and to rally a happy family group once more about me. I grudge every year of absence that rolls by. To-morrow is my birthday. I shall then be sixty-two years old. The evening of life is fast drawing over me; still I hope to get back among my friends while there is yet a little sunshine left." So wrote the Minister from the midst of his court life at Madrid, April 2d, 1845. It was the 19th of September, 1846, when the impatient longing of his heart was gratified and he found himself restored to his home for the thirteen years of happy life still remaining to him.

A month or two before his official mission closed at Madrid, he had dismissed a correspondent's suggestion that he should rent the cottage, in the following terms:—

> I have some Scotch blood in my veins, and a little of the feeling, with respect to my cottage, that a poor devil of a laird has for the stronghold that has sheltered his family. Nay, I believe it is the having such an object to work for, which spurs me on to combat and conquer difficulties; and if I succeed in weathering a series of hard times without striking my flag, I shall be largely indebted to my darling little Sunnyside for furnishing me the necessary stimulus. So no more talk of abandoning the cottage. In the words of Thomas the Rhymer—
>
> "Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
> Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside."

So far, indeed, from renting the cottage, his first concern was to build an addition to it, and enlarge its accommodations, which were quite too cramped for the number

of its inmates. To Mrs. Storrow, who had now returned to Paris from a visit of some months to her native country, he writes, October 18th: "I am making preparations to commence, in the course of a day or two, the addition to the cottage. . . . . I have a plan from Mr. Harvey which harmonizes with the rest of the building, and will not be expensive enough to ruin me."

While occupied with his new building, Mr. Irving was engaged, whenever he could find mood and leisure, in preparing a complete edition of his works, with corrections, alterations, and additions, with a view to make an arrangement for the whole, either by disposing of the copyrights, or by farming them out collectively for a term of years at a yearly consideration. It was important to him to get his literary property in train to yield an income, which had been unproductive ever since he embarked on his foreign mission. In the exigency of his official engagements, he was obliged to depart without having been able to make any arrangement with his Philadelphia publishers, Messrs. Lea & Blanchard, for a renewal of the old agreement for the exclusive publication of his works, or receiving from them any proposal by which he might continue to derive profit from them during his absence. They had probably grown timid during the long depression of the literary market, and did not feel confident that his works were capable of a renewed and active circulation. Their former contract comprised Knickerbocker's "History of New York," the

"Sketch Book," "Bracebridge Hall," "Tales of a Traveller," the "Life and Voyages of Columbus" (excepting the Abridgment), the "Companions of Columbus," the "Conquest of Granada," and the "Alhambra." Before he left, he sought to make a new arrangement with them, including his subsequent writings, at the rate of three thousand dollars a year. "You see," he writes to me from Sunnyside, on the 31st of December, 1846, in mentioning this particular, "I asked higher than the sum you proposed to ask; indeed, much higher than they could have afforded to give with advantage. I think, however, a similar arrangement for my works would be much more profitable at present than it would have been at that time." If Lea & Blanchard held back, other publishers, who believed his works might be made a source of emolument to him as well as to them, were pressing forward with liberal overtures. It was difficult for him, however, to bring himself resolutely to the task of preparing his works for a republication, while engaged in superintending the building of the new part of his house. "I was greatly disappointed at not seeing you at Christmas," he writes to me from Sunnyside, at the close of the year. "I wished much to talk to you about my literary affairs. I am growing a sad laggard in literature, and need some one to bolster me up occasionally. I am too ready to do anything else rather than write."

On the 6th of January, I wrote to Mr. Irving that the

Screw Dock Company, in which he had an interest, had declared a *quarterly* dividend of five per cent., equivalent to twenty per cent. per annum, which it gave for a series of years: adding that I had been called upon to pay out so much of late for him, it was quite cheering to have something coming in. I give his reply:—

SUNNYSIDE, January 6, 1847.

MY DEAR PIERRE:—

. . . . I am glad to hear you are receiving such a snug little bag of money from the Screw Dock. In faith, the Dock deserves its name. I fancy there must be a set of Jews at the windlasses to screw the ships so handsomely. Tell them to screw on, and spare not! These are building times, when all the world wants money.

Since I was so "flush of money on his account," he then proceeds to specify three outstanding debts which I could pay, and adds:—

You now know the full extent of all my "indebtedness," excepting what relates to my new building, and to domestic expenses.

I know I am "burning the candle at both ends" this year, but it must be so until I get my house in order, after which expenses will return to their ordinary channel, and I trust my income will expand, as I hope to get my literary property in a productive train.

I give one or two further extracts, which afford glimpses of the tenor of his life and feelings for a few months after his return. At the date of the first, his old malady had seized again upon one of his ankles, and had become

aggravated by his standing too much out of doors in cold and wet weather, superintending the new building.

[*To Mrs. Pierre M. Irving.*]

SUNNYSIDE, February 14.

MY DEAR HELEN :—

Your letter was like manna in the wilderness to me, finding me mewed up in this little warm oven of a house, where, if I remain much longer without getting out of doors occasionally, I shall grow quite rusty and crusty. Fortunately, I was troubled for two or three days with an inflammation in my eyes, which made me fear I was about to be blind ; that has passed away, and you cannot think what a cause of self-gratulation it is to me to find that I am only lame. We have all abundant reason to be thankful for the dispensations of Providence, if we only knew when and why.

Still it is some little annoyance to me that I cannot get about and find some means of spending that sum of money which you tell me Pierre has been making for me. I think he takes advantage of my crippled condition, which prevents my going on with my improvements ; and I fear, if I do not get in a disbursing condition soon, he will get the weather gage of me, and make me rich in spite of myself.

He was still cut off from recreations out of doors, and confined to the house by his unlucky ankle when he wrote the following, to the same correspondent :—

SUNNYSIDE, March 12, 1847.

. . . . We were in hopes, a day or two since, that we had got rid of winter. The frost was out of the ground, and the roads were beginning to settle ; but cold weather has suddenly returned upon us, and everything is again frozen up. This keeps me back in the finishing of my new building, for I was on the point of putting the workmen upon it. I

am impatient to complete the job. I want to get my study in order, and my books arranged. I feel rather cramped for room, now that I have resumed literary occupations, and am at the same time an invalid. Besides, the interior of my household wants some different arrangement, as you must be aware. . . . . But the fact is, I am growing a confounded old fellow ; I begin to be so studious of my convenience, and to have such a craving desire to be comfortable.

A few days later, he writes to me :—

. . . . I am getting on well with my delinquent ankle, and am able, now the snow is gone, to take a turn occasionally out of doors, and visit the garden and poultry yard, which is very refreshing. I hope, by the time Helen gets through her "spring arrangements," disposes of her bandbox and carpetbag, and comes up here, she will find me—

"once more able
To stump about my farm and stable."

I expect the carpenters this morning, to resume operations on the new building, and I shall keep all hands at work until the job is finished.

The following is in reply to a letter in which I had informed him of two small remittances from the West, the offer at cost of an English saddle and bridle, and another *quarterly* dividend of five per cent. from the Screw Dock :—

SUNNYSIDE, April 13, 1847.

MY DEAR PIERRE :—

I was just setting off for town, this morning, to meet Mr. Prescott at dinner at Mr. Cary's, when a few drops of rain and the prognostications of the weatherwise made me draw back. I regret it now, as I hardly know when I shall be able to get away from superintending the arrange-

ment of my grounds, house, etc.; and I long to have a "crack" with you. . . . .

I cannot afford a new saddle to my new horse. I am getting my old saddle furbished up, which must serve until I can recover from the ruin brought upon me by the improvement of my house. You see, I am growing economical, and saving my candle now that I have burnt it down to an end. . . . .

I am surprised and delighted at the windfall from Milwaukie, and shall now not despair of the sky's falling and our catching larks. Toledo, too, begins to crawl. There's life in a muscle! The screw, however, is the boy for my money. The dividends there are like the skimmings of the pots at Camacho's wedding.

For some weeks past he had been engaged in close literary application. "That you may not be frightened at my extravagance, and cut off supplies," says a letter to me, "I must tell you that I have lately been working up some old stuff which had lain for years lumbering like rubbish in one of my trunks, and which, I trust, will more than pay the expense of my new building."

I close this chapter with the following allusion to the new addition, of which he speaks in a letter as forming one of the most striking and picturesque features of his little edifice. It is in reply to Gouverneur Kemble, who had banteringly asked him the meaning of the *pagoda*, which he had noticed in passing up the river in the boat:—

My dear Kemble:—

I have long been looking out for your promised visit, but now your letter throws it quite into uncertainty. I should have come to you before

this, for I long to take you once more by the hand; but I have been detained at home by building and repairing, and the necessity of fighting off, by baths and prescriptions, the return of a malady which beset me in Spain, and which endeavors to keep possession of one of my ankles. However, I trust to finish all my buildings and improvements before long, and then I shall endeavor to look in upon you at Cold Spring.

. . . . As to the *pagoda* about which you speak, it is one of the most useful additions that ever was made to a house, besides being so ornamental It gives me laundry, store-rooms, pantries, servants' rooms, coal cellar, etc., etc., etc., converting what was once rather a make-shift little mansion into one of the most complete snuggeries in the country, as you will confess when you come to see and inspect it. The only part of it that is not adapted to some valuable purpose is the cupola, which has no bell in it, and is about as serviceable as the feather in one's cap; though, by the way, it has its purpose, for it supports a weathercock brought from Holland by Gill Davis (the King of Coney Island), who says he got it from a windmill which they were demolishing at the gate of Rotterdam, which windmill has been mentioned in Knickerbocker. I hope, therefore, I may be permitted to wear my feather unmolested.

Ever, my dear Kemble, affectionately yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER X.

A LITERARY FREAK.—THE OLD MOORISH CHRONICLES.—THE SADDLE-HORSE.—COMPLETION OF HIS IMPROVEMENTS.—NEW YORK AS IT WAS AND IS.—HIS LAST JOB.—HARD AT WORK ON THE "LIFE OF WASHINGTON."—LETTER TO MISS CATHERINE IRVING.

MR. IRVING had for some time had it in contemplation to publish a revised and uniform edition of his works, to which he had been strongly urged. He was apt to be dilatory, however, in the execution of his literary purposes; and the intimation thrown out to me in his late letter, quoted in the last chapter, of the "rubbish" he had been working up to pay for his new building, had awakened some concern lest he should be losing sight of this object. I replied to it therefore, that, though glad to learn he had been at work with his pen in any way, I was chiefly anxious at present to have him commence with the uniform edition of his works, for which there was an expectation and demand. "You lost the 'Conquest of Mexico,'" I remark in the letter now before me, "by not acting upon the motto of *Carpe diem;* and I am a little afraid you may let slip the present opportunity for a favorable sale of a uni-

form edition of your works, by suffering your pen to be diverted in a new direction. A literary harvest is before you from this source, on which you could reckon with confidence *now*, but which might turn to barrenness under a future pressure in the money market, of which many are not without misgivings at this moment. Therefore—

'Now's the day and now's the hour.'"

He writes, in reply, April 14th :—

Don't snub me about my late literary freak. I am not letting my pen be diverted in a new direction. I am, by a little agreeable exertion, turning to account a mass of matter that has been lying like lumber in my trunks for years. When I was in Madrid, in 1826–'27, just after I had finished "Columbus," I commenced a series of Chronicles illustrative of the wars between the Spaniards and the Moors ; to be given as the productions of a monk, Fray Antonio Agapida. The "Conquest of Granada" was the only one I finished, though I roughly sketched out parts of some others. Your uncle Peter was always anxious for me to carry out my plan, but, somehow or other, I let it grow cool. The "Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada" was not so immediately successful as I had anticipated, though it has held its way better than many other of my works which were more taking at first. I am apt to get out of conceit of anything I do ; and I suffered the manuscript of these Chronicles to lie in my trunks like waste paper. About four or five weeks since, I was tired, one day, of muddling over my printed works, and yet wanted occupation. I don't know how the idea of one of these Chronicles came into my head. It was the "Chronicle of Count Fernan Gonzalez," one of the early Counts of Castile. It makes about sixty or eighty pages of my writing. I took it up, was amused with it, and found I had hit the

right vein in my management of it. I went to work and rewrote it, and got so in the spirit of the thing, that I went to work, *con amore*, at two or three fragmentary Chronicles, filling up the chasms, rewriting parts. In a word, I have now complete, though not thoroughly finished off, "The Chronicle of Pelayo;" "The Chronicle of Count Fernan Gonzalez;" "The Chronicle of the Dynasty of the Ommiades in Spain," giving the succession of those brilliant sovereigns, from the time that the Moslem empire in Spain was united under the first, and fell to pieces at the death of the last of them; also the "Chronicle of Fernando the Saint," with the reconquest of Seville. I may add others to the series; but if I do not, these, with additions, illustrations, etc., will make a couple of volumes; and I feel confident that I can make the work a taking one—giving a picture of Spain at various periods of the Moorish domination, and giving illustrations of the places of noted events, from what I myself have seen in my rambles about Spain. Some parts of these Chronicles run into a quiet, drolling vein, especially in treating of miracles and miraculous events; on which occasion Fray Antonio Agapida comes to my assistance, with his zeal for the faith, and his pious hatred of the infidels. You see, all this has cost me but a very few weeks of amusing occupation, and has put me quite in heart again, as well as in literary vein. The poring over my published works was rather muddling me, and making me feel as if the true literary vein was extinct. I think, therefore, you will agree with me that my time for the last five weeks has been well employed. I have secured the frame and part of the finish of an entire new work, and can now put it by to be dressed off at leisure.

Before I received this letter, having heard from a relative who was staying with him that he had been busy with some of his old Moorish Chronicles, I wrote him that I had a very agreeable though indistinct recollection of the manuscripts, and had no doubt of his working them up with effect, but still suggested a suspension of

the publication, adding that the reading world might not be content with these literary "skimmings," while waiting with impatience the appearance of a uniform edition of his works now out of print. I added: "Make all dispatch with the preparation of your uniform edition, and then to work to complete your 'Life of Washington,' and take your ease forever after."

In reading the reply which I give below, the reader will bear in mind that my ill-starred epistle was dispatched in *advance* of the receipt of the author's interesting letters of the 14th, giving me an insight into the character of his new labors, dwelling with such evident satisfaction on his "literary freak," and showing the attraction he felt in the theme.

SUNNYSIDE, April 15, 1847.

MY DEAR PIERRE :—

I am glad I did not receive your note of this morning before my new work was beyond the danger of being chilled by a damper. You can know nothing of the work, excepting what you may recollect of an extract of one of the Chronicles which I once published in the "Knickerbocker."* The whole may be mere "skimmings," but they pleased me in the preparation ; they were written when I was in the vein, and that is the only guide I go by in my writings, or which has led me to success. Besides, I write for pleasure as well as profit ; and the pleasure I have recently enjoyed in the recurrence, after so long an interval, of my old literary vein, has been so great, that I am content to forego any loss of profit it may occasion me by a slight postponement of the republication of my old works.

These old Morisco Spanish subjects have a charm that makes me con-

* *Pelayo and the Merchant's Daughter.*

tent to write about them at half price. They have so much that is high-minded and chivalrous and quaint and picturesque and adventurous, and at times half comic about them.

However, I'll say no more on the subject, but another time will ride my hobby privately, without saying a word about it to anybody. I have generally found that the best way. I am too easily dismounted, if any one jostles against me.

The letter of the 14th, which, had it been received earlier, would have prevented my second unlucky epistle, like a thing "born out of due time," came straggling in on the 17th, two days *after* the letter just cited had been received by me. I was sufficiently annoyed at the consequences of the untimely potion I had so unwittingly administered, especially with the insight now afforded of the character of the work; and I wrote him immediately, explaining and recanting as far as I could, but in vain. He had been disconcerted, and would not resume the theme.

In the following letter, however, written a fortnight later, he returns to the subject in his characteristically playful vein, his annoyance having passed off almost with the letter that gave expression to it.

[*To Mrs. Pierre M. Irving.*]

SUNNYSIDE, April 30, 1847.

. . . . The girls say you can come up to Sunnyside as soon as you please. . . . . To-day my "women kind" of the kitchen remove bag and baggage into the new *tower*, which is getting its outside coat of

white ; so that, when you come up, you will find it, like the trees, in full blossom. The country is beginning to look lovely ; the buds and blossoms are just putting forth ; the birds are in full song ; so that, unless you come up soon, you will miss the overture of the season—the first sweet notes of the year.

You tell me Pierre was quite distressed lest any "thoughtless word of his should have marred my happy literary mood." Tell him not to be uneasy. Authors are not so easily put out of conceit of their offspring. Like the good Archbishop of Granada, that model and mirror of authorship, I knew "the homily in question to be the very best I had ever composed ;" so, like my great prototype, I remained fixed in my self-complacency, wishing Pierre "toda felicidad con un poco de mas gusto."

When I once get you up to Sunnyside, I shall feel sure of an occasional Sunday visit from Pierre. I long extremely to have a sight of him ; and as there seems to be no likelihood of my getting to New York much before next autumn, I do not know how a meeting is to be brought about unless he comes up here. I shall see him with the more ease and confidence now, as, my improvements being pretty nigh completed, he cannot check me, nor cut off the supplies.

Tell him I promise not to bore him about literary matters when he comes up. I have as great a contempt for these things as anybody, though I have to stoop to them occasionally for the sake of a livelihood ; but I want to have a little talk with him about stocks, and railroads, and some mode of screwing and jewing the world out of more interest than one's money is entitled to.

God bless you and him, prays your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Late in the winter Mr. Irving had commissioned his brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Van Wart, then on a visit to this country, to purchase a saddle-horse for him. He had not mounted a horse since he went to Spain, but be-

gan to feel the necessity of this sort of exercise. March 5th, Mr. Van Wart writes him: "I have at last succeeded in finding a horse which I think will suit you, and purchased him for $110. He is handsome, and the best-tempered, gentle creature I ever saw; and I think you will take much pleasure in riding him." The horse, after being kept in a stable in New York for several weeks, and used and trained by Mr. Van Wart and his son Irving, was brought to Sunnyside toward the close of April. Here is the first report to me of his qualifications by the long-dismounted equestrian, dated April 26th:—

. . . . The horse purchased by Mr. Van Wart is a very fine animal, and very gentle, but he does not suit me. I have ridden him once, and find him, as I apprehended, awkward and uncomfortable on the trot, which is the gait I most like. He is rather skittish also, and has laid my coachman in the dust by one of his pirouettes. This, however, might be the effect of being shut up in the stable of late, and without sufficient exercise; but he is quite a different horse from the easy, steady, quiet "parson's" nag that I wanted. I shall give him one more good trial, but rather apprehend I shall have to send him to town, to be sold for what he will fetch.

April 28th, he writes me:—

In my letter, the other day, I spoke rather disparagingly of my new horse. Justice to an injured animal induces me to leave the inclosed letter open for your perusal, after which you will hand it to I. V. W.

Here follows the letter inclosed:—

SUNNYSIDE, April 28, 1847.

MY DEAR IRVING:—

In a letter to Pierre M. Irving, the other day, I gave an unfavorable opinion of the horse, as it regarded my peculiar notions and wishes. That opinion was founded on a slight trial. I yesterday took a long ride on him among the hills, and put him through all his paces, and found him fully answering the accounts given of him by your father and yourself. His trot is not what I could wish ; but that will improve, or will be less disagreeable as we become accustomed to each other, and get into each other's ways. He shies a little now and then, but that is probably the result of having him kept in the stable of late, without use. Daily exercise will in a great measure cure him of it. He canters well, and walks splendidly. His temper appears to be perfect. He is lively and cheerful, without the least heat or fidgetiness, and is as docile as a lamb. I tried him also in harness in a light wagon, and found him just as gentle and tractable as under the saddle. He looks well and moves well in single harness, and a child might drive him. However, I mean to keep him entirely for the saddle. To conclude: when you write to your father, tell him I consider the horse a prize ; and if he only continues to behave as well as he did yesterday, I hardly know the sum of money would tempt me to part with him.

I now look forward to a great deal of pleasant and healthy exercise on horseback—a recreation I have not enjoyed for years for want of a good saddle-horse. It is like having a new sense.

And he did enjoy his first rides wonderfully. "Instead," he says, "of being pinned down to one place, or forced to be trundled about on wheels, I went lounging and cantering about the country, in all holes and corners, and over the roughest roads."

In less than a month, however, the same horse was conducted to the city by the nephew to whom the pre-

ceding letter was addressed, and sold at Tattersall's; and here is the closing chapter of his equestrian experience with the animal whom he had hoped to find such a prize :—

You are pleased to hear (he writes to his niece in Paris, Mrs. Storrow, June 6) that I have a saddle-horse. Unfortunately I have him no longer. Your uncle Van Wart purchased one for me, which appeared to be all that I could wish—handsome, young, gentle, and of excellent movement. I rode him two or three times, and was delighted with him, when, one day, the lurking fault came out. As I was taking a sauntering ride over the Sawmill River, and had gone a couple of miles, he all at once stopped, and declined to go any farther. I tried all manner of means, but in vain; he would do nothing but return home. On my way homeward, I tried him by different roads, but all to no purpose ; home he would go. He was not restive, but calmly stubborn, and, when I endeavored to force him round, would quietly back against the fence, or get on two legs. So, as I did not care to waste time or temper on a sullen beast, home I did go—got off his back, and never mounted him again. He balked twice in like manner, but not so bad, with my coachman ; so I gave him over to I. V. W., to be sold at auction, and was glad to get rid of him with the loss of twenty or thirty dollars. I shall not indulge in another saddle-horse at present.

The new building being finished and inhabited, and the alterations and additions having turned out beyond his hopes, both as to appearance and convenience, Mr. Irving, in felicitating himself upon his internal improvements, writes to the same correspondent, June 6th :—

The north end of my study has been shelved like the other parts; the books, which so long were exiled to the garret, have been brought down and arranged, and my library now makes a very respectable appearance.

Then passing from the internal to the external improvements :—

As to my grounds, I have cut down and transplanted enough trees to furnish two ordinary places, and still there are, if anything, too many; but I have opened beautiful views, and have given room for the air to circulate. The season is now in all its beauty ; the trees in full leaf, but the leaves fresh and tender ; the honeysuckles are in flower, and I think I never saw the place look so well.

August 13th, 1847, he writes to a niece recently severed from his household by marriage, in her new home on Cayuga Lake :—

. . . . For a month past I have been busy and bothered in an unexampled manner, in the improvement of my farm-yard, building of outhouses, etc., which has been altogether the most fatiguing and irksome job I have had in the whole course of my additions and improvements. I have now nearly got through, but it has almost made me fit to lie by again on the sofa. However, this job finished, I shall have my place in tolerable order, and will have little more to do than to see that my men keep it so.

Some days later, he writes, after alluding to the improved beauty of the country in that neighborhood :—

My own place has never been so beautiful as at present. I have made more openings by pruning and cutting down trees, so that from the piazza I have several charming views of the Tappan Zee and the hills beyond, all set, as it were, in verdant frames ; and I am never tired of sitting there in my old Voltaire chair, of a long summer morning, with a book

in my hand, sometimes reading, sometimes musing, and sometimes dozing, and mixing all up in a pleasant dream.

To his sister, at Birmingham, Mrs. Van Wart, who had not seen her native city in forty years, he writes, August 29th, 1847 :—

I often think what a strange world you would find yourself in, if you could revisit your native place, and mingle among your relatives. New York, as you knew it, was a mere corner of the present huge city ; and that corner is all changed, pulled to pieces, burnt down and rebuilt—all but our little native nest in William Street, which still retains some of its old features, though those are daily altering.* I can hardly realize that, within my term of life, this great crowded metropolis, so full of life, bustle, noise, show, and splendor, was a quiet little city of some fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants. It is really now one of the most racketing cities in the world, and reminds me of one of the great European cities (Frankfort, for instance) in the time of an annual fair. Here it is a fair almost all the year round. For my part, I dread the noise and turmoil of it, and visit it but now and then, preferring the quiet of my country retreat ; which shows that the bustling time of life is over with me, and that I am settling down into a sober, quiet, good-for-nothing old gentleman. . . . .

I am scribbling this letter while the family are all at church. I hear the carriage at a distance, and shall soon have all hands at home. O my dear sister, what would I give if you and yours could this day be with us, and join the family gathering round my board. Every day I regret more and more this severance of the different branches of the family which casts us so widely assunder, with an ocean between us.

* This dwelling,—No. 128 William Street,—the first home of which Washington, or the sister to whom he was writing, had any recollection, was pulled down in May, 1849, and a large edifice built on its site.

Eleven days later (September 9th), he writes to Mrs. Paris :—

I have just finished my last job, making a new ice pond in a colder and deeper place, in the glen just opposite our entrance gate ; and now I would not undertake another job, even so much as to build a wren-coop, for the slightest job seems to swell into a toilsome and expensive operation.

Meanwhile, overtures were multiplying from the booksellers for a republication of his works, but he still delayed to make any definite arrangement. Transmitting to me some proposals he had received from different publishers toward the close of September, he writes: "I am so much occupied, mind and pen, just now, on the 'History of Washington' that I have not time to turn these matters over in my mind."

He was now, and for several months hereafter, hard at work on this biography, making it a daily task.

At the date of the following letter, he is on a visit to the city, to be within reach of the libraries, but intending, as will be seen, to be at home to hold his Christmas gathering :—

[*To Miss Catherine Irving.*]

New York, December 20, 1847.

My dear Kate :—

I had expected to return home before this, but am so entangled in engagements, that I shall not be able before Christmas Eve (Friday next). I trust you will have the rooms decorated with greens, as usual.

I have been very busy and very dissipated during my sojourn in town—at work all the mornings in the libraries, and frolicking in the evenings. I have attended every opera. The house is beautiful, the troupe very fair, and the audience very fashionable. Such beautiful young ladies!—but the town is full of them; almost as beautiful as the young lady I saw in my dream at the cottage.

CHAPTER XI.

DINNER AT JOHN JACOB ASTOR'S.—CONVERSATION ABOUT GHOSTS.—THE OPERA-HOUSE, ONE OF THE GREAT CHARMS OF NEW YORK.—THE PROJECTED RAILROAD ALONG THE BANKS OF THE HUDSON.—IMPENDING DESECRATION OF SUNNYSIDE.—LETTER TO HACKETT.—ARRANGEMENT WITH MR. PUTNAM FOR THE REPUBLICATION OF HIS WORKS.—"KNICKERBOCKER."—AUTHOR'S REMARKS ABOUT THE REVISED EDITION.—NOTICE OF HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.—A GERMAN COMMENTATOR CITING "KNICKERBOCKER."—SCHEFFER'S "CHRISTUS CONSOLATOR."—NOTICES OF THE REPUBLICATION OF THE "SKETCH BOOK."—LIBERAL RECEPTION OF THE REVISED SERIES.

THE opening of this year finds Mr. Irving on a prolonged visit to New York. The following letter is addressed to Mrs. Storrow from the residence of his nephew, John T. Irving, where he was fixed for the present:—

NEW YORK, February 27, 1848.

. . . . After eleven months' seclusion in the country, during which I made but three or four visits of business to town, going down and returning the same day in the boat, I came down on a visit early in the winter, having recovered sufficiently from my old malady to go again into society. The cordial, and I may say affectionate reception I met with everywhere, and the delight I felt on mingling once more among old friends, had such an enlivening effect upon me, that I soon repeated my visit, and have ended by passing almost the whole of the winter in town. I think it had a good effect upon me in every way. It has rejuvenated me, and given such a healthful tone to my mind and spirits, that I have

worked with greater alacrity and success. I have my books and papers with me, and generally confine myself to the house and to my pen all the long morning, and then give up the evening to society and amusement.

One great charm of New York, at present, is a beautiful opera-house, and a very good troupe. We have a *prima donna*, named Truffi, who delights me as much as Grisi did, and in the same line of characters, though I will not say she is equal to her, excepting in occasional scenes. She is an admirable actress and an excellent singer. We have an excellent tenor also—a young man who, when he gets more cultivation and training, will be worthy of the Paris stage. The theatre is well arranged, and so fashionable in every part that there is no jealousy about places, as in the old opera-house here. Ladies are seated everywhere, and, with their gay dresses, make what is the parquette in other theatres look like a bed of flowers. It is filled every night. Everybody is well dressed, and it is altogether one of the gayest, prettiest, and most polite-looking theatres I have ever seen. . . . . I have not missed a single performance since I have been in town. . . . .

One meets all one's acquaintances at the opera, and there is much visiting from box to box, and pleasant conversation, between the acts. The opera-house is, in fact, the great feature in polite society in New York, and I believe is the great attraction that keeps me in town. Music is to me the great sweetener of existence, and I never enjoyed it more abundantly than at present.

March 8, Mr. Irving refers to "a fancy ball recently given at the opera-house, of which," he says, "I, sorely against my will, was made one of the managers." It was a distasteful position, but he had not the faculty of resisting well-intended importunity in trifles.

A portion of this period of his lengthened sojourn in New York, he was the guest of John Jacob Astor, then eighty-four years of age, whom he had often urged, he

tells us, to commence his noble enterprise of the Astor Library, and enjoy the reputation of it while living. It was left, however, to be carried out under the provisions of his will.

Calling on Mr. Irving one morning before breakfast at Mr. Astor's, I found him engaged on his "Life of Washington," but somewhat out of patience at the want of feature in parts of the war. It was so barren of interest—such a cursed sand flat; the two enemies, like two drunken men, impotently striking at each other without hurting. Sometimes, he said, he dragged along; at other times got a little breeze, and went forward briskly; then adverting to the changes of mood in his task, sometimes felt as if he could remove mountains; at other times, the molehill was a mountain.

I was dining with him, at another time, at Mr. Astor's, during this period, when, the conversation turning upon ghosts, I mentioned the story of Wesley, and the sanction given to it by Southey in his life of that eminent divine. ———, who was also dining there, instanced the story of Major Blomberg, and expressed his surprise that neither Scott in his "Demonology," nor Dendie in his "Philosophy of Mystery," had included this most remarkable ghost story. Two officers were sitting up with a corpse in the West Indies; one was in the room with the body, the other in an adjoining room which communicated. The corpse rose; came to the person in same room; told him he had a secret to communicate, to prevent a

great wrong; had been permitted to return to life to reveal it; bade him summon (which he did) his companion in the adjoining room, to hear his disclosure; told of a secret marriage to a girl in Ireland now with child; stated the name of the clergyman who married them, and how they could get the evidence. ——— had seen the depositions. Mr. Irving suggested the solution that the man was not dead, and this secret lay so heavily on his mind as to rouse him from his state of apparent death. He then proceeded to say that he had been hardly treated by the ghosts; that he had invoked the presence of the dead more than once, but in vain; and brought up especially the singular compact with Hall, and its barren result, narrated in a previous volume.

Mr. Irving had been much disturbed by a project which had been started of running a railroad along the eastern bank of the Hudson. Besides the utter desecration which he considered it of that beautiful shore, it threatened to make his little cottage almost untenable, inasmuch as its situation on the immediate margin of the river would bring the nuisance, with all its noise and unsightliness, to his very door, and mar forever, as he feared, the peculiar charms for which he had chosen the spot—its quiet and retirement. For a time he hoped the plan would not be carried out, and, when it was actually decided, was quite in despair. It was hopeless, however, to rebel; and, once settled, he began, in his accustomed way, to try to make the best of it. As it was carried a

short distance out in the river, he was spared the trial of having it cross his very grounds; and the trees along the bank formed a screen that he hoped, with a little care, would soon shut it out from view. Though in the first paroxysm of annoyance, therefore, he wished "he had been born when the world was finished," and declared he believed, "if the garden of Eden were now on earth, they would not hesitate to run a railroad through it," yet, when the committee came whose duty it was to call on the owners of property, and arrange for the terms of compensation, Mr. Irving submitted at once, giving them permission to commence the work when they chose; and, as the damage to him was such as could not be paid by money, left it entirely with themselves to determine the amount of their award.

"The liberal and courteous spirit," says the committee, in a letter of April 4, 1848, from which I quote, "in which you, last summer, gave permission to enter on your lands to commence the construction of the road, and in which the committee have uniformly been met by you in the discharge of their unpleasant duties, has been quite a solace to them amidst the many cases of a contrary character which have occurred. It is the more worthy of remark, as, in their view, you are more seriously invaded by this necessary work, in respect to derangement of rural taste and retirement, than is any other proprietor on the whole line of the road below the highlands."

In adjustment of these land damages, the railroad

company paid him thirty-five hundred dollars. On the receipt of the first payment, he remarked wittily: "Why, I am harder on them than the wagoner was on Giles Gingerbread; for he let him walk all the way to London alongside of his wagon without charging him anything, while I make them pay for only passing my door."

The Mr. Putnam mentioned in this further extract from the same letter of April 10, is the well-known publisher, George P. Putnam, who had dissolved with his partner, John Wiley, at the close of the preceding year. John Jacob Astor, to whose vast estate Mr. Irving was named in his will as one of the executors, had died on the 29th of March.

I am now negotiating an arrangement with Mr. Putnam for the republication of my works, which promises to be a very satisfactory one; and I am attending preliminary meetings of the board of executors of Mr. Astor's estate. All these things detain me in town, and may oblige me hereafter to visit town frequently. . . . .

I trust the men are widening and cleaning out the sidewalks. I shall send or bring up some seed or young plants of running vines for the porch by the front of the house—yearly plants, to serve while the roses are growing.

The following letter, addressed to James H. Hackett, the popular comedian, and one of the best Falstaffs known to the stage, was written on returning to him a portion of his manuscript "Notes and Criticisms on Shakespeare and Actors of Shakespeare," published entire many years afterwards:—

New York, April 17, 1848.

My dear Sir :—

I have detained your manuscript notes an unconscionable time, but I could not help it. I wished to read them attentively, for they are remarkably suggestive, and not to be read in a hurry ; but for the last two or three months, spent among my friends and relatives in my native city after an absence of several years, I have been kept in such a round of engagements, and such constant excitement, that I have only now and then been able to command a little leisure and quiet for reading and reflection. At such moments I have perused your manuscripts by piecemeal, and now return you my many thanks for the great pleasure they have afforded me. I will not pretend to enter at present into any discussion of the topics they embrace, for I have not sufficient faith in my critical acumen to commit my thoughts to paper ; but when I have the pleasure of meeting with you personally, we will talk over these matters as largely as you please. I have seen all the leading characters of Shakespeare played by the best actors in America and England during the present century ; some of them, too, admirably performed in Germany. I have heard some of them chanted in the Italian opera, and I have seen the ballet of "Hamlet" gravely danced at Vienna. Yet, with all this experience, I feel that I am an amateur rather than a connoisseur ; prone to receive great pleasure without nicely analyzing the source, and sometimes apt to clap my hands when grave critics shake their heads.

Excuse this scrawl, written in a hurried moment, and believe me, with great respect and regard, your obliged friend and servant,

Washington Irving.

The agreement with Mr. George P. Putnam, by which Mr. Irving was to prepare revised copies of all his works for publication, bears date July 26, 1848. By this arrangement, which was to continue for five years, Mr. Putnam was to have the exclusive right of publishing his already published works and writings in uniform duo-

decimo volumes, until the whole series was completed, at such intervals as the publisher might find most for the mutual interest of the parties. He had the right also to publish one or more of the works in a larger size and illustrated. Mr. Putnam was to be at the whole charge of publication, "including all the expenses thereto incident," and was to pay Mr. Irving twelve and a half per cent. on the retail price of all the copies sold. The accounts of sales were to be balanced at the end of the year, commencing with July, 1849; and the author was to receive, in notes at four months, the amount accruing to him at the above rate; but, in anticipation of such general adjustment, Mr. Putnam agreed to pay him, in quarterly payments, one thousand dollars for the first year, fifteen hundred for the second, and two thousand for the third, fourth, and fifth years; all of which payments were to be made on account of the percentage above specified, in the confident expectation of the publisher that the year's receipts would overrun the amount advanced, and that the author would have a surplus to receive at the stated period of settlement. In case of a disappointment in this particular, and that the percentage within the year should not amount to the sum or sums advanced, the author was not to be called upon to refund any part of the advance. In other words, by this agreement, Mr. Putnam was answerable for the payment of eight thousand five hundred dollars,—the sum provided for in the several annual advances,—what-

ever be the amount of the percentage; but, whenever this guarantee of eight thousand five hundred dollars should be covered by the gross amount of profits received by Mr. Irving, the advances were to cease; or, if continued at the stipulated rate, and at the annual settlement it should appear that they had overrun the percentage, the author was to refund the difference.

The arrangement redounded to the advantage of both.

On the 18th of August, during a holiday visit I was making at Sunnyside, Mr. Irving brought to the cottage, from the city, a copy of the revised edition of "Knickerbocker's History of New York," printed, and to be published on the 1st of September. I turned over the pages, and observed to him that there appeared to be considerable additions besides the Author's Apology, which he had written expressly for this new edition. He replied that he had made some changes, and, he hoped, improvements; thought that he had mellowed and softened a good deal that was overcharged; had chastened the exaggerated humor of some portions—the effect of age and improved taste combined; and tempered the rawness of other parts without losing any of the raciness. If he had the work to write anew, he thought he could have brought out many things in a finer and higher vein of humor; but some of the jokes had got so implanted, he was afraid to disturb them.

The undertaking of Mr. Putnam was greeted with a

cordial welcome by many of our literary luminaries. "A new edition of Washington Irving's works," writes the polished essayist, H. T. Tuckerman, on the first putting forth of "Knickerbocker," "has long been in contemplation; but perhaps it is not so generally known, that the writings of this elegant pioneer of American literature have long been out of print in his own country. A stray volume or two of the cheap Philadelphia edition, wholly unfit to grace a library shelf, or the bulky octavo published in Paris, may occasionally be encountered; but, strange as it may seem, a complete, readable, and authorized edition of 'Geoffrey Crayon' has long been a desideratum. Since the dawn of his popularity, thousands of a new generation have sprung up in the far West, and along the Atlantic, who know this ornament to their country's genius only by fragments, and from the voice of renown. Accordingly, the enterprise of Mr. Putnam was not only required as a convenience, but almost as a necessity. . . . The series is very appropriately commenced with 'Knickerbocker's New York'—one of the most original and elaborate pieces of humor to which our language has given birth."

Another unknown but evidently practiced pen, after descanting on the beauty of the volume in its type and finish, remarks:—

> If any works of our language are worthy of such choice embalming, and such an honored place in all libraries as these volumes are destined to fill, it is those of Washington Irving. Their quaint and exhaustless hu-

mor, rich, graceful, and exuberant fancy, and the pure and natural vein of feeling, deepening into pathos, which runs through them, make them, in an eminent sense, household works—works to be read by the winter fireside, or in the calm of summer twilight, always cheering and soothing in their influence, and conveying strengthening and instructive lessons in a form which the mind is always ready to receive. To the writings of Diedrich Knickerbocker, especially, may be applied the words of Sir Philip Sidney : "He cometh to you with a tale that holdeth children from play, and an old man from the chimney corner."

The volume before us has been thoroughly revised, and now wears the final form in which posterity will receive it. Its interest is increased by a curious history of the manner in which the work was first published. The adroitness with which the public was first prepared for the appearance of the book, is very amusing ; and we wonder not that foreigners should have been puzzled in what manner to understand it.

It is an amusing fact in connection with this allusion to the difficulty of foreigners in what manner to understand Knickerbocker, that a learned German commentator, in some notes to a German edition of Thucydides, has a grave reference to Knickerbocker's history of the old factions of the Long Pipes and Short Pipes, as an illustration of the profound remarks of Thucydides on the evils arising from the prevalence of factions throughout Greece. "Laughable as this undoubtedly is," writes Tuckerman, in noticing the fact, "it is probable that a more flattering testimony was never borne to the inimitable skill displayed in every page of 'Knickerbocker's History of New York.' It is highly amusing, however, to think of the utter mystification and bewilderment in

which Goeller must have been, while laboriously perusing the *soi-disant* history, and endeavoring to treasure up in his memory the well-authenticated and instructive facts with which it abounds."*

On the same day that Mr. Irving brought to the cottage this first volume of the revised edition of his works, his most humorous composition, he brought home also a picture which had strongly touched his religious sensibilities. This was Dupont's engraving of Ary Schaeffer's "Christus Consolator," which he had recently bought, and left to be mounted and framed. The engraving first caught his eye, as he told me, in the window of a German shop in Broadway, and he then gazed at it until the tears gathered in his eyes without knowing whose it was. Finding it was from Schaeffer, he went in at once and bought it, and ordered it to be framed. After tea he took mallet and chisel, and proceeded to unbox it. It was indeed an exquisite thing full of the deepest sentiment; and as Mr. Irving continued to look at it, the tears started again to his eyes. He thought he had never seen anything so affecting—"there was nothing superior to it in the world of art;" then he burst out into an expression of regret at not having seen more of Schaeffer. He had met him at Paris on his last visit to Europe, at a house where he used to meet Lamennais and others, and had been

* The instance occurs in Goeller's *Thucydides*, in a note on the 82d chapter of the 3d book, and the reference is to Washington Irving's *History of New York*, lib. vii. cap. 5.

urged to go to his studio, but never went. "It was one of the negligences of my life."

It was in the autumn of this year that he united himself to the Episcopal church, and he was no doubt particularly susceptible at this period to the emotions such an engraving was calculated to excite. He first partook of the communion in Grace Church, New York, after an earnest conversation with his friend, its distinguished Rector, Dr. Taylor. He had long contemplated doing this, and afterwards, in alluding to the occasion to me, spoke of it as "a moment of overwhelming emotion."—It has been suggested by some, that in the record of Mr. Irving's life, too little prominence has been given to the religious aspect of his character. It would have ill suited his feelings to have been held up conspicuously as a Christian. He was truly and sincerely a religious man, but, as in everything else, he was a very modest one. He had chosen the Episcopal church, and was an unfailing attendant upon its worship, delighting in its beautiful service. But he was no sectarian, and never inclined to speculate about dogmas and creeds. He gave to all the different denominations in his neighborhood, and his faith was of a truly catholic kind, embracing all. To quote the language of the Rev. Mr. Spencer* in a sermon delivered on the occasion of his death, "'Glory be to God on high, and on earth, peace, good-will

* Assistant Minister of Christ Church, Tarrytown, where Mr. Irving worshipped.

to men,' was his summary of the Gospel." Alluding to that grand anthem in the church service, of which the above are the opening words, he once said to his pastor, the Rev. Dr. Creighton, "I never hear the 'Gloria in Excelsis' without feeling better and without my heart being lifted up."

I give a few specimens from the literary notices of the day, to show the unbroken charm of the "Sketch Book," and the cordial welcome it received. It was the second volume of the new series, and was published about the 1st of October. I should add, that the interest of the volume was enhanced by a preface, which contained a narrative of the circumstances of the first publication of the work.

The second volume of Putnam's elegant edition of Irving is before us. The "Sketch Book," purely classic and beautiful as is its language, seems to read even more refreshingly in the present choice getting up. It is needless to refer to the work itself; for who that reads at all has failed to make acquaintance with its pages? The exquisite sketches of "The Wife," the "Broken Heart," and "Rural Funerals," have been an *utterance* and a consolation to many a heart, and they will not soon cease their mission. "Rip Van Winkle" and the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" have taken root in the soil which produced them; and the graphic papers on the "Christmas Festivities of England" have been adopted as part of the records of her homes. Few single works have attained a wider reach of influence, or a more enduring fame.

I find in Bryant's "Evening Post" of October 13th, the following notice of its republication;—

Washington Irving's name is uppermost in our thoughts when speaking the claims or recounting the successes of American authorship. He has had the homage of critics on both sides of the Atlantic; the cordial praise of men of letters, his contemporaries and colaborers; some share of those executive favors which are rarely accorded as tributes to literary eminence; and he enjoys a reputation dignified by the union of high personal character, and unmarred by any of those personal jealousies that so often discredit established reputations, or that latter-day mediocrity that threatens them with final bankruptcy. We are glad to find him devoting part of the leisure of Sunnyside to the revision of his works for their uniform publication. . . . . The first purchasers of this volume will be, if we mistake not, those who have read it oftenest. Its familiar papers come to most readers with the charm of long acquaintance; they are amongst the old wine in their stores of pleasant book recollections. Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane are universal heroes; the Widow and her Son have made their appeal to everybody's sympathies; and every American traveller in England divides the enjoyment and the reminiscences of his pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon between Shakespeare and Irving. . . . .

Late in October I called on Mr. Irving, then in New York, and found him engaged on his "Life of Mahomet," evidently somewhat fagged. I told him I saw Putnam had advertised its appearance for the 1st of January. Yes, he said; he was afraid it would hurry him to get ready; he gave him a negligent answer, and he fixed a day. Was a good deal bothered in his anxiety to finish this and the "Life of Washington." Hoped he would not drop in harness. I told him the uniform edition was doing so well, he could afford to take his ease, and not to drudge. "Yes," said he; "but I know my nature. I

must get through with the work I have cut out for myself. I must weave my web, and then die."

A few days afterward, the third of the series of the new edition of his works, being the first volume of "The Life and Voyages of Columbus," made its appearance; and in the preface the author took occasion to notice the accusation that he had not given sufficient credit to Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete for the aid he had derived from his collection of documents; quoting, in refutation, a letter of Navarrete himself, and that author's own words also, in the third volume of his "Collection of Spanish Voyages."

The next volume of the revised series—"Bracebridge Hall"—was published on the 1st of December. "When we consider," says the "Evening Post," in a notice of its appearance, "that in 'Bracebridge Hall' are to be found 'Ready-Money Jack' and the 'Stout Gentleman,' as examples of Irving's comic power, and 'Annette Delarbre' as an instance of his command over the gentler emotions, we are tempted to ask whether he has done anything better than his 'Bracebridge Hall.'"

Four volumes of the revised series were now published, and the sale, for books that were not new, was unprecedented. By many the enterprise had been pronounced a rash one; but the reception given to these volumes by the public, proved, in the language of another, "the solidity of the author's reputation, and seemed like a recognition of his works as an abiding part of his land's language."

Forty years had gone by since "Knickerbocker" was first introduced to the public; and thirty years had well-nigh passed away since, in his original preface to the first number of the "Sketch Book," he wrote:—

> The following writings are published on experiment. Should they please, they may be followed by others. . . . . Should his exertions be well received, the author cannot conceal that it would be a source of the purest gratification; for, though he does not aspire to those high honors which are the rewards of loftier intellects, yet it is the dearest wish of his heart to have a secure and cherished, though humble corner, in the good opinions and kind feeling of his countrymen.

"Little did he then anticipate," says an anonymous contemporary, in quoting this passage, "that the Gospel annunciation, 'He that humbleth himself shall be exalted,' would be so fully verified in his case; that the 'high honors' to which he did not aspire, would be accorded to him of right; and that the 'humble corner' he coveted in the affections of his countrymen, should prove to be the most favored spot."

CHAPTER XII.

UNPRECEDENTED SALE OF REVISED EDITION OF THE "SKETCH BOOK."—ENGAGED UPON A "LIFE OF GOLDSMITH."—ITS PUBLICATION.—RIPLEY'S NOTICE.—CRITIQUE OF GEORGE W. GREENE.—APPEARANCE OF "MAHOMET AND HIS SUCCESSORS."—THE REVISED "ALHAMBRA" AND "CONQUEST OF GRANADA."—ANXIETY TO BEGIN ANEW ON "LIFE OF WASHINGTON."

THIS year opened most encouragingly. The issue of the seventh thousand of the "Sketch Book" was advertised on or about the 1st of February, less than four months after its republication; and Putnam gave the most flattering reports of the manner in which the illustrated edition had gone off during the holidays. The profits of this last named edition were mainly the publisher's, Mr. Irving being at no expense for the embellishments, receiving merely the twelve and a half per cent. on the retail price of so many ordinary copies. All the illustrated editions of his works were got up exclusively by his publisher.

"Bracebridge Hall," the author's last monthly publication, was followed in January by the second volume of the "Life and Voyages of Columbus," and in February by volume third, including the "Companions of Columbus." The "Tales of a Traveller" were brought out

in March, "Astoria" in April, and the "Crayon Miscellany" in May.

In noticing the appearance of this last, which comprised the "Tour on the Prairies," "Abbotsford," and "Newstead Abbey," the editor of the "Literary World" remarks: —

> The author's "Astoria," the last monthly publication of the series, has, from its timely issue, when men's eyes are directed to the "California Trail," met with the most distinguished success. It is appropriately followed by the "Tour on the Prairies," included in the present volume. The next, we understand, will be a republication of "Captain Bonneville's Adventures," which will complete the volumes through which Irving has so happily connected his name with the history of the Great West. The charm of the "Tour on the Prairies" is its unique, finished character. It is a little episode of the author's life, in which he has condensed the sentiment and fresh spirit of adventure consequent on his return to American life, after long familiarity with the overcultivation of Europe. It will probably be read as long as any of his writings. The sketch of "Abbotsford and its Master" is one of the most graceful and truthful of the many reminiscences of Scott. How admirably the character of Sir Walter's conversation is conveyed in a line—"The conversation of Scott was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic." The anecdotes and traits of the great master, charmingly told in this narrative, are all to the point. The paper which concludes this volume of the miscellany, on "Newstead Abbey," reminds us of the best of the "Sketch Book" or "Bracebridge Hall."

Of "The Adventures of Captain Bonneville," the next in the series of Mr. Irving's collected works, a cotemporary remarks: —

This book loses none of its freshness or interest with the lapse of years. The contrast between the polished, luxuriant style of its composition, and the wild, daring adventures of forest life which it describes, gives it a peculiar charm, and leads many to prefer it to the more universally admired productions of its popular author.

On the 5th of July, soon after a return from a short visit to his niece on Cayuga Lake, Mr. Irving writes to Mrs. Storrow as follows: —

For upward of a year past I have been very much from home, obliged to be for the most of the time in the city, superintending the publication of a new and revised edition of my works, making researches for other works on which I am employed, and attending to the settlement of Mr. Astor's estate, and the organization of the Astor Library. Altogether I have had more toil of head and fagging of the pen for the last eighteen months than in any other period of my life, and have been once or twice fearful my health might become deranged, but it has held out marvelously; and now I hope to be able to ease off in my toils, and to pass my time at home as usual.

In the succeeding month, he received from the Astor estate, here mentioned, his share of the commissions devolving upon the executors, amounting to ten thousand five hundred and ninety-two dollars and sixty-six cents. It was shortly before this that he called at my office, and, speaking of his fagging at the "Life of Goldsmith," two or three chapters of which he had still to write, said it had taken more time than he could afford—had plucked the heart out of his summer; and after all he could only

play with the subject. He had no time to finish it off as he wished.

He had now published all but two of the revised edition of his works—"The Chronicles of Granada" and "The Alhambra"—and had intermitted the continuation of the series and his "Life of Washington," to take up the "Life of Goldsmith." It was a sudden literary freak, similar to that which had induced him, when first in Spain, to break off from "Columbus" to begin the "Chronicles of Granada," and had subsequently drawn him aside to his "Moorish Chronicles."

His publisher, Mr. Putnam, in his "Recollections of Irving," communicated to the "Atlantic Magazine" in November, 1860, has the following glimpse at its origin:—

> Sitting at my desk one day, he was looking at Forster's clever work, which I proposed to reprint. He remarked that it was a favorite theme of his, and he had half a mind to pursue it, and extend into a volume a sketch he had once made for an edition of Goldsmith's Works. I expressed a hope that he would do so; and within sixty days the first sheets of Irving's "Goldsmith" were in the printer's hands. The press (as he says) was "dogging at his heels," for in two or three weeks the volume was published.

I was on a visit to the cottage when it came out, and, reading it at once, expressed to him my satisfaction with the work. He replied that he had been afraid to look at it since it was brought up, for he had never written anything in such a hurry. He wanted more time for it, and

did not know but that his talents might be flagging. "Are you sure it does not smell of the apoplexy?" he inquired, in playful allusion to Gil Blas and the Archbishop of Granada.

A few days after, Mr. Irving received a note from Mr. George Ripley, at the head of the literary department of the New York "Tribune," and more widely known of late years as one of the editors of the "New American Cyclopædia," inclosing the following cordial and animated notice:—

Everything combines to make this one of the most fascinating pieces of biography in the English language. Enough is known of the personal history and character of Goldsmith to tempt us to recur to the subject with fresh interest; but he has not been so bandied about by life-writers and reviewers as to satiate curiosity. The simplicity and even the weaknesses of his nature call forth a feeling of affection; and the charm of his writings, so unaffected, so naïve, so transparent in their crystal purity of expression, attracts us to a more intimate acquaintance with the author. Mr. Irving was in possession of abundant materials to do justice to the subject. He has only to insert his exquisite magnetic needle into the mass, to give a choice and shapely form to all that was valuable in the labors of previous biographers. He has done this in a manner which leaves nothing to be desired. With a genial admiration of Goldsmith, with a cordial appreciation of the spirit of his writings, and with many similar intellectual tendencies, he has portrayed the varied picture of his life with a grace and elegance that make his narrative as charming a piece of composition as can be found in the whole range of his former works. He has added a new enchantment to the potent spell with which he always binds the hearts of his readers. . . . . He has performed his task with a facile excellence peculiar to himself; and henceforth the

two names of Irving and Goldsmith will be united in the recollection of the delightful hours which each has given to such a host of "happy human beings." There could not be a more admirable description of the influence of his own writings than Mr. Irving has given in his opening paragraph on Goldsmith. We will not forego the pleasure of quoting it entire. "There are few writers for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith, for few have so eminently possessed the magic gift of identifying themselves with their writings. We read his character in every page, and grow into familiar intimacy with him as we read. The artless benevolence that beams throughout his works ; the whimsical, yet amiable views of human life and human nature ; the unforced humor, blending so happily with good feeling and good sense, and singularly dashed, at times, with a pleasing melancholy ; even the very nature of his mellow, and flowing, and softly-tinted style—all seem to bespeak his moral as well as his intellectual qualities, and make us love the man at the same time that we admire the author. While the productions of writers of loftier pretension and more sounding names are suffered to moulder on our shelves, those of Goldsmith are cherished, and laid in our bosoms. We do not quote them with ostentation, but they mingle with our minds, sweeten our tempers, and harmonize our thoughts ; they put us in good humor with ourselves and with the world, and, in so doing, they make us happier and better men."

In an elaborate critique of some of Mr. Irving's works, contributed to the "Christian Review" in April, 1850, a skillful writer and ripe scholar, Prof. George W. Greene, holds this language about the "Life of Goldsmith:"—

If there is anybody of whom it could be said that it was his duty to write a life of Goldsmith, it is Washington Irving ; and, often as we have had occasion to thank him for happy hours, we do not know that we ever felt so grateful to him for anything as for this. We have always loved Goldsmith, his poetry and his prose, and everything about him. There is not a poem in the language that we can go back to with the same zest

with which we open the "Traveller" or the "Deserted Village" for the five hundreth time; and we can never get through a ten minutes' speech without quoting the "Vicar of Wakefield." And yet we must say frankly, that we never understood Goldsmith's character until now. We have been vexed at his weakness, and have blushed at his blunders. We had always wished he could have thrown off his brogue, and had never put on his bloom-colored coat. That he should not have known how to keep his money, was not very wonderful—it is a professional weakness; but he might at any rate have thrown it away in better company. We have been more than once sorely troubled, too, by sundry little slips that savored somewhat of moral obliquity, and never been able to reconcile the elevation of his intellect with acts that far less rigorous judges than we have characterized as mean and degrading. In short, with all our contempt for Boswell, we have been fairly Boswellized, and, much as we loved Goldsmith, loved him somewhat in despite of what we thought our better judgment.

Thanks to Mr. Irving, our doubts have all been solved, and we can love the kind, simple-hearted, genial man with as much confidence as we admire his writings. This overflowing of the heart, this true philosophy, so interwoven with his whole nature, that, whether he acts or speaks, you find it as strongly marked in his actions as in his language; that quick sensibility, which makes him so keenly alive to all the petty annoyances of his dependent position, and that buoyancy of spirit which raises him above them, and bears him up on the wave while many a stouter heart is sinking around him; those ready sympathies, that self-forgetfulness, that innate, unprompted, spontaneous philanthropy, which, in the days of his prosperity as well as in his days of trial, was never belied by word or by deed—all these we understand as we never understood them before, and feel how rare and beautiful they are. He was not wise in his own concerns, and yet what treasures of wisdom has he not bequeathed to the world! Artless as an infant, yet how deeply read in human nature! with all his feelings upon the surface, ruffled by every breeze and glowing in every sunbeam, and yet how skilled in all the secret windings of the heart! None but a man of genial nature should ever attempt to

write the life of Goldsmith : one who knows how much wisdom can be extracted from folly ; how much better for the heart it is to trust than to doubt ; how much nobler is a generous impulse than a cautious reserve ; how much truer a wisdom there is in benevolence than in all the shrewd devices of worldly craft.

Now Mr. Irving is just the man to feel all this, and to make you feel it too. He sees how weak Goldsmith is in many things, how wise in others, and he sees how closely his wisdom and his weakness are allied. There is no condescension in his pity, none of that parade which often makes pity tenfold more bitter than the sufferings which call it forth. He tells you the story of his hero's errors as freely as he does that of his virtues, and in a way to make you feel that a man may have many a human weakness lie at his door, and yet be worthy of our love and admiration still. He has no desire to conceal, makes no attempt to palliate. He understands his hero's character thoroughly, and feels that if he can only make you understand it, you will love him as much as he does. Therefore he draws him just as he is, lights and shadows, virtues and foibles—vices you cannot call them, be you never so unkind. At his blunders he laughs, just as Goldsmith himself used to laugh in recounting them; and he feels the secret of his virtues too justly to attempt to gild them over with useless embellishment.

Speaking to Mr. Irving of this biography of Goldsmith, soon after its appearance, I asked him if he had introduced any anecdotes not in Prior's or Forster's Life of him. "No," playfully ; "I could not invent any new ones ; but I have altered the setting, and have introduced—not in their biography—Madame Darblay's anecdote about Boswell and Johnson, which is capital. I have also made more of the Jessamy Bride, by adverting to the dates in the tailor's bill, and fixing thereby the dates of certain visits to her."

Mr. Irving, it will be remembered, before either Prior or Forster entered the field, had sketched a life of Goldsmith, to accompany a Paris edition of that author's works. This sketch was subsequently amplified from the materials brought to light by Prior, and prefixed to some American selections of Goldsmith for Harpers' Family Library. It was now expanded into its present form from the additions of Forster. Of this biography, while giving full credit to the previous labors of Prior and Forster, the "Literary World" remarks: "You may have read the story a hundred times, but you will read it again as a new thing in this biography of Irving."

On the 19th of September, I stopped in at Putnam's, who told me he had already disposed of the first edition of "Goldsmith" of 2,500, and was now busy on a second of 2,000. I wrote to Mr. Irving to that effect, and added that it had increased his publisher's impatience for the appearance of "Mahomet." In his reply of the 21st, he says: —

> I am getting on very well, but am not yet in a mood to take up my pen; so Mr. Putnam must stay his stomach with "Goldsmith" a little longer. I suppose, because I knocked off that work in such an off-hand manner, he thinks it a very easy matter with me "to blow up a dog."

If the reader should not see the point of this quotation, he is referred to the preface of the second part of "Don Quixote."

It was some months after this that I mentioned to him

an article I had been reading in a weekly periodical, in which the writer, evidently alluding to his preface in his biography of Goldsmith, styles him, in an invidious spirit, "a self-acknowledged imitator of that author." At the close of that preface, the reader may remember he addresses Goldsmith in the language of Dante's apostrophe to Virgil: —

> "Tu se' lo mio maestro, e'l mio autore;
> Tu se' solo colui da cui io tolsi
> Lo bello stile che m'a fatto onore."

Translated,—

> "Thou art my master, and my teacher thou;
> It was from thee and thee alone, I took
> That noble style for which men honor me.

He smiled; said he meant only to express his affectionate admiration of Goldsmith, but it would never do for an author to acknowledge anything. Was never conscious of an attempt to write after any model. No man of genius ever did. From his earliest attempts, everything fell naturally from him. His style, he believed, was as much his own as though Goldsmith had never written—as much his own as his voice.

This was not the language of self-eulogy, but of quiet self-vindication. He had never meant to warrant such perversion of his quotation, any more than Dante meant to confess himself an imitator of Virgil. There were un-

doubtedly qualities of style as well as mental and moral characteristics in which he resembled both Goldsmith and Addison, the two with whom he is most frequently compared, while in others it would be impossible to confound them.

The first volume of "Mahomet and his Successors," which had been prematurely advertised for the beginning of the year, appeared at its close, December 15, with the following preface, which gives a succinct history of the origin and scope of the work, and its gradual and intermitted composition:—

Some apology may seem necessary for presenting a Life of Mahomet at the present day, when no new fact can be added to those already known concerning him. Many years since, during a residence in Madrid, the author projected a series of writings illustrative of the domination of the Arabs in Spain. These were to be introduced by a sketch of the life of the founder of the Islam faith, and the first mover of Arabian conquest. Most of the particulars for this were drawn from Spanish sources, and from Gagnier's translation of the Arabian historian Abulfelda, a copy of which the author found in the Jesuits' Library of the Convent of St. Isidro, at Madrid.

Not having followed out, in its extent, the literary plan devised, the manuscript Life lay neglected among the author's papers until the year 1831, when he revised and enlarged it for the Family Library of Mr. John Murray. Circumstances prevented its publication at the time, and it again was thrown aside for years.

During his last residence in Spain, the author beguiled the tediousness of a lingering indisposition by again revising the manuscript, profiting in so doing, by recent lights thrown on the subject by different writers, and particularly Dr. Gustav Weil, the very intelligent and learned librarian

of the University of Heidelberg, to whose industrious researches and able disquisitions he acknowledges himself greatly indebted.*

Such is the origin of the work now given to the public; in which the author lays no claim to novelty of fact, nor profundity of research. It still bears the type of a work intended for a family library; in constructing which, the whole aim of the writer has been to digest into an easy, perspicuous, and flowing narrative, the admitted facts concerning Mahomet, together with such legends and traditions as have been wrought into the whole system of Oriental literature; and at the same time to give such a summary of his faith as might be sufficient for the more general reader.

In April, 1850, Mr. Irving gave to the world the second volume of "Mahomet and his Successors," which was greeted with the following notice from the same pen which heralded the appearance of his "Life of Goldsmith:"—

The progress of the Moslem dominion, from the death of Mahomet in the year 622 to the invasion of Spain in 710, forms the subject of the present elegant volume. During this period of less than a century, the Moslems extended their dominion over the wide regions of Asia and Africa, carried their conquests in one direction to the walls of Constantinople, and in another to the farthest limits of Mauritania, and trampled down the dynasties which once held universal sway in the East. "The whole," says Mr. Irving, "presents a striking instance of the triumph of fanatic enthusiasm over disciplined valor, at a period when the invention of firearms had not reduced war to a matter of almost arithmetical calculation. There is also an air of wild romance about many of the events recorded in this narrative, owing to the character of the Arabs, and their fondness for stratagems, daring exploits, and individual achievements of

* *Mohammed der Prophet, seine Leben und seine Lehre, Stuttgart*, 1843.

an extravagant nature." Mr. Irving has not felt himself bound to follow the example of the most cautious historians in suppressing or softening down these romantic adventures, but has interwoven them with consummate skill into his narrative, and has thus given it a fresh and vigorous vitality, in unison with the exciting and triumphant career of the people whom he describes.

In deciding on the plan of his work, Mr. Irving disclaims all pretensions to being consulted as an authority, and has attempted only to present a digest of current knowledge adapted to popular use. He has accordingly adopted a form between biography and chronicle, admitting of personal anecdotes and a more familiar style of narrative than is compatible with the severe dignity of historical composition. We scarcely need say, that, in a department of literary effort so congenial to the studies and tastes of the admirable author, we find the same flowing beauty of expression and felicitous grouping of individuals and events, which give such a magic charm to every production of his honey-dropping pen. The only sentence which we regret in the volume, is the concluding one, which expresses a doubt of the continuation of the fascinating narrative to its natural and legitimate close. "Whether it will ever be our lot to resume this theme, to cross with the Moslem hosts the Straits of Hercules, and narrate their memorable conquest of Gothic Spain, is one of those uncertainties of mortal life and aspirations of literary zeal which beguile us with agreeable dreams, but too often end in disappointment."

The biography of Goldsmith, and the two volumes of "Mahomet and his Successors," were added to the list of Mr. Irving's collected works while the publication of the revised edition was yet incomplete. The "Alhambra" followed the last volume of "Mahomet and his Successors" in May; and the "Conquest of Granada," which closed the series, and of which he had written some new chapters from new lights, appeared in the succeed-

ing summer. The publication of this work in a revised form, seemed to revive his anxiety to complete the two manuscript volumes of "Moorish Chronicles," mentioned in a previous chapter; while at the same time he expressed the most earnest desire to begin anew upon his "Life of Washington," which had been made to give place to the "Life of Goldsmith," and the preparation of the two volumes of "Mahomet and his Successors." "All I fear," was once his language to me, "is to fail in health, and fail in completing this work at the same time. If I can only live to finish it, I would be willing to die the next moment. I think I can make it a most interesting book—can give interest and strength to many points, without any prostration of historic dignity. If I had only ten years more of life!" he exclaimed. "I never felt more able to write. I might not conceive as I did in earlier days, when I had more romance of feeling, but I could execute with more rapidity and freedom."

CHAPTER XIII.

LETTERS TO GOUVERNEUR KEMBLE.—DURAND'S PICTURE.—THE HORRORS OF THE STEAM WHISTLE.—LETTER TO GEORGE TICKNOR.—THE "EMBOZADO."—LETTER TO MRS. STORROW.—DEATH OF PRESIDENT TAYLOR.—VISIT TO JAMES K. PAULDING.—JENNY LIND.—LETTER TO MISS HAMILTON.—THE AUTHOR'S HEGIRA.

THE following is a reply of Mr. Irving to his friend Kemble, who had requested him, when in town, to call at Durand's, the artist, and tell him what he thought of a landscape he had some idea of purchasing when it was finished: —

NEW YORK, April 7, 1850.

MY DEAR KEMBLE: —

I have called with —— to see Durand's picture, and we were both delighted with it. It is beautiful — beautiful. Such truth of detail with such breadth; such atmosphere, such harmony, such repose, such coloring! The group of trees in the foreground is admirable; the characters of the trees so diversified and accurate; the texture and coloring of their barks; the peculiarities of their foliage. The whole picture had the effect upon me of a delightful piece of music. I think it would be a charming addition to the *Kemble gallery*. . . . .

I shall avail myself of the railroad, one of these days, to pay you the visit you suggest; but I must first get out of the clutches of the printers.

His friend had informed him that he could now at any time take the railroad at New York at four P. M., and dine with him at Cold Spring at six; from which it would appear that the cars were passing his door. We hear no complaint from him, however, until he became for the first subjected to the annoyance of the steam whistle during a severe fit of illness from which he was just recovering, when he breaks forth as follows, in a letter to Gouverneur Kemble, one of the directors of the company:

SUNNYSIDE, August 7, 1850.

MY DEAR KEMBLE: —

Excuse my not answering sooner your kind letter. It found me in a terrible state of shattered nerves; having been startled out of my first sleep at midnight, on Saturday night last, by the infernal alarum of your railroad steam trumpet. It left me in a deplorable state of nervous agitation for upward of an hour. I remained sleepless until daybreak, and miserable all the following day. It seemed to me almost as if done on purpose, for the trains had ceased for several days to make their diabolical blasts opposite my house. They have not molested me in this way since, and have clearly shown, by the cautious and tempered management of their whistle, that these unearthly yells, and howls, and screams, indulged in for a mile on a stretch, and destructive to the quiet of whole neighborhoods, are carried to an unnecessary and unwarrantable excess. They form one of the greatest nuisances attending railroads, and I am surprised that, in the present state of mechanical art, some signal less coarse and brutal could not be devised.

You will laugh at all of this; but to have one's family disturbed all day, and startled from sleep at night, by such horrific sounds, amounts to a constant calamity. I feel obliged to the company for the attention that has been paid to the complaints made in this instance, and I trust to their continuing to protect my homestead from the recurrence of such an evil

It would give me great pleasure, my dear Kemble, to come at once to you ; but I am advised, as soon as I have sufficient strength to leave home, to go where I may have the benefit of a complete change of air. I intend, therefore, to pay a visit to my niece, Mrs. Gabriel Irving, at her place at Oyster Bay, where I shall have the benefit of salt air and sea breezes. My visit to you I shall defer until I feel in more companionable trim.

Ever, my dear Kemble, yours, affectionately,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following letter is addressed to the eminent scholar, George Ticknor, who had sent him, a considerable time previous to its date, his "History of Spanish Literature," a work in three octavo volumes, which he had early meditated, and upon which he had been long engaged. Mr. Ticknor, in the autumn of 1818, had come, from a residence of some months in Spain, to London, and here he formed the acquaintance of Mr. Irving, Leslie, and Newton, all of whom made the excursion together from London to Windsor, "which resulted," says Mr. Ticknor, in a letter to myself, "in the beautiful paper in the 'Sketch Book.'" "He read to me," he continues in the same letter, "some of the other papers, and I brought out for him the first number for publication, and delivered it to Mr. Brevoort."

[*To George Ticknor.*]

SUNNYSIDE, February 15, 1850.

MY DEAR TICKNOR :—

I ought long since to have thanked you for the copy of your work which you had the kindness to send me, but I thought it best to read it first.

This the pressure of various affairs has permitted me to do only at intervals, so that I have not yet got farther than the threshold of the third volume; but I will delay an acknowledgment no longer. I have read enough to enable me to praise it heartily and honestly. It is capital—capital! It takes me back into dear old Spain; into its libraries, its theatres; among its chronicles, its plays; among all those scenes, and characters, and customs that for years were my study and delight. No one that has not been in Spain can feel half the merit of your work; but to those who have, it is a perpetual banquet. I am glad you have brought it out during my lifetime, for it will be a *vade mecum* for the rest of my days. When I have once read it through, I shall keep it by me, like a Stilton cheese, to give a dig into whenever I want a relishing morsel. I began to fear it would never see the light in my day, or that it might fare with you as with that good lady who went thirteen years with child, and then brought forth a little old man, who died in the course of a month of extreme old age. But you have produced three strapping volumes, full of life, and freshness, and vigor, and that will live forever. You have laid the foundations of your work so deep that nothing can shake it; you have built it up with a care that renders it reliable in all its parts; and you have finished it off with a grace and beauty that leave nothing to be desired. It is well worth a lifetime to achieve such a work.

By the way, as you appear to have an extensive collection of the old Spanish plays, there is one which Captain Medwin mentioned to me, the story of which had made a great impression on Lord Byron. It was called "El Embozado de Cordova" (or perhaps "Encapotado"). I have sought for it in vain in all the libraries and collections in Spain. If you should have a copy of it, let me know; though I apprehend Captain Medwin has given me a wrong name, as I could find none of the dramatic antiquaries that knew anything about it.

I regret that you did not fall into the hands of my worthy publisher, Mr. Putnam, who is altogether the most satisfactory man in his line that I ever had dealings with. But I trust you have made a good arrangement with the Harpers, who command a vast circulation.

When you see Prescott, give him my cordial remembrances. You two are shelved together for immortality.

Ever, my dear Ticknor, yours very faithfully,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The "old Spanish play" here alluded to as having been mentioned to him by Captain Medwin, and which had eluded his researches in Spain, is spoken of in his diary as a play by *Calderon*. In the following extract of a letter to his brother Peter, written from Paris in March, 1825, I furnish a glimpse of the curious plot, and all the light I can throw upon the subject of this mysterious drama, here, too, spoken of as a production of Calderon:—

Medwin is in Paris, but returns almost immediately to his nest. . . . . I find he is well acquainted with Calderon in the original, and has talked to me of a play of Calderon's which is rarely to be found in the edition of his works, but of which he once obtained a copy. It is called sometimes "El Embozado," and sometimes "El Capitado" (*i. e.*, The man muffled or disguised). The story is of a young man who has been dogged through life by a mysterious masked man; who thwarts all his plans, and continually crosses his path, and blasts his hopes at the moment of fruition. At length he is in love with a lady, and on the point of entering her house to be made happy. The "Embozado" issues out of it. They fight. The mask of the unknown falls off, and he discovers the very counterpart of himself! He dies with horror at the sight. Such is Medwin's mere recollection of the plot. Lord Byron was so much struck with it, that he intended to make something of it, and repeatedly mentioned the way he thought of treating it. Medwin wrote a sketch of the subject and Lord Byron's ideas about it, which he had intended to append to a new edition of his Memoirs, but he has promised to hand it to me. It is certainly very striking, and something fine might be struck out from the mere

idea. The "Embozado" is supposed to be a personification of the young man's passions. I mean to search for the play.

On the 4th of April, 1825, he writes again to Peter:—

I have just purchased an edition of Calderon, the same with that in the King's Library. It is in seventeen volumes. I had to give one hundred and eighty francs for it. I do not find the "Embozado" in it. I mean to get my Spanish master to write to Spain for that and any other plays of Calderon that may not be in this edition.

In less than a year after this, Mr. Irving went to Spain, where, it seems by his letter to Mr. Ticknor, he sought in vain for "The Embozado" in all the libraries and collections of the country. It is singular that a play of Calderon, of which *Medwin had once obtained a copy*, the story of which came near engaging the pen of Byron, should have eluded research. It could hardly have been a production of Calderon, and Medwin probably erred in characterizing it as such.

The niece to whom the following is addressed, had returned to Paris in May, 1850, from a visit of some months in New York:—

[*To Mrs. Storrow.*]

SUNNYSIDE, July 18, 1850.

MY DEAR SARAH:—

Your letter could not have arrived at a more welcome moment; for it has found me in a state of languor and debility, and somewhat depressed in spirits, the effects of an intermittent fever, from which I am but imperfectly recovered. I find I do not rally from any attack of the kind so speedily as I used to do; and this one has pulled me down so much, that I think I shall make an excursion for change of air. . . . .

Just as I had got out of the clutches of my fever, we had a visit from Mr. James, the novelist, and his family. He had arrived in New York several days previous, but I had been too unwell to go down to visit him. As soon as I could crawl out, I went to New York, and called upon him. I found he had intended seeking me out the next day. I kept him to his intention. . . . . The next morning, by one of the early trains, he came up with his wife, his daughter, a very pretty and intelligent girl about sixteen years of age, and his two sons, one of seventeen, the other of fourteen years of age. They passed the day with us. The weather was delightful, and the visit went off charmingly. James is a worthy, amiable fellow, full of conversation, and most liberal in his feelings. . . . .

We have all been shocked and distressed by the death of our good old President, General Taylor, after a very brief illness. It is a great loss to the country, especially in our present perplexed state of affairs. He has left a name behind him that will remain one of the most popular ones in American history. He was really a good and an honest man, uniting the bravery of the soldier with the simplicity and benevolence of the quiet citizen. He had not been long enough in political life to have straightforward honesty and frankness falsified, nor his quick sense of right and wrong rendered obtuse. I deeply regret not to have seen him. I had always looked forward with confidence to taking him by the hand either in New York or Washington. Report speaks well of his successor, Mr. Fillmore; but I am entirely unacquainted with him, and of course feel nothing of the personal interest that I felt for the good old General.

Two days after the date of this letter, he was seized with chills, which proved the advance of a serious indisposition. Alarmed at the progress of the fever, Dr. Delafield, an eminent physician from New York, who chanced to be on the opposite side of the river, was called in; and the same day Mr. Irving made his will, to be prepared for the worst. The skillful treatment of

his physician, however, soon produced a favorable change; and in a few days he dismissed his patient as out of danger, though still feeble.

It was during this period of languid convalescence that he lifted up his protest against the diabolic blasts of the steam trumpet.

In the following extract we have a passing allusion to the home of his early literary associate, James K. Paulding, at Hyde Park on the Hudson, and also to some of the compensating advantages of the railroad. The visit to Kemble was made early in September.

During my visit to Kemble (he writes to Mrs. Storrow), I set off with him, one day, by railroad, for James Paulding's country residence, where I had never been. We went by railroad to Poughkeepsie, and then took a carriage to Paulding's. He has a lovely situation, commanding one of the most beautiful prospects of Hudson scenery, with the Kaatskill Mountains in the distance. . . . . We had a very pleasant dinner there, and got back to Cold Spring in the evening. This railroad makes every place accessible on the easiest terms.

The letter, which is dated October 31, continues:—

You will see, by the papers, that the world has all been music-mad here at the arrival of Jenny Lind. With all my love of music, I have not yet heard nor seen her, but expect to do so next week. I do not like any more to cope with crowds, and have become a little distrustful of these public paroxysms. Besides, I am not over-fond of concerts, and would prefer somewhat inferior talent, when aided by the action and scenic effect of the theatre. I anticipate more pleasure, therefore, from Parodi as *prima donna* of the opera, than from the passionless performances of Jenny Lind as a singer at a concert.

In the following letter we have a further allusion to the renowned songstress:—

[*To Miss Mary M. Hamilton.*]

SUNNYSIDE, November 12, 1850.

MY DEAR MISS HAMILTON:—

. . . . You wish to know what I think of the "Priestess of Nature." I have seen and heard her but once, but have at once enrolled myself among her admirers. I cannot say, however, how much of my admiration goes to her singing, how much to herself. As a singer, she appears to me of the very first order; as a specimen of womankind, a little more. She is enough of herself to counterbalance all the evil that the world is threatened with by the great convention of women. So God save Jenny Lind!

Parodi's Norma is the best I have seen, except Grisi's; but Grisi's in some respects is much superior. Parodi has much dramatic talent, a good voice, a commanding person, and a countenance very expressive, *in spite of her teeth*, which are a little on the "Carker" order. I doubt, however, with all her tragic fire, I shall like her as much in "Lucretia Borgia" as the fair Truffi, for whom I still cherish a certain degree of *tendresse*. But I do not pretend to be critical, having had all conceit of that kind killed by Ford, the Gatherer in Spain, who, in one of his papers in the "Quarterly Review," denominated me "the easily pleased Washington Irving."

I presume our social rides are all over for the season, and that you and A—— will abandon the rocks, and woodlands, and other scrambles on horseback, for Broadway and the opera. I took a ride on Dick this morning, but he seemed to miss his companions, Ned and Dandy, and to have lost all spirit.

As we have a kind of intermittent Indian summer, which incessantly returns after very brief intervals, I still hope to have some more rides

among the hills before winter sets in, and should be rejoiced to take them with the female chivalry of Tillietudlem.

Yours very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The day after the date of this letter, Mr. Irving came to town to attend Jenny Lind's morning concert of that day, expecting seats to have been taken. Finding that none had been procured, he returned home to make the attempt another day. Meanwhile, a party was arranged for Friday evening, to include Mr. Irving and all his household, who were to come down for the occasion. On arriving in the city, however, finding that another lady had been added to the party, which would make up the number without him, and being withal a little out of mood, he suddenly decamped for home, to the great surprise and regret of his nieces, who had locked up the silver preparatory to leaving, and were fearful that he would not be able to make himself comfortable. The next morning one of the party wrote, expressing her regret and uneasiness at his sudden and unexpected departure, informing him of "a nice arrangement" she had made for lodging him for the night, and "fancying him sitting alone and desolate, and, worse than all, without teaspoon or fork." This is his characteristic reply:—

SUNNYSIDE, November 17, 1850.

MY DEAR HELEN:—

I am sorry to find my hegira from town caused you so much regret and uneasiness. It was a sudden move, on finding that the party for the concert would be complete without me, and that, if I stayed, I should have

to look about for quarters, and put others to inconvenience. Besides, I find myself growing more and more indisposed to cope with the bustle and confusion of the town, and more and more in love with the quiet of the country. While tossing about, therefore, on the troubled sea of the city, without a port at hand, I bethought myself of the snug, quiet little port I had left, and determined to "'bout ship," and run back to it.

You seem to have pictured my move as a desperate one, and my evening as solitary and forlorn; but you are mistaken. I took a snug dinner at Frederick's, where I met A—— H——. He was bound to Staatsburg, to rejoin his wife. We went up in the four o'clock train together. I endeavored to persuade him to stop and pass the night at the cottage, when we would break open the storeroom and cellar, rummage out everything that the girls had locked up, and have "high jinks" together. He was strongly inclined to yield to my temptation, but the thought of his wife overawed him. He is evidently under petticoat government, like other married men, and dare not indulge in a spree, like we free and independent bachelors.

When I arrived at the cottage, all was dark. Toby barked at me as if I were a housebreaker. I rang at the front door. There was a stir and commotion within. A light gleamed through the fanlight. The door was cautiously opened by Bernard; behind him was Sophia, and behind her Hannah, while Peter and the cook stood ready as a *corps de reserve* in the kitchen passage. I believe, for a moment, they doubted whether it was myself or my ghost.

My arrival caused no little perplexity, everything being locked up. However, by furbishing up the kitchen plate and china, the tea-table was set out after a fashion by Sophia, and I made a very cozy though somewhat queer repast.

My evening passed very serenely, dozing over a book, and dreaming that the girls, as usual, were all silently sewing around me. I passed a comfortable night; had a cozy bachelor breakfast the next morning, took a ride on gentleman Dick, and, in fact, led a life of single blessedness, until my womankind returned, about two o'clock, to put an end to my dream of sovereignty.

CHAPTER XIV.

APPLICATION FOR AN ORIGINAL THOUGHT. — BORING LETTERS. — LETTER TO JESSE MERWIN, THE ORIGINAL OF ICHABOD CRANE. — HIS LAST PORTRAIT. — LETTER TO MRS. STORROW. — THE "REVERIES OF A BACHELOR." — THE "SCARLET LETTER." — LETTER TO H. M. GRINNELL. — BOHN'S INFRINGEMENT OF COPYRIGHT. — LETTER TO BENTLEY. — LETTER OF JOHN MURRAY. — LETTER TO JOHN BARNEY. — LETTER TO H. T. TUCKERMAN, ALLUDING TO ROGERS, AND TO ARTICLE IN "HOMES OF AMERICAN AUTHORS." — LETTER TO WILLIAM C. BRYANT ON THE SUBJECT OF THE DIFFERENT PORTRAITS OF COLUMBUS.

THE following letter was written to a young lady, who proposed to come to him and ask his counsel about the publication of some poems of a brother who had graduated with distinction, and been cut off in the bloom of his youth: —

SUNNYSIDE, February 18, 1851.

DEAR MADAM: —

While I sincerely sympathize with you in the affliction caused by your great bereavement, and have no doubt your brother was worthy of the praise bestowed on his memory, I must most respectfully excuse myself from the very delicate and responsible task of giving an opinion of his poems. I have no confidence in the coolness and correctness of my own judgment in matters of the kind, and have repeatedly found the exercise of it, in compliance with solicitations like the present, so productive of

dissatisfaction to others, and poignant regret to myself that I have long since been driven to the necessity of declining it altogether.

Trusting you will receive this apology in the frank and friendly spirit in which it is made, I remain, with great respect, your obedient servant.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Here is a reply to a modest application from an unknown admirer to "pen (him) just *one* original *thought*": —

DEAR SIR: —

I would be happy to furnish you with the "original thought" you require; but it is a coinage of the brain not always at my command, and certainly not at present. So I hope you will be content with my sincere thanks in return for the kind and complimentary expressions of your letter.

No man could be more bored than Mr. Irving, by, as he once expressed it, "all sorts of letters from all sorts of persons." I remember his once showing me a letter asking him to subscribe to some particular book. "Now," he said, turning to me, "this must be answered. Every letter to be answered is a trifle; but your life in this way is exhausted in trifles. You are entangled in a network of cobwebs. Each letter is a cobweb across your nose. The bores of this world are endless."

The following letter is addressed to Jesse Merwin, a schoolmaster whom he had met long years before at Judge Van Ness's, at Kinderhook. Merwin had called on him at New York, but, not finding him, had afterward written to him, and, among various allusions to the olden

time, had mentioned the death of Dominie Van Nest, a clergyman whom they had both known at that period. To Mr. Irving's surprise, the letter appeared in print a few days after. Jesse Merwin's letter is indorsed in Mr. Irving's own handwriting: "From Jesse Merwin, the original of Ichabod Crane."

SUNNYSIDE, February 12, 1851.

You must excuse me, my good friend Merwin, for suffering your letter to remain so long unanswered. You can have no idea how many letters I have to answer, besides fagging with my pen at my own literary tasks, so that it is impossible for me to avoid being behind hand in my correspondence. Your letter was indeed most welcome—calling up, as it did, the recollection of pleasant scenes and pleasant days passed together in times long since at Judge Van Ness's, in Kinderhook. Your mention of the death of good old Dominie Van Nest recalls the apostolic zeal with which he took our little sinful community in hand, when he put up for a day or two at the Judge's; and the wholesome castigation he gave us all, one Sunday, beginning with the two country belles who came fluttering into the school-house during the sermon, decked out in their city finery, and ending with the Judge himself, in the stronghold of his own mansion. How soundly he gave it to us! How he peeled off every rag of self-righteousness with which we tried to cover ourselves, and laid the rod on the bare backs of our consciences! The good, plain-spoken, honest old man! How I honored him for his simple, straightforward earnestness, his homely sincerity! He certainly handled us without mittens; but I trust we are all the better for it. How different he was from the brisk, dapper, self-sufficient little apostle who cantered up to the Judge's door a day or two after; who was so full of himself that he had no thought to bestow on our religious delinquencies; who did nothing but boast of his public trials of skill in argument with rival preachers of other denominations, and how he had driven them off the field, and crowed over them! You must remember the bustling, self-confident little man, with a tin trumpet

in the handle of his riding whip, with which I presume he blew the trumpet in Zion !

Do you remember our fishing expedition, in company with Congressman Van Alen, to the little lake a few miles from Kinderhook ; and John Moore, the vagabond admiral of the lake, who sat crouched in a heap in the middle of his canoe in the centre of the lake, with fishing-rods stretching out in every direction like the long legs of a spider ? And do you remember our piratical prank, when we made up for our bad luck in fishing, by plundering his canoe of its fish when we found it adrift ? And do you remember how John Moore came splashing along the marsh on the opposite border of the lake, roaring at us ; and how we finished our frolic by driving off and leaving the Congressman to John Moore's mercy, tickling ourselves with the idea of his being scalped at least ? Ah, well-a-day, friend Merwin, those were the days of our youth and folly. I trust we have grown wiser and better since then ; we certainly have grown older. I don't think we could rob John Moore's fishing canoe now. By the way, that same John Moore, and the anecdotes you told of him, gave me the idea of a vagabond character, Dirck Schuyler, in my "Knickerbocker History of New York," which I was then writing.

You tell me the old school-house is torn down, and a new one built in its place. I am sorry for it. I should have liked to see the old school-house once more, where, after my morning's literary task was over, I used to come and wait for you occasionally until school was dismissed, and you used to promise to keep back the punishment of some little, tough, broad-bottomed Dutch boy until I should come, for my amusement—but never kept your promise. I don't think I should look with a friendly eye on the new school-house, however nice it might be.

Since I saw you in New York, I have had severe attacks of bilious intermittent fever, which shook me terribly ; but they cleared out my system, and I have ever since been in my usual excellent health, able to mount my horse and gallop about the country almost as briskly as when I was a youngster. Wishing you the enjoyment of the same inestimable blessing, and begging you to remember me to your daughter,

who penned your letter, and to your son, whom, out of old kindness and companionship, you have named after me.

I remain ever, my old friend, yours very truly and cordially,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

About this time Mr. Irving was induced to sit to Martin, an English artist, for the last portrait ever taken of him. Though somewhat idealized, and too youthful for his age at that time, it had much of his character and expression about it, and received the following notice from the pen of the poet, N. P. Willis, in the "Home Journal": —

We spoke, the other day, of Geoffrey Crayon's having once more consented to sit for his picture. Mr. Martin has just finished it, and we fancy there has seldom been a more felicitous piece of work. It is not only like Irving, but like his books ; and, though he looks as his books read (which is true of few authors), and looks like the name of his cottage,—Sunnyside,—and looks like what the world thinks of him, yet a painter might have missed this look, and still have made what many would consider a likeness. He sits leaning his head on his hand, with the genial, unconcious, courtly composure of expression that he habitually wears ; and still there is visible the couchant humor and philosophic inevitableness of perception, which form the strong under-current of his genius. The happy temper and the strong intellect of Irving, the joyously indolent man, and the arousably brilliant author, are both there. As a picture, it is a fine specimen of art. The flesh is most skillfully crayoned, the pose excellent, the drawing apparently effortless and yet nicely true, and the air altogether Irving-y and gentleman-like. If well engraved, we have him—delightful and famous Geoffrey—as he lives, as he is thought to live, as he writes, as he talks, and as he ought to be remembered.

The letter which follows, was written soon after his return from a visit to Mr. William Swain, at New Bedford:—

[*To Mrs. Storrow.*]

SUNNYSIDE, May 6, 1851.

MY DEAR SARAH:—

Your most delightful letter of March 5th has remained too long unanswered; but it found me crowded with occupation, getting out a revised edition of the "Alhambra," in which I was making many alterations and additions, with the press close at my heels. . . . .

I have been very little in town this winter. Indeed, I may say that I have lived almost exclusively in the country since your departure. My time has been very much occupied with my pen, preparing and printing my revised editions, etc., and it will continue to be so occupied until I finish the "Life of Washington," on which I am now busy. I am always happiest when I have a considerable part of my time thus employed, and feel reason to be thankful that my intellectual powers continue capable of being so tasked. I shall endeavor, however, not to overtask myself; shall mount my horse often, and break off occasionally to make an excursion like that to New Bedford. . . . .

You speak, in one of your letters to the family, of the pleasure you have had in reading the "Reveries of a Bachelor." It is indeed a very beautiful work. The author was kind enough to send me a copy, and to call on me. I am much pleased with him. He is quiet and gentleman-like in manners and appearance, and I shall be very glad to cultivate his acquaintance. I understand he is engaged to be married; I hope to one worthy of being the subject of one of his reveries.

There are two very clever works which have made their appearance within a year or so, one quite recently—the "Scarlet Letter" and the "House with the Seven Gables." They are by Hawthorne, and two of the best works of fiction that have issued from the American press.

Remember me affectionately to your husband, and kiss the dear little women for me.

Ever, my dear Sarah, your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Of one of the works here mentioned — "The Scarlet Letter"—I inquired his opinion just after he had finished reading it, and the impression was fresh. "Masterly! masterly!! masterly!!!" was his emphatic reply.

The following amusing letter is addressed to M. H. Grinnell, the husband of his niece, who had invited him to dine with him in the city, and who had just completed a house in the neighborhood of Sunnyside, which he expected soon to occupy: —

SUNNYSIDE, May 20, 1851.

MY DEAR GRINNELL: —

I must beg you to excuse me from dining with you to-morrow. Sunnyside is possessed by seven devils, and I have to be continually on the watch to keep all from going to ruin. First, we have a legion of womenkind, cleaning and scouring the house from top to bottom ; so that we are all reduced to eat, and drink and have our being in my little library. In the midst of this, our water is cut off. An Irishman from your establishment undertook to shut up my spring, as he had yours, within brick walls ; the spring showed proper spirit, and broke bounds, and all the water-pipes ran dry in consequence. In the dearth of painters, I have employed a couple of country carpenters to paint my roofs, and it requires all my vigilance to keep them from painting them like Joseph's coat of divers colors. Your little man Westerfield is to plaster my chimneys to morrow, and your plumbers and bell-hangers to attack the vitals of the house. I have a new coachman, to be inducted into all the mysteries of the stable and coach-house ; so all that part of the establishment is in what is called a halla baloo. In a word, I never knew of such a

tempest in a teapot as is just now going on in little Sunnyside. I trust, therefore, you will excuse me for staying at home to sink or swim with the concern.

Yours affectionately,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

P. S.—Lee has not yet commenced the long-promised filling up, which was certainly to be begun yesterday. I begin more fully to understand what is meant by *Lee-way*.

This was the filling up of a space between the bank and the railroad, in which the water was apt to rest, and generate, as he believed, unwholesome miasma. Lee was an agent of the railroad, and Mr. G. a director.

The following is in reply to an application of Mr. Richard Bentley, the London publisher, who was meditating a suit against Mr. Bohn for an infringement of the copyrights of three of the author's works purchased by him. Murray had already gone to great expense to defend his copyrights, the sale, on the republication of the works, being greater than ever in both countries. For fifteen years some of the volumes had not been reprinted by him or his father.

[*To Richard Bentley.*]

SUNNYSIDE, July 7, 1842.

DEAR SIR:—

I have received your two letters, dated June 3d and 4th, informing me of your intention to proceed against certain book-sellers for an infringement of the copyrights of the "Alhambra," "Astoria," and "Bonne-

ville ;" and, inasmuch as you have no formal deed of assignment from me, requesting me to authorize your solicitor, Frederick Nicholls Devey, Esq., to institute proceedings in my name.

As the whole proceeding is for your account and benefit, and at your expense, I cannot refuse to delegate this authority to the gentleman named ; but I confess I give my consent most reluctantly to a measure by which I am made to appear as a litigant, and, though only nominally so, yet at the great hazard of misconception.

If your solicitor could prepare an assignment, or other instrument which might have a retroactive operation, and enable you to sue in your own name, I would greatly prefer it. If this be impracticable, then you may take this letter as a warrant to your solicitor to appear for me, with full power and authority to represent me in any suit you may deem necessary in regard to the before-mentioned works, and before any court. I wish it to be publicly understood, however, in this contingency, that you have recourse to my name on your own behalf, and only from a technical necessity, and that I have no personal interest in the event of the proceeding.

Yours very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

I presume no proceedings were ever instituted by Mr. Bentley, as it will be seen, by the following letter of Mr. Murray to Mr. Irving, that *he* had compromised his suit with Bohn in September, only two months after the date of the preceding letter:—

ALBEMARLE STREET, September 19, 1851.

MY DEAR SIR:—

Having troubled you so often, and, I fear, seriously, on the subject of my lawsuit with Bohn, it is with peculiar satisfaction that I now

write to tell you that it is at an end. Mr. Bohn has offered me terms which are satisfactory to me, and not humiliating to him. He has destroyed for me all value in your works, and I make over to him the copyright.

I regret to part with them, but it seemed to me the only way to get out of the squabble, which was becoming very serious, *my* law expenses alone having run up to £850.

One good, at least, has been elicited out of the contest—it has settled the right of foreigners to hold copyright in this country; for I am assured by my counsel, Sir Fitzroy Kelly, one of the soundest heads at our bar, that the recent decision of our judges on that head is not likely to be reversed by the House of Lords, or any other tribunal. Sir F. K. has studied the subject minutely, and made an admirable speech in the Queen's Bench on my side. I hope, therefore, that the "Life of Washington," and other works *to come* from your pen, may yet bring advantage to their author from this country; but *priority of publication* in *England* is an indispensable condition, and must in all cases be guaranteed and carefully attested at the time of appearance.

No one can desire more than I do an international copyright arrangement with the Americans. In my desire I am not surpassed by Mr. Bohn, nor Sir E. L. Bulwer; but I differ from them in the strong conviction which I feel that it is not by pirating American books that the object is to be attained.

I remain, my dear sir, yours very sincerely

JOHN MURRAY.

The following letter is addressed to John Barney, better known to the world as "Beau Barney," one of the patriarchs of the fashionable circles of Washington City for many years, and is in reply to one from him recalling their first meeting at Burr's trial at Richmond, forty-three years before, and mentioning the

kind recollections of his sister, whom he met at that time: —

SUNNYSIDE, October 30, 1851.

MY DEAR MR. BARNEY: —

Your letter of the 25th has acted upon me like a charm, calling up such pleasant scenes in times long past, when we were both gay young fellows, that I cannot go to bed before answering it. What you mention of kind recollections of me that were cherished by your sister, flatters my old bachelor heart even now; for she was one of my early admirations, and her image dwells in my memory as she appeared to me at the time, so amiable, graceful, and lady-like. I well remember seeing her also at Baltimore, after her marriage, with her first child, a fine boy, and, though a mere infant, remarkably sensible to music, being easily moved by it either to tears or transports. I believe I have since met him a man grown.

You talk of children and grandchildren. I have nothing but literary bantlings to boast of. I trust your progeny will outlive mine, and increase and multiply, and continue your name from generation to generation; which is more than can be expected from the progeny of the Muse, however prolific she may be.

Wishing you many pleasant and prosperous days, I will now bid you "good night," and will endeavor to continue in my sleep the agreeable dreams you have awakened.

Yours ever, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The letter which follows, from Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, and Mr. Irving's reply, I introduce with the single remark, that the former had lately contributed to a publication of Mr. Putnam, entitled "Homes of American Authors," a graceful notice of Sunnyside and its proprietor: —

[*To Washington Irving.*]

NEW YORK, December 6, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR :—

I expect to sail for England in the Baltic on Saturday next ; and, although my stay will probably be quite brief, I am desirous of seeing Mr. Rogers. Will you give me a line to him, and any other friend in England whom it would be pleasant for me to see ? and oblige

Yours ever, truly and respectfully,

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

[*To Mr. H. T. Tuckerman.*]

SUNNYSIDE, December 8, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR :—

I send you three letters of introduction, which I hope may be of service to you. My poor friend Rogers, I fear, is growing too infirm to render those attentions he was formerly so prompt to show to Americans of worth. Sir Robert Harry Inglis is a man of the most genial character, full of intelligence, and in communion with the most intellectual society of England. He is a man *I love and honor.*

John Murray has succeeded his father in the literary realm of Albemarle Street, which I used to find a favorite haunt of notorieties.

Permit me to make my acknowledgments for the very kind and flattering notice you have taken of me and my little rural nest, in Putnam's late publication. I wish I could feel myself worthy of half that you have said of me.

Yours ever, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following letter to Mr. Bryant, respecting the different portraits of Columbus, embraces the result of Mr. Irving's researches on that subject, and will be found to contain many particulars of interest. Joseph E.

Bloomfield, the gentleman alluded to in the first paragraph, had been for some years a resident of the south of Spain, and, having become familiar with the portraits purporting to be the likenesses of the great discoverer, a correspondence on the subject had taken place between him and Mr. Irving. In the letter to Mr. Bryant, who had applied to Mr. Irving for leave to publish his hasty notes to Mr. Bloomfield, he has recast his replies to that gentleman, with some additions. I transfer the letter from the columns of the "Evening Post," the journal edited by Mr. Bryant, in which it first appeard:—

[*To William C. Bryant, Esq.*]

My dear Sir:—

In consequence of the interest expressed by you as to a recent correspondence with Mr. Joseph E. Bloomfield, of Mexico, New York, on some points relative to Columbus, I have thrown the purport of my replies to that gentleman into something of a connected form. Mr. Bloomfield was desirous of my opinion of a portrait of Columbus existing in the Lonja, or Royal Exchange, at Seville, and which he says was the only one acknowledged in Spain as a true likeness. In reply, I have stated that I know of no portrait extant which is positively known to be authentic. The one in question, according to his account of it, is full length, and that of a person from thirty to thirty-five years of age, armed in mail, and wearing a full white ruff. Now Columbus, by the time his discoveries had made him a subject for such a painting, was quite advanced in years. The ruff, too, was not an article of dress in Spain until after his death. It was a Flemish fashion, brought, I believe, from Flanders to Spain in the time of Charles V., who did not arrive in the Peninsula until 1516, ten years after the death of Columbus. The portrait may have

been one of Diego Columbus, the heir and successor of the discoverer, and who, like him, was denominated "the Admiral."

Various portraits of Columbus have appeared from time to time in Italy, not one resembling the others, and all differing essentially from the description given by Fernando of his father. Theodore de Bry, in his "America," published in the sixteenth century, gave an engraving of one in his possession, which he pretended had been stolen from a saloon of the Council of the Indias, and sold in the Netherlands, where it fell into his hands. The same has been copied, in an eulogium of Columbus by the Marquis of Durazzo, printed by Bodoni, and in a life of the discoverer published in Milan by the Chevalier Bossi. This pretended portrait also differs entirely from the graphic description given by Fernando Columbus of his father. According to this, his visage was long, and neither full nor meagre; the cheek-bones rather high, his nose aquiline, his eyes light-gray, his complexion fair and high-colored (*acceso di vivo colore*). In his youth, his hair was blonde; but by the time he was thirty years of age it was *quite white*. This minute description I consider the touch-stone by which all the pretended portraits of him should be tried. It agrees with accounts given of him by Las Casas and other contemporaries.

Peschiera, a sculptor, employed in Genoa to make a bust of him for a monument erected to his memory in that city in 1821, discarded all existing portraits as either spurious or doubtful, and guided himself by the descriptions I have cited.

While I was in Madrid, in 1826, Don Martin Fernandez de Navarrete, President of the Royal Academy of History, published a lithographed copy of an engraved portrait of Columbus, which he found in an old Italian work containing likenesses of distinguished persons. He and the Duke of Veraguas (the descendant of Columbus) placed confidence in it, because other portraits in the same work were known to be correct. I doubted its authenticity. It did not agree sufficiently with the description before mentioned; and the hair especially, in the notice which accompanied it in the Italian work, was said to be *black*. Still, I published a copy of the engraving, some years since, in an abridged edition of my Life of the discoverer.

While I was in Paris, in 1845, Mons. Jomard, the learned principal of the Royal (now National) Library, had the kindness to send me a lithographic copy of a portrait in oil, recently discovered. The original bore, in one corner of the canvas, the inscription, CHRISTOFORUS COLUMBUS. The countenance was venerable and dignified, and agreed, more than any I had seen, with the description given by Fernando Columbus. Around the neck, however, was the Flemish ruff, which I pointed out as an anachronism. M. Jomard endeavored to account for it by supposing the portrait to have been made up toward the year 1580 by some scholar of Titian, from some design or sketch taken during the lifetime of Columbus, and that the artist may have decked it out in the costume in vogue at the time he painted it. This is very possible. Such a custom of vamping up new portraits from old ones seems to have been adopted in the time of Charles V., when there were painters of merit about the court.

In 1519, Juan de Borgoña, a Spanish artist, executed a whole series of portraits of the primates of Spain for the chapter room of the Cathedral of Toledo; some of them from the life, some from rude originals, and some purely imaginary. Some degree of license of the kind may have been indulged in producing this alleged portrait of Columbus. As it is evidently a work of merit, and bears the stamp of his character, I have published an engraving of it in one of the editions of his biography.

Painting had not attained much eminence in Spain during the lifetime of Columbus, though it was improving under the auspices of Ferdinand and Isabella. There were, as yet, no Italian painters in the Peninsula; and the only Spanish painter of note was Antonio Rincon, who is said to have been the first who "left the stiff Gothic style, and attempted to give to his figure something of the graces and proportions of nature." He executed portraits of Ferdinand and Isabella, who made him their painter-in-ordinary.

The originals have disappeared in the war of the French intrusion; but copies of two of his full-length portraits of the sovereigns exist in one of the lower corridors of the Royal Gallery of Madrid. It is very probable that he painted a portrait of Columbus at the time when he

was at the court, the object of universal attention on account of his discoveries, but if so, it likewise has disappeared, or may exist anonymously in some corner of Spain, or in the collection of some picture-hunter.

So much for the portraits of Columbus. Another subject of inquiry with Mr. Bloomfield was the name of the discoverer. He asks why he should not call him by the name he signed to all his letters now in the Royal Exchange of Seville, *Christoval Colon;* and he wishes to know "how did or could *Colon* be changed to *Columbus?*"

In regard to the name there is some petty mystery. That of the family in Genoa was *Colombo,* and his original Italian designation was Cristoforo Colombo. When he first came into Spain from Portugal, he seems to have retained his Italian family name, with a slight variation; for, in the records of Francisco Gonzales, of Seville, the royal treasurer, there are still extant three several entries of money paid, in 1487 and 1488, by order of the Catholic sovereigns, to him, by the name of *Cristóbal Colomo.*

So also, in a royal cedula of May 12th, 1480, signed by the sovereigns, the public functionaries throughout the kingdom are ordered to furnish accommodations and facilities to Cristóval *Colomo.*

And the Duke of Medina Celi, his first patron in Spain, in a letter to the Grand Cardinal, dated 19th March, 1493, says: "I do not know whether your lordship knows that I had for much time in my house Cristóbal *Colomo,* who came from Portugal," etc.

In the capitulations entered into between him and the sovereigns, 17th April, 1492, by which he was constituted admiral, viceroy, and governor of any lands he might discover, we find him for the first time recorded as Don Cristóbal *Colon.* In adopting this appellation, he may have recurred to what his son Fernando intimates was the original patrician name of the family in old times, at Rome—*Colonus*—and may have abbreviated it to Colón, to adapt it to the Spanish tongue.

Columbus was a later version of his family name, adopted occasionally by himself and his brother Bartholomew, according to the pedantic usage of the day. His son Fernando says (chap. xi.), that his father, before he

was declared admiral, used to sign himself "Columbus de Terrarubra;" that is to say, Columbus of Terrarossa, a village or hamlet near Genoa. So also his brother Bartholomew, on a map of the world, which he presented to Henry VII., dated London, 13th February, 1488, inscribed on it some Latin verses, of which the following gave the name and country of the author: —

"Janua cui patria est; nomen cui Bartolomæus
Columbus de Terrarubra opus adidit istud."

By this Latin version of his family name, he has always been known in English literature. If we change it, we ought to go back to the original Italian, Cristoforo Colombo. Long usage, however, like long occupancy, constitutes a kind of right, that cannot be disturbed without great inconvenience.

Yours, my dear sir, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XV.

LETTER TO MRS. STORROW.—COUP D'ETAT OF LOUIS NAPOLEON.—KOSSUTH.—LETTER TO GOUVERNEUR KEMBLE.—THE COOPER COMMEMORATION.—BRYANT'S ALLUSION TO THE COOLNESS BETWEEN COOPER AND IRVING.—WHAT THE LATTER SAID ABOUT IT.—A PROSPECTUS FOR A COURSE OF LECTURES SENT TO HIM.—LETTER THEREUPON.—LETTERS FROM SARATOGA.—ANECDOTES OF CHARLES AUGUSTUS DAVIS.—THE IRVING LITERARY UNION.—A BREAKFAST WITH SONTAG.—LETTER TO MISS HAMILTON.—LETTER TO GEORGE P. PUTNAM.

THE following letter is addressed to Mrs. Storrow, at Paris, just after the world had been astounded by the *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon. New York, in addition, had been filled with excitement by the arrival of the graceful and eloquent Hungarian patriot, Kossuth.

SUNNYSIDE, January 13, 1852.

MY DEAR SARAH:—

We have all been quite electrified by the *coup d'état* of our friend Louis Napoleon. It is one of the most complete things of the kind I have ever heard or read of, and quite Napoleonic. His uncle could not have done the thing better in his most vigorous day. Who would have thought, "when his gracious Majesty took his *disjeune* with us at Tillietudlem," he had so much in him? You are in a fair way of becoming experienced in warfare, and seasoned to alarms, by your residence in a capital where every political change is a military convulsion. At present you are likely

to have a great deal of the pomp and parade of arms, without any more of the ragamuffin warfare of the barricades ; for no doubt Louis Napoleon will keep up such a military force in the capital as to render insurrection hopeless. I should not be surprised if there were a long spell of tranquillity in Paris under his absolute sway. Had his *coup d'état* been imperfectly effected, or his election been but moderately successful, France might been thrown into a terrible turmoil ; but now he will hold her down with a strong hand, until she has kicked out the last spasm and convulsion of French liberty, and is quiet. You will then most probably have all the splendors of the imperial court, with the spectacles and public improvements by which Napoleon used to dazzle the capital, and keep the Parisians in good humor. All this, I presume, will be more to the taste of temporary residents like yourself than the stern simplicity of republicanism ; and a long interval of quiet would be a prosperous interval for the commercial world ; so both you and Storrow may find yourselves comfortable under the absolute sway of Napoleon the Second.

It is a pity Van Wart had returned to England before this event took place. He lost an opportunity of seeing that grand spectacle, Paris in a tumult and under arms ; though perhaps he might have had a propensity to go about and see everything, as I should have done in like case, and have paid for the spectacle by being shot down at a barricade. I never could keep at home when Madrid was in a state of siege and under arms, and the troops bivouacking in every street and square ; and I had always a strong hankering to get near the gates when the fighting was going on.

We have had a great turmoil and excitement, though of a peaceful kind, here, on the arrival of Kossuth, the Hungarian patriot. New York, you know, is always ready for a paroxysm of enthusiasm on the advent of any great novelty, whether a great singer, a great dancer, a great novelist, or a great patriot ; and it is not often it has so worthy an object to run mad about. I have heard and seen Kossuth both in public and private, and he is really a noble fellow, quite the beau ideal of a poetic hero. There seems to be no base alloy in his nature. All is elevated, generous, intellectual, and refined, and with his manly and daring spirit there is min-

gled a tenderness and sensibility of the gentlest kind. He is a kind of man that you would idolize. Yet, poor fellow ! he has come here under a great mistake, and is doomed to be disappointed in the high wrought expectations he had formed of coöperation on the part of our government in the affairs of his unhappy country. Admiration and sympathy he has in abundance from individuals ; but there is no romance in councils of state or deliberate assemblies. There, cool judgment and cautious policy must restrain and regulate the warm impulses of feeling. I trust we are never to be carried away, by the fascinating eloquence of this second Peter the Hermit, into schemes of foreign interference, that would rival the wild enterprises of the Crusades. . . . .

I can give you but little of New York news. Indeed, I have not been much there since you were last here. I draw more and more into the little world of my country home as the silver cord which binds me to life is gradually loosening ; and, indeed, I am so surrounded here by kind and affectionate hearts, and have such frequent visits from one or other of the family, that I feel no need and but little inclination to look beyond for enjoyment. Even the opera does not draw me to town so often as formerly, although we have had a very excellent one, and New York in fact is inundated with musical talent. . . . .

It is now half-past twelve at night, and I am sitting here scribbling in my study, long after all the family are abed and asleep—a habit I have fallen much into of late. Indeed, I never fagged more steadily with my pen than I do at present. I have a long task in hand, which I am anxious to finish, that I may have a little leisure in the brief remnant of life that is left to me. However, I have a strong presentiment that I shall die in harness ; and I am content to do so, provided I have the cheerful exercise of intellect to the last. . . . .

The first paragraph of the letter which follows refers to a fortunate investment in Western lands, in which he had embarked with his friend Kemble years before, and from which the returns were steadily coming in : —

[*To Gouverneur Kemble.*]

SUNNYSIDE, February 5, 1852.

MY DEAR KEMBLE: —

I have received with much satisfaction the intelligence of a further remittance from the enchanted purse of Godfrey, and have drawn upon William for my share.

You talk of having made a jovial tour among the gastronomes of Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. So it is. Some men may steal a horse with impunity, while others are hanged for only looking over a hedge. I did but venture to town, about two weeks since, to eat a dinner or two, when I returned home with an attack of bile, and have been confined to the house ever since. I, this afternoon, for the first time, ventured out in my sleigh to breathe a little fresh air.

Any time that you will stop, on your way to or from town, I shall be happy to see you, and to give you the best my humble house affords; not pretending to rival the luxurious aristocrats with whom you have been jollifying.

Yours ever, my dear Kemble,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

February 17th, he had a visit from Clark, of the "Knickerbocker," and Leutze, the painter, who came by appointment and dined with him. "We had a very pleasant dinner. I was much pleased with Leutze," he writes to me. In the same letter, which was written on Thursday, February 19th, though it is without date, he says: "I shall come to town in the beginning of next week—on Monday, if Webster's address to the Historical Society is on that night, though I rather think it is on Tuesday. The Cooper celebration is advertised for Wednesday."

James Fenimore Cooper, the distinguished novelist,

had died on the 14th of the previous September. This meeting to honor his memory took place at Metropolitan Hall, February 25th, 1852, Mr. Webster presiding, supported by Bryant and Irving. In the fine address delivered by Mr. Bryant on the occasion, he quotes Irving's compliment to the "Pathfinder," and alludes incidentally to "an unhappy coolness that had existed between them." Adverting afterwards to this passage to me, Mr. Irving remarked that the coolness was all on Cooper's side; that he had never been conscious of any cause of difference between them.

It was not long after this meeting that the steamer brought the tidings of the death of the poet Moore, which had occurred on the day following the commemoration. It was mournful news to Mr. Irving, whose attachment to the Irish bard had been warm and sincere. The circumstance, too, that his mind, like Scott's, had suffered eclipse during his life, he dwelt on with much feeling. It had always been to him, in contemplation, the saddest possible fate. After a time he went back to many reminiscences of his pleasant intercourse with Moore in Paris and London. Among other anecdotes, he mentioned that Moore once told him of his hearing an eager exclamation from a carriage as he was passing, "There's Moore! there's Moore!" and, looking round, saw a lady with upraised hands and an expression of sad disappointment, as much as to say, "Good heaven! *can* that be Moore?"

Moore once introduced him to a friend of his who had

the misfortune afterward to be thrown into King's Bench for debt. Subsequent to his release, he offered to show Mr. Irving the mysteries of the prison-house, and he accompanied him to spend the day there. They took dinner within, and Mr. Irving was introduced to several who seemed to be enjoying themselves very much. In the evening, two or three women were introduced, who were confined for debt. They were rung out at nine o'clock. Before they were rung out, one of them accosted Mr. Irving: "If you think of coming here, let me give you a word of advice. Don't come empty-handed. With fifty pounds or so in the pocket, one can make one's self very comfortable." "From here," said Mr. Irving, "I went to Holland House. What a contrast!"

To Mrs. Storrow he writes, May 29th :—

. . . . My "Life of Washington" lags and drags latterly. I have repeatedly been interrupted by turns of ill health—bilious attacks—which have dogged me for the last two or three years, and obliged me occasionally to throw by the pen and take to horseback. This spring I have been almost entirely idle, from my mind's absolutely refusing to be put in harness. I no longer dare task it as I used to do. When a man is in his seventieth year, it is time to be cautious. I thought I should have been through this special undertaking by this time ; but an unexpected turn of bilious fever in midwinter put me all aback, and now I have renounced all further pressing myself in the matter. . . . .

I am glad to find the Prince President is getting on so quietly, and that the 10th of May has passed off without explosions. I hope Paris may be spared, for a time, all further paroxysms, either imperial or republican, and that the schemes set on foot for its improvement and em-

bellishment may be carried out before everything is again thrown into chaos. Not that I expect ever to enjoy the result of them ; but it is a city associated with too many happy scenes of my life not to be endeared to me ; and, though I may never see it again, I carry so familiar a picture in my mind of all its localities, that I can fancy to myself every new modification that I read of. If Louis Napoleon continues in power, he will make Paris the centre of everything splendid and delightful, and will treat its *fête*-loving inhabitants to continual spectacle and pageant. He seems to understand the tastes and humors of the Parisians.

July 15th, he writes to the same correspondent :—

I write a hasty line, in the midst of preparations for an excursion. To-morrow, Mr. G——, Julia, the young folks, with S—— G——, P—— M——, and H——, set off on a tour to Canada, and some of them to the White Mountains. I shall accompany them to Saratoga, Lake George, and Lake Champlain, but think it probable I shall then return to the Springs, and take the Saratoga waters. It is a hot time of the season for such an excursion, and therefore I am dubious of following it out ; but Mr. G—— could not conveniently time it better. I do not feel the same disposition to travel as I did in younger days. The quiet of home is becoming more and more delightful to me, and I find it difficult to tear myself away from it, even for a short absence. But I am sensible even too much quietude is to be resisted. A man, as he grows old, must take care not to grow rusty, or fusty, or crusty—an old bachelor especially ; and for that reason it is good for him now and then to dislodge himself from the chimney corner. In this hot summer weather, however, how delicious it is to loll in the shade of the trees I have planted, and feel the sweet southern breeze stealing up the green banks, and look out with half-dreaming eye on the beautiful scenery of the Hudson, and build castles in the clouds, as I used to do, *hereabouts*, in my boyhood !

"O, blessed retirement ! friend to life's decline." How fortunate has been my lot in being able so completely to enjoy it ; so completely to

realize what was once the mere picturing of my fancy! I wish you could see little Sunnyside this season. I think it more beautiful than ever. The trees, and shrubs, and clambering vines are uncommonly luxuriant. We never had so many singing birds about the place, and the humming-birds are about the windows continually, after the flowers of the honeysuckles and trumpet creepers which overhang them.

On the same day he writes to a favorite little niece at Paris, the daughter of Mrs. Storrow, a letter, which I give as a specimen of the happy playfulness with which he adapted himself to the minds of children.

SUNNYSIDE, July 15, 1852.

MY DEAR KATE :—

I thank you for your charming little letter. It is very well expressed and very nicely written, and, what pleases me most of all, it is written to me. You must have had a pleasant time at Compeigne with such an agreeable party. I recollect the place well, and the beautiful palace, with the pretty boudoir which you all liked so much because there was a glass there in which you saw yourselves four times. I did not notice that glass, and therefore was not so much struck with the boudoir. I recollect Pierrefond also, and was all over the ruins and the surrounding forest, which put me in mind of what I had read about old castles in fairy tales. If I could only have seen you driving through the forest in your open carriage with four white horses, I should have thought you one of the enchanted princesses. You should take care how you venture out of your carriage in such a place to gather lilies of the valley and other wild flowers. Don't you know what happened once to a young lady (I think her name was Proserpine), who was carried off by a wicked king in sight of her mamma, as she was gathering flowers in the same way you were? Your mamma will tell you the story, if you have not heard it.

You say you would like to live at Compeigne always, it is so pretty, and you passed your time so pleasantly in the park, "sitting on the grass,

making beautiful wreaths of buttercups and daisies." I think one might pass one's life very pleasantly and profitably in that manner. I recollect trying my hand at buttercups and daisies once, and finding it very agreeable, though I have got out of the way of it of late years, excepting that Dick, my horse, now and then cuts daisies with me when I am on his back ; but that's to please himself, not me.

To-morrow I am going to set out on a journey with a large party, including your cousins Julia, Fanny, and Irving Grinnell. We shall see no castles, but will voyage on great lakes and rivers, and through wild forests. I wish you were going with us, but I suppose I must wish in vain ; that must be for some future day. And now, my dear Kate, give my love to Susie and Julie, and my kind remembrances to Henriette [the nurse].

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

In the following letter, addressed to one of the inmates of Sunnyside, we have a glimpse of him on his tour : —

[*To Miss Kate Irving.*]

SARATOGA SPRINGS, July 17, 1852.

MY DEAR KATE : —

We had a glorious hurry-scurry drive along the railroad—left steamboats behind as if they had been at anchor. A flight of wild pigeons tried to keep up with us, but gave up in despair. We arrived here between eleven and twelve. The weather was pleasant, and there was but little dust. . . .

I have found some old friends here : Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, of Baltimore ; Mr. S——, President of the Bank of Commerce, and his family ; our neighbor, Mr. B——, but without his pleasant little wife, who remains at home, castle-building. By the by, they do not expect to get into their castle before October, if then.

We were all at a little *hop*, as they call it, last evening, in one of the

saloons of the hotel. It was not very brilliant, but gratified the small folks, who, however, could not summon up resolution to dance. . . .

The Springs appear to be quiet and sociable, without any attempt at dashing and flashing, and therefore suit me better than they would at a gayer season. I should like very well to pass some days here, and take the waters; but we have marching orders for eleven o'clock for Lake George. I find it so easy to get here, and in such brief time, that I shall be apt to pay the Springs another visit. I have no idea of remaining mewed up at home until I grow to be an old fogy. . . . .

To another of his nieces at home, he writes from the same place, July 21st: —

My dear Mary: —

Having written to Kate and Sarah (who have my permission to show you my letters, though in great confidence), I now write a hasty line to you in turn. A letter which I forwarded from H—— to E—— has no doubt given you all an idea of our voyage across Lake George, and our visit to Ticonderoga, in all which we were favored with delightful weather, bright, yet temperate, and enjoyed to perfection the interesting and beautiful scenery. At Ticonderoga I made up my mind to give up the visit to Canada, and return here and take the waters. The party went off in splendid style yesterday morning, at eleven o'clock, in a fine steamer down the lake. At two o'clock I embarked on board of another one for Whitehall, and, after a fine run through lovely scenery, got into the railroad cars at the latter place, and arrived here about 6 o'clock in the evening.

Here, to my great joy, I found Mr. Gouverneur Kemble, and Mr. Davis (Major Jack Downing), so that I am well provided with cronies. My friend Mr. Kennedy, however, leaves here to-morrow for Washington, being appointed Secretary of the Navy. His wife, however, and her father and sister, remain here; and I have promised Kennedy to pay some small attentions to Mrs. Kennedy during his absence, taking his seat be-

side her at table. I have, therefore, a little domestic party to attach myself to in place of the G—— party ; but I see I shall be at no loss for acquaintances here. I began this morning to take the waters regularly, and mean to give them a fair trial.

This morning, after breakfast, I set off in a carriage, with Mr. Kemble and Mr. Stevens, to visit the scene of the battle of Saratoga, about twelve miles off. We had a fine drive through beautiful scenery, crossing Saratoga Lake in a scow. The day was very warm, but there was a pleasant breeze which tempered it.

After passing an hour or two at the battle-ground, and acquainting ourselves with all its localities, we returned to a hotel on the banks of the lake, where we had an excellent dinner of black bass, lake trout, and game, and enjoyed ourselves in what little Fan would call "tip-top style." A pleasant drive home completed one of the most charming days I have had in the course of my charming tour. . . . .

[*To Miss Kate Irving.*]

SARATOGA, July 24, 1852.

MY DEAR KATE :—

I really don't know when I shall get home ; for either the waters or the company agree so well with me in this place, that I find myself in first-rate health and spirits, and very much tempted to prolong my sojourn. It is really delightful to me to have this social outbreak after my long course of quiet life. I have found some old friends, and have made new acquaintances here, all very cordial and agreeable. . . . . We have fine music, sometimes professional, sometimes by amateurs, and all of an excellent quality. This morning we had splendid performances on the piano, in the saloon, by Mr. Bull (or some such name), I believe a Norwegian, and one of the best performers on that instrument I have ever heard. Afterward we had charming singing by Miss L—— S——, who has cultivated her fine voice in a high degree since I heard her, two or three years since. . . . .

Gouverneur Kemble returned yesterday to his old bachelor's nest in the Highlands. I did all I could to keep him here, but in vain. I wonder he should be so anxious to get home, when he has no womankind to welcome him, as I have. Yet even I, you see, can keep away.

There are some very agreeable-talking ladies here, and a great number of very pretty-looking ones; two or three with dark Spanish eyes, that I sit and talk to, and look under their dark eyelashes, and think of dear old Spain.

Mr. Frank Granger is here, and has joined the Kennedy set, with which I am in a manner domesticated. I am strong in the belief that Mr. Granger will have the situation of Postmaster offered to him, and that he will accept of it; though he shakes his head whenever it is mentioned. I regret extremely that A—— is not with him. She is on a visit to a friend at Niagara.

It is dinner time, and I must travel down-stairs from my room, which is near the roof. Give my love to all the household.

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

To the same correspondent he writes, the day following: —

. . . . In my letter of yesterday, I told you I was going to a children's party at a gentleman's country seat in the neighborhood. . . . . The house was of stone, spacious, and solid, built in the skirts of what had once been a forest, but which was now thinned out into groves, and clumps, and green lawns, until it had the air of British park scenery. A platform had been laid beneath some spreading trees, and here the little fairy people danced, while the grown-up people sat around in groups. It was one of the most charming little *fêtes* of the kind that I have ever seen. There were beautiful children, very beautifully dressed, from the age of two and three years upward. I felt like a patriarch among them; for among the spectators was Mrs. J——, an aunt of Mr. Finlay,

whom I had danced with in my younger days, when she was a Miss B——, but who was now a venerable grandmother; and there was a maiden lady, Miss B—— L——, whom I had likewise danced with nearly fifty years ago. I sat by them, and talked of old times, and looked at the dancing group, in which we recognized the descendants (some two or three generations off) of some of our early contemporaries. To strike a balance, however, I paid some small attentions to two or three little belles from six to ten years of age, and was received with smiles that might have made me vain had I been fifty or sixty years younger. . . . .

I think it is the excitement of this cheerful society in which I am mingling, even more than the waters, which had an effect of lifting me into a more elastic buoyancy of frame and spirits than I have experienced for a long time; and I am convinced, that if I had come up here for a few days when I felt so heavy and bilious, several weeks since, I should have swept all the clouds out of my system immediately.

Give my love to your father, and to such of the family as you have with you.

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Two days later, he writes again to the same, from Saratoga: —

I expected before this to have seen you face to face. Here, however, I linger, as it were, with one foot in the stirrup; and as I may continue to linger indefinitely, I have thought proper to scrawl you another line. The truth is, I am passing my time so agreeably, and find my sojourn here operating so admirably on health and spirits, that I am continually tempted to prolong it. I am linking up so many old friendships that had almost run out, and meeting, on the easiest of terms, so many pleasant and interesting people from all parts of the Union, that every day brings some new gratification and excitement. One sees society here without the trouble, formality, late hours, and crowded rooms of New

York. This hotel in which I am quartered (the United States) is a little world of itself, with its spacious saloons, long galleries, broad piazzas, and shady walks; where there is a constant succession of polite society circulating, and you may throw yourself in the current, or remain aloof and look on, just as you please. I think I have never seen a watering place on either side of the Atlantic, where things were on a better footing, and better arranged, than in this, especially at the particular hotel in which I reside.

I take the waters every morning, and think they have a great effect on my system. I have entirely got rid of all bilious symptoms, and find my mental faculties refreshed, invigorated, and brightened up. I have no doubt I derive some benefit from gossiping away part of the day in very agreeable female society, in which I experience such favorable treatment as inclines me to think old gentlemen are coming into fashion. They won't allow me for a moment to enroll myself in the respectable order of old fogies. My worthy coexecutor and cotrustee, Mr. Lord, is here with his wife and daughter, and I am to take my afternoon's drive with them. Yesterday I had a beautiful drive among the hills with Mrs. R—— and a party in her carriage, and saw a succession of lovely landscapes, such as I had no idea were to be found in the neighborhood of Saratoga.

Early in August, Mr. Irving left Saratoga for home, accompanied on his journey as far as Troy by Charles Augustus Davis, the "Major Jack Downing" and "old crony" mentioned in one of the preceding letters as sojourning at the Springs with his family. From some reminiscences of Mr. Irving at this period, kindly furnished me by this gentleman, whose grotesque history of "The First Locomotive" the readers of the "Knickerbocker Magazine" will not easily forget, I select the following:—

No one seemed more unconscious of the celebrity to which he had at-

tained. In this there was not a particle of affectation. Nothing he shrank from with greater earnestness and sincerity and (I may add) pertinacity, than any attempt to lionize him. Although he was at once surrounded, at Saratoga, by a very gay and brilliant circle assembled there from near and distant parts of our Union, he was sure to withdraw at once from any circle that attempted to make a lion of him. He much preferred sauntering out alone, or with some familiar friend—trusting to any accidental event that might occur to indulge his own whim or fancy, or crack a joke, as occasion might call.

In one of these rambles, I recollect his attention was arrested by the crying and sobbing of a poor little barefooted and ragged boy, wearing an old "cone-shaped" hat that had lost all its original form. He had just been punished by an elder sister, a thin, slatternly young vixen, who was following him. Mr. Irving at once, reading the whole story, turned aside from our route, and commenced, in a most friendly and affectionate tone, with, "I know what is the matter with my little boy. It is enough to make anybody cry, to wear a hat that falls down over his eyes so he can't see, and stubbing his little toes. I see the cause of all this trouble;" and, with that, he took off the old hat, and rolling its flabby brim inward, replaced it on the little boy's head. "There," said he; "that is all right now." Both the children, confounded by the event, stood for a time silent, and then moved off, chuckling together at its oddity; while Mr. Irving, resuming his walk, seemed not less gratified at his success in turning a scene of grief into one of gladness.

And in this connection I will venture to relate another simple incident, showing his interest in children. On his return from Saratoga, I accompanied him a portion of his way homeward. We were seated together, and directly in front of us sat an anxious mother with three children—one, an infant, in her arms, and the other two (a little boy and girl of some two and three years of age) giving the mother great trouble, and waking the infant by striving to clamber over her to look out at the window. Mr. Irving at once interposed, and, lifting each alternately over to his lap, and looking at his watch, said: "Now, three minutes for each to look out of my window;" and began lifting them over and replacing

them, each in turn, accordingly, till they were tired of it, though much gratified. "Ah, sir," said the relieved mother, "any one can see that you are a kind father of a big family." This amused him greatly, and amply rewarded him for his interposition. He would not spoil a good joke by refutation or controversy.

After his return home, we all missed him so much, I was induced (at the instance, also, of many friends) to renew the invitation, and ask his return; to which I received the following reply :—

SUNNYSIDE, August 10, 1852.

MY DEAR DAVIS :—

Your letter found me rolling under the trees, and ruminating, like one of my own cows, over the past pleasures of Saratoga. It was most welcome, smacking, as it did, of that eminently social resort, and bringing back the flavor of the happy hours passed there. It will take me some time, however, to get over the excitement of gay scenes, gay company, and the continual stimulus of varied and animated conversation, and bring myself down to the meek quiet of country life, and the sober equanimity of Sunnyside. You, who are always enjoying these gay chirpings of society, have no idea of what an effect such a long draught has upon one of my present abstemious habits. I really think, for a part of the time, I was in a state of mental intoxication. I trust, however, it will be beneficial in the end ; as I have heard it said by old-fashioned doctors, in the days of hard drinking, that "it was good for a man's health now and then to get tipsy." Still it will not do for me to repeat the revel very soon ; so I am not to be tempted by your suggestion of another visit to Saratoga during the present season. That must be for next summer's outbreak.

I envy those who have quiet conversations with Alboni about her art. I delight in conversations of the kind with eminent artists, whom I have always found very communicative and interesting when properly drawn out. So I have found Talma, Pasta, Mrs. Siddons, and Cooke, who were the greatest in their respective lines that I ever was acquainted with. I was much pleased with Alboni. She appears to be of a frank, happy,

joyous nature, and I think it is her rich, mellow, genial temperament, which pours itself forth in her voice like liquid amber.

I thank you, my dear friend, for saying a kind word for me to such of my acquaintances and intimates at Saratoga as I came away without seeing. I made several delightful acquaintances there, whom it is probable, considering my time of life and my retired habits, I may never see again ; yet I shall always retain them in choice recollection. Really, such an easy, social intercourse with the intelligent, the matured, the young, the gay, and the beautiful, rallies one back from the growing apathy of age, and reopens one's heart to the genial sunshine of society.

Farewell, my good friend. Give my kind remembrance to your wife, and that "discreet princess," your daughter ; and tell Mrs. R—— I shall ever remember her as one of the most striking and interesting features of my visit to Saratoga.

Yours very faithfully and affectionately,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Two days after his return from Saratoga, he addressed the following letter, in response to an intimation that a club of young men of the city of New York had associated for literary improvement, and denominated themselves the "Irving Literary Union :"—

[*To Richard C. McCormick.*]

SUNNYSIDE, August 9, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR :—

Three weeks' absence from home has prevented an earlier reply to your letter of the 21st of July, and to the letter of your society which accompanied it. I now thank you heartily for the kind expressions of your letter, and assure you that I appreciate most deeply the esteem and good-will manifested by yourself and your associates in adopting my name as a designation for your literary union.

To inspire such sentiments in the bosoms of the young and ingenuous is one of the purest and dearest rewards that an author can receive; and as my long and desultory career is drawing to a close, I regard such demonstrations on the part of my youthful countrymen as a soothing assurance that, with all my shortcomings, and however imperfectly I may have performed my part, I have not lived entirely in vain.

With great respect, your obliged and humble servant,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

"When this club held its anniversary gatherings," says Mr. McCormick, "which were public, and occasions of peculiar interest to its members and their friends, an invitation to Mr. Irving to attend was always sent, and always promptly and courteously accepted; but the modest author never managed to get to the city!"

A breakfast with the delightful *prima donna* Sontag, whose early appearance he had witnessed at Prague some thirty years before, is thus alluded to in the following letter:—

[*To Miss Mary M. Hamilton.*]

SUNNYSIDE, September 20, 1852.

MY DEAR MISS HAMILTON:—

When I engaged to join your party on the 28th, I was not aware that the following day was the last Wednesday in the month, when I have to attend the stated meetings of the executors of the Astor estate, and the trustees of the Astor Library. I cannot be absent on this occasion, as it is the last meeting of the Library board previous to Mr. Cogswell's departure for Europe. Should you set off on Tuesday, I can join your party at any designated place on Thursday.

I set off this morning for Mr. Kemble's, in the Highlands, to be absent until the last of the week.

How the breakfast went off at Mr. King's, at Highwood; and how the Sontag looked, and moved, and conducted herself; and how I admired, but did not talk with her; and how I returned to town with the S——'s, in their carriage; and how I went with Mrs. S—— to Niblo's theatre; and how Mr. S—— was to join us there, and how he did not join us there, but left me to be her cavalier for the whole evening, and how I wondered that he should trust such a charming wife with such a gay young fellow: all this, and more also, I will recount unto you when next we meet. Until then, farewell.

Yours truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

November 10th, 1852, he writes to Mrs. Storrow :—

George Sumner has been twice up here: once on a visit to us, and another time at the H——'s. He was, as usual, full of floating history about the men and the events of the day; having mingled in the most striking scenes and among the most striking people of the countries in which he has travelled and sojourned. I really was heartily glad to meet him again, for he is altogether one of the most curiously instructed American travellers that I have ever met with. Mr. Mitchell (Ike Marvel, author of "Reveries of a Bachelor," "Dream Life," etc.) came up from town, and passed a day with us while Sumner was making his visit. . . . . I have taken a great liking to him, both as an author and a man.

I close the year with the following letter to his publisher, who had sent him, the day before Christmas, a parcel of books for the acceptance of the "young ladies," with the remark that it would require a good many more if he were to *begin* even to suggest the obligations which had been incurred by the honorable and pleasant privi-

lege of being associated with his name even in his "humble capacity."

[*To George P. Putnam, Esq.*]

SUNNYSIDE, December 27, 1852.

MY DEAR SIR:—

Your parcel of books reached me on Christmas morning. Your letter, not being addressed to Dearman, went to Tarrytown, and did not come to hand until to-day.

My nieces join with me in thanking you for the beautiful books you have sent us, and you and Mrs. Putnam for your wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

For my own especial part, let me say how sensibly I appreciate the kind tone and expressions of your letter; but as to your talk of obligations to me, I am conscious of none that have not been fully counterbalanced on your part; and I take pleasure in expressing the great satisfaction I have derived, throughout all our intercourse, from your amiable, obliging, and honorable conduct. Indeed, I never had dealings with any man, whether in the way of business or friendship, more perfectly free from any alloy.

That those dealings have been profitable, is mainly owing to your own sagacity and enterprise. You had confidence in the continued vitality of my writings. . . . . You called them again into active existence, and gave them a circulation that I believe has surprised even yourself. In rejoicing at their success, my satisfaction is doubly enhanced by the idea that you share in the benefits derived from it.

Wishing you that continued prosperity in business which your upright, enterprising, tasteful, and liberal mode of conducting it merits, and is calculated to insure; and again invoking on you and yours a happy New Year

I remain, very truly and heartily, yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XVI.

AT NEW YORK, ON HIS WAY TO BALTIMORE.— LETTER FROM BALTIMORE.— MEETS THACKERAY IN THE CARS.— HOSPITABLE RECEPTION AT BALTIMORE. —DEPARTURE FOR WASHINGTON.— LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.—AT WORK AMONG THE ARCHIVES OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT.—A MINIATURE ANCHOR PRESENTED TO HIM.— ITS HISTORY.— TABLE-TIPPING.—REMINISCENCES OF THE FAMILY OF THE EMPRESS OF FRANCE.—LETTER TO MRS. KENNEDY, AFTER HIS RETURN TO SUNNYSIDE.

N the course of the preceding year, Mr. Irving had promised his friend Kennedy, the Secretary of the Navy, to pay him a visit at Washington; and "having occasion to rummage the public archives for historical information," he sets out on his journey in the beginning of January.

January 13th, he writes from New York on his way: "The day of my arrival in town I tried to get a ticket to hear Sontag, but, finding there was trickery in disposing of seats, I went off in a huff to the other house, and saw Alboni in the 'Somnambula,' which she performed to admiration."

On another evening before his start, "feeling in want of city amusement," he writes, "I went to Wallack's, and saw the old play of the 'Road to Ruin,' played in excel-

lent style." He also went to a ball, where, though after the opera, he found himself "among the early ones." "I think it," he writes to an unmarried niece, "one of the pleasantest balls I have been at for a long time, inasmuch as I sat all the evening on a sofa beside N——, in the front room up-stairs, where they received their guests, so as to leave the rooms down-stairs free for the dancers. In this way I saw a great part of the company in the course of the evening, without fatigue, and without going into the ball-rooms to be crowded and cramped, and kicked into a corner. Besides," he adds with a touch of fun, "the dances that are the fashion put me out of countenance, and are not such as a gentleman of my years ought to witness."

On the 17th, he had reached Baltimore, as will appear by the following letter:—

[*To Miss Catherine Irving, Sunnyside.*]

BALTIMORE, January 17, 1853.

MY DEAR KATE:—

In a letter to Sarah, I gave an account of my whereabouts and what-abouts while in New York, last week, where I was detained beyond my intended time by a snow-storm. I was rather in a humdrum mood during my sojourn; and, although I had big dinners, gay balls, Italian operas, and Banvard's Diorama to entertain me, I would willingly have stolen back to "my native plains," and given up the "gay world," and all terrestrial joys. The last evening of my detention, however, the weather and my dull humor cleared up; the latter, doubtless, under the influence of Sontag's charms, who, in the "Daughter of the Regiment," looked, played, and sang divinely.

The next morning proving bright and fair, I broke up my encampment, and got down to the foot of Cortlandt Street, in time for the ferry-boat which took over passengers for the express train. I looked forward to a dull, wintry journey, and laid in a stock of newspapers to while away time ; but, in the gentlemen's cabin of the ferry-boat, whom should I see but Thackeray. We greeted each other cordially. He was on his way to Philadelphia, to deliver a course of lectures. We took seats beside each other in the cars, and the morning passed off delightfully. He seems still to enjoy his visit to the United States exceedingly, and enters into our social life with great relish. He had made a pleasant visit to Boston ; seen much of Prescott (whom he speaks highly of), Ticknor, Longfellow, etc. Said the Bostonians had published a *smashing* criticism on him ; which, however, does not seem to have ruffled his temper, as I understand he cut it out of the newspaper, and inclosed it in a letter to a female friend in New York. . . . . I arrived, after dark, at Baltimore.

I had to inquire my way to Mr. Kennedy's, or rather Mr. Gray's, as Mr. K. shares the house of his father-in-law, in Baltimore. The door was opened by Mr. Gray's old factotum and *valley-de-sham* Phil, an old negro who formed a great friendship with me at Saratoga last summer, and, I am told, rather values himself on our intimacy. The moment he recognized me, he seized me by the hand with such exclamations of joy, that he brought out old Mr. Gray, and then Miss Gray, into the hall ; and then a scene took place worthy of forming a companion piece to the return of the prodigal son. In a moment I felt myself in my paternal home, and have ever since been a favored child of the house. To be sure, there was no fatted calf killed ; but there was a glorious tea-table spread, with broiled oysters and other substantial accessories worthy of a traveller's appetite.

Here, then, I am delightfully fixed, in this most hospitable, spacious, comfortable mansion, with Kennedy's library and study at my command, where I am scribbling this letter, and with my friend Phil ever at hand to take care of me, and attend to all my wants and wishes.

On the morrow he writes :—

This day we have a family gathering at Mr. Gray's, at dinner, and music in the evening, the old gentleman being a great amateur. To-morrow morning I take my departure in the nine-o'clock train for Washington, where the cars take me in less than two hours. I shall leave Baltimore with regret, for they have made me completely at home here, and I have passed my time very much to my taste; having a capital library to retire to when I wish to be alone, or to exercise my pen, and my old friend Phil to hover about me like a guardian spirit—though rather a black one.

Mr. Gray is a capital specimen of the old Irish gentleman—warm-hearted, benevolent, well informed, and, like myself, very fond of music and pretty faces, so that our humors jump together completely. I believe it was our sympathies in these two last matters which linked us together so cordially last summer, and made him exact a promise from me to visit him this winter.

From Washington, he writes to Sarah Irving, at Sunnyside:—

I am most comfortably fixed at Mr. Kennedy's, with a capital room, and everything snug about me for writing or reading or lounging. Mrs. K. received me in her own frank, kind manner. She could not treat me better *even if she were a niece.* I understand my friend Major Jack Downing is in Washington with his family; also A—— H——, who is here pleading a cause before the Supreme Court. I found my darling little friend, Mrs. S——, on a morning visit to Mrs. K., on my arrival, so that I see I shall meet with lots of agreeable company. I wish, however, to keep out of the whirl as long as I can, that I may get among the archives of the State Department, before I am carried off my feet by engagements. On Friday evening is the President's *levee,* which I shall attend, and then I shall be launched.

And launched he was, if not immersed, as we shall see by the letters which follow:—

[*To Miss Catherine Irving, Sunnyside.*]

WASHINGTON, January 23, 1853.

MY DEAR KATE : —

I am in the midst of terrible dissipation, and in great danger of being carried away by it, in spite of all my efforts at sober life. I have three young belles in the house with me, on a visit to Mrs. K. They are very pretty, very amiable, very ladylike, and one of them very musical ; and I could make myself very happy at home with them, if Tom, Dick, and Harry out of doors would leave me alone; but I am assailed with invitations of all kinds, which I find it impossible entirely to fight off.

Yesterday I made a delightful excursion, with some of our household and some of the young folks of the President's family, down the Potomac, in a steamer, to Mount Vernon. We began by a very pleasant breakfast at the President's, where we met Mr. Augustine Washington, the proprietor of Mount Vernon, who accompanied us on the excursion. The day was superb. It was like one of those Indian summer days we had just before I left home. On board the steamer we were joined by Mrs. D—— and two very agreeable ladies from Boston. Everything conspired to render our visit to Mount Vernon a very interesting and delightful one ; and we returned in the steamer by four o'clock in the afternoon.

In the evening I was at the President's *levee.* It was very crowded. I met with many interesting people there, and saw many beauties from all parts of the Union ; but I had no chance of enjoying conversation with any of them, for in a little while the same scene began that took place here eleven years ago, on my last visit. I had to shake hands with man, woman, and child, who beset me on all sides, until I felt as if it was becoming rather absurd, and struggled out of the throng. From the *levee* I was whirled away to a ball, where I found my friend Madame Calderon, the Spanish Minister's lady, and was getting a world of chat about Madrid and our acquaintances there, when the system of hand-shaking began again, and I retreated, and came home.

It is certainly very gratifying to meet with such testimonials of esteem

and cordial good-will, but, at the same time, it is extremely embarrassing. . . .

This morning I have taken my seat as an honorary member at a meeting of the Smithsonian Institute. It is a noble institution, and is beginning to make itself known throughout the world. The edifice is a very imposing one, of brown stone, in the Norman style of architecture, built by Renwick; the interior, excepting part of the wings, yet unfinished. . . . .

I have been much pleased with what I have seen of the President and his family, and have been most kindly received by them. Indeed, I should have a heart like a pebble stone, if I was insensible to the very cordial treatment I experience wherever I go. The only fault I find is, that I am likely to be killed by kindness.

With my best love to all at my dear little home,

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

January 27th, he writes to his niece Sarah :—

Yesterday I was rather good for nothing, having passed a somewhat sleepless night. Still I worked all the morning in the archives of state, and had to play my part at a large dinner party at home. . . . . I cannot keep my spirits up to these continual claims upon them. . . . . Playing the lion has killed me. I should like to repose for a few days in my den at Sunnyside.

Washington, February 4th, he writes to his nieces at Sunnyside :—

MY DEAR GIRLS :—

I am in debt for several letters from home, so this must do for you all. I have, in fact, been so much taken up by hard work at the State Department, when I can manage to get there, and by the incessant demands of society in all kinds of shapes, that I have neither leisure nor

mood to write. I have at times been nearly done up, and would have broken away and hurried home, but for the mine I have to dig at in the archives.

I forsee I shall be detained here some time longer, having such a world of documents to examine, and being so often interrupted in my labors. You must not think I am staying here for pleasure's sake ; for pleasure, just now, I would gladly dispense with if I could. I do manage to keep clear of most of the evening parties ; but the long dinners are inevitable, and the necessity of returning visits cuts up my time deplorably.

Had I nothing to do but amuse myself, I should find Washintgon really delightful, for I meet pleasant and interesting people at every turn ; but I have no time to follow up new acquaintances, and am only tantalized by proffered friendships which I cannot cultivate.

Mrs. Kennedy had one of her *soirées* a few evenings since, when all Washington poured in upon us. . . . . On this occasion, an officer of the navy delivered to me a small paper box containing a miniature anchor. It was made from the bolt to which Columbus was chained in the prison at St. Domingo. A purser of the navy * had gouged the bolt out of the wall, and sent part of it to the National Institute of this city ; the other part he designed for me. The poor fellow was taken ill, and died of the yellow fever ; but his sister had executed his wishes in having a little anchor wrought out of the relic, and had forwarded it, with a letter, to me. Both the letter and the anchor have been between six and seven years in reaching me, having lain in the hands of a naval officer at Washington. I shall treasure them up in the archives of Sunnyside. . . . .

In a letter to myself, dated February 6th, 1853, he says :—

I am making a longer sojourn in Washington than I had intended, but it takes time to make the necessary researches in the archives of state. . . . . I cannot say that I find much that is new among the

* Robert S. Moore, of Newbern, N. C.

manuscripts of Washington, Sparks having published the most interesting ; but it is important to get facts from the fountain-head, not at second hand through his publications.

The following is in answer to a letter which contained an allusion to a party in New York, where the amusement of the evening was moving tables—a novel and mysterious experimenting, of which the whole city was just then full :—

WASHINGTON, February 10, 1853.

MY DEAR HELEN :—

. . . . I had hoped Lent, which put a stop to the balls, would likewise put a stop to the dinner parties; but the latter continue, and I stand committed for several. The last one for which I am engaged is at the President's, on Saturday week. It is to be a small social party, his huge dinners being rather unwieldy, and somewhat promiscuous. I shall accept no invitations after that, hoping then to turn my face homeward, tarrying a day or two at Baltimore on the way. . . . .

Thackeray has delivered one of his lectures here, and delivers another to-morrow evening. I attended the first, and shall attend the next. He is well received here, both in public and private, and is going the round of dinner parties, etc. I find him a very pleasant companion.

I see you are in the midst of hocus pocus with moving tables, etc. I was at a party, last evening, where the grand experiment was made on a large table, round which were seated upward of a dozen young folks of both sexes. The table was for a long time obdurate. At length a very pretty, bright-eyed girl, who in England would have passed for a Lancashire witch, gave the word, "Tip, table!" whereupon the table gradually raised on two legs, until the surface was at an angle of forty-five degrees, and was not easily to be put down again, until she gave the word, "Down, table!" It afterward rose and sank to a tune, performed gyrations about the room, etc.; all which appeared very mysterious and dia-

bolic. Unfortunately, two or three of us tried an after experiment, and found that we could tip table, and make it move about the room without any very apparent exertion of our hands; so we remain among the unconverted—quite behind the age.

From the close of the following letter, it would seem there had been some table-waltzing at Sunnyside :—

MY DEAR SARAH :— WASHINGTON, February 25, 1853.

I have just received your letter, dated 24th, by which I am happy to find all is going on well at home.

I went down, yesterday, in the steamer *Vixen*, with a large party, to visit the caloric ship *Ericsson*. In our party were the two Presidents (Fillmore and Pierce), all the cabinet, and many other official characters. The *Ericsson* appeared to justify all that has been said in her praise, and promises to produce a great change in navigation.

After inspecting the machinery, and visiting all parts of the ship, which is a noble vessel, and beautifully fitted up, we partook of a plentiful collation, and returned, well pleased, to the capital.

This morning I went down to Mount Vernon, in company with Miss Mary K——. We were joined at the steamboat by Mr. B—— and Sarah, and found Mr. Augustine Washington on board. Our visit to Mount Vernon was but for two or three hours, returning in the afternoon. I went merely for the purpose of taking one more view of the place and its vicinity, though pressed by Mr. Washington to make a longer visit.

This evening I have been at the last reception of President Fillmore. It was an immense crowd, for the public seemed eager to give him a demonstration, at parting, of their hearty good-will.

I see you are all conjuring, and setting the tables waltzing. It is really high time for me to come home. I beg you won't set the table in my study capering. If that gets bewitched I am undone.

Three days after, he writes to Mrs. P. M. I.:—

I have been thinking of setting off homeward for the last week, yet here am I still lingering, and I begin to question whether I shall not make good your surmise, that I would stay until after the inauguration. I really am yearning for home; but my friends, the Kennedys, will not hear of my going off until they break up their camp, which will probably be at the end of the week.

I have become acquainted with the President elect. He is a quiet, gentlemanlike man in appearance and manner, and I have conceived a good-will for him, from finding, in the course of our conversation, that he has it at heart to take care of Hawthorne, who was his early fellow-student.

Hawthorne afterward received the appointment of Consul at Liverpool—a lucrative post. Mr. Irving had never met the gifted author, but was a great admirer of his powers, and considered his novels and essays among the best productions of our literature. His letter continues:—

I have a letter from Sarah S——, giving an account of the grand spectacle of the Emperor and Empress going to Notre Dame, with all their wedding retinue. It must have been a magnificent pageant.

I believe I have told you that I knew the grandfather of the Empress—old Mr. Kirkpatrick, who had been American Consul at Malaga. I passed an evening at his house, in 1827, near Adra, on the coast of the Mediterranean. A week or two after, I was at the house of his son-in-law, the Count Téba, at Granada—a gallant, intelligent gentleman, much cut up in the wars, having lost an eye, and been maimed in a leg and hand. His wife, the daughter of Mr. Kirkpatrick, was absent, but he had a family of little girls, mere children, about him. The youngest of

these must have been the present Empress. Several years afterward, when I had recently taken up my abode in Madrid, I was invited to a grand ball at the house of the Countess Montijo, one of the leaders of the *ton*. On making my bow to her, I was surprised at being received by her with the warmth and eagerness of an old friend. She claimed me as the friend of her late husband, the Count Téba (subsequently Marquis Montijo), who, she said, had often spoken of me with the greatest regard. She took me into another room, and showed me a miniature of the Count, such as I had known him, with a black patch over one eye. She subsequently introduced me to the little girls I had known at Granada—now fashionable belles at Madrid.

After this, I was frequently at her house, which was one of the gayest in the capital. The Countess and her daughters all spoke English. The eldest daughter was married, while I was in Madrid, to the Duke of Alva and Berwick, the lineal successor to the pretender to the British crown. The other now sits on the throne of France.

Mr. Irving remained in Washington until after the inauguration of President Pierce, when he returned to Sunnyside.

The following letter to Mrs. Kennedy, at whose house he had been domesticated for nearly two months, was addressed to her a few days after his return. The "gentle Horseshoe" was a name Mr. Irving was fond of giving the late Secretary of the Navy, from the title of one of his novels, "Horseshoe Robinson."

MY DEAR MRS. KENNEDY :— SUNNYSIDE, March 11, 1853.

I was really sad at heart at parting with you and Mary Kennedy at Washington. Indeed, had not your establishment fallen to pieces around me, I hardly know when I should have gotten away. I could almost have clung to the wreck so long as there was a three-legged stool and a

horn spoon to make shift with. You see what danger there is in domesticating me. I am sadly prone to take root where I find myself happy. It was some consolation to me, in parting, that I had Mrs. H—— and the gentle Horseshoe for fellow-travellers. Without their company, I should have been completely downhearted. The former was bright, intelligent, and amiable as usual; and as to "John," you know he is a sympathizing soul. He saw I needed soothing, so he cracked some of his best jokes, and I was comforted.

I was rejoiced to find your father down-stairs, and seemingly almost, if not quite as well as when I left him. My reception by him and your sister made me feel that I was in another home—or rather in another part of the family circle, in which for some time past I had been flourishing so happily. . . . .

I arrived in New York too late for the Hudson River Railroad cars, so I had to remain in the city until morning. Yesterday I alighted at the station, within ten minutes' walk of home. The walk was along the railroad, in full sight of the house. I saw female forms in the porch, and I knew the spy-glass was in hand. In a moment there was a waving of handkerchiefs, and a hurrying hither and thither. Never did old bachelor come to such a loving home, so gladdened by blessed womankind. In fact, I doubt whether many married men receive such a heartfelt welcome. My friend Horseshoe, and one or two others of my acquaintance, may; but there are not many as well off in domestic life as I. However, let me be humbly thankful, and repress all vain-glory.

. . . . I sallied forth to inspect my domains, welcomed home by my prime minister, Robert, and my master of the horse, Thomas, and my keeper of the poultry-yard, William. Everything was in good order; all had been faithful in the discharge of their duties. My fields had been manured, my trees trimmed, the fences repaired and painted. I really believe more had been done in my absence than would have been done had I been home. My horses were in good condition. Dandy and Billy, the coach-horses, were as sleek as seals. Gentleman Dick, my saddle-horse, showed manifest pleasure at seeing me: put his cheek against mine, laid his head on my shoulder, and would have nibbled at my ear had I per-

mitted it. One of my Chinese geese was sitting on eggs; the rest were sailing like frigates in the pond, with a whole fleet of white topknot ducks. The hens were vying with each other which could bring out the earliest brood of chickens. Taffy and Tony, two pet dogs of a dandy race, kept more for show than use, received me with well-bred though rather cool civility; while my little terrier slut Ginger bounded about me almost crazy with delight, having five little Gingers toddling at her heels, with which she had enriched me during my absence.

I forbear to say anything about my cows, my durham heifer, or my pigeons, having gone as far with these rural matters as may be agreeable. Suffice it to say, everything was just as heart could wish; so, having visited every part of my empire, I settled down for the evening, in my elbow-chair, and entertained the family circle with all the wonders I had seen at Washington.

To-day I have dropped back into all my old habits. . . . . I have resumed my seat at the table in the study, where I am scribbling this letter, while an unseasonable snow-storm is prevailing out of doors.

This letter will no doubt find you once more at your happy home in Baltimore, all fussing and bustling at an end, with time to nurse yourself, and get rid of that cold which has been hanging about you for so many days.

And now let me express how much I feel obliged to you and Kennedy for drawing me forth out of my little country nest, and setting me once more in circulation. This has grown out of our fortunate meeting and sojourn together at Saratoga last summer, and I count these occurrences as among the most pleasant events of my life. They have brought me into domestic communion with yourselves, your family connections and dearest intimacies, and have opened to me a little world of friendship and kindness, in which I have enjoyed myself with a full heart.

God bless you all, and make you as happy as you delight to make others.

Ever yours, most truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XVII.

LETTER TO MRS. STORROW.—LOUIS NAPOLEON AND EUGENIE MONTIJO.—SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.—LETTER TO HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.—WILKIE'S SKETCH.—LETTER TO MR. GRAY.—TO MRS. KENNEDY.—SECOND LETTER TO MR. WINTHROP.—LETTER TO MISS MARY E. KENNEDY.—LEAVES SUNNYSIDE ON AN EXCURSION.—LETTERS DURING HIS ABSENCE.—LETTER ON HIS RETURN.

HE following letter is addressed to Mrs. Storrow, at Paris :—

SUNNYSIDE, March 28, 1853.

MY DEAR SARAH :—

A letter received from you while I was at Washington, gave an account of the marriage procession of Louis Napoleon and his bride to the Church of Notre Dame, which you saw from a window near the Hôtel de Ville. One of your recent letters, I am told, speaks of your having been presented to the Empress. I shall see it when I go to town. Louis Napoleon and Eugenie Montijo, Emperor and Empress of France !—one of whom I have had a guest at my cottage on the Hudson ; the other, whom, when a child, I have had on my knee at Granada ! It seems to cap the climax of the strange dramas of which Paris has been the theatre during my life-time.

I have repeatedly thought that each grand *coup de theatre* would be the last that would occur in my time ; but each has been succeeded by another equally striking, and what will be the next, who can conjecture ?

The last I saw of Eugenie Montijo, she was one of the reigning belles of Madrid ; and she and her giddy circle had swept away my charm-

ing young friend, the beautiful and accomplished —— ——, into their career of fashionable dissipation. Now Eugenie is upon a throne, and —— a voluntary recluse in a convent of one of the most rigorous orders! Poor ——! Perhaps, however, her fate may ultimately be the happiest of the two. "The storm," with her, "is o'er, and she's at rest;" but the other is launched upon a returnless shore on a dangerous sea, infamous for its tremendous shipwrecks.

Am I to live to see the catastrophe of her career, and the end of this suddenly conjured-up empire, which seems to be of "such stuff as dreams are made of?"

I confess my personal acquaintance with the individuals who figure in this historical romance gives me uncommon interest in it; but I consider it stamped with danger and instability, and as liable to extravagant vicissitudes as one of Dumas's novels. You do right to witness the grand features of this passing pageant. You are probably reading one of the most peculiar and eventful pages of history, and may live to look back upon it as a romantic tale.

I have passed part of the winter at Washington, delightfully situated in the house of my friend Kennedy, who was Secretary of the Navy. . . .

I was present at the going out of one Administration and the coming in of another; was acquainted with both Presidents and most of the members of both Cabinets, and witnessed the inauguration of General Pierce. It was admirable to see the quiet and courtesy with which this great transition of power and rule from one party to another took place. I was at festive meetings where the members of the opposite parties mingled socially together, and have seen the two Presidents arm in arm, as if the sway of an immense empire was not passing from one to the other. . . . .

At the last of this week I expect some of the family up here to my birthday, the 3d of April, when I come of age — of full age — seventy years! I never could have hoped, at such an advanced period of life, to be in such full health, such activity of mind and body, and such capacity for enjoyment as I find myself at present. But I have reached the allotted limit of existence; all beyond is especial indulgence. So long as I

can retain my present health and spirits, I am happy to live, for I think my life is important to the happiness of others; but as soon as my life becomes useless to others, and joyless to myself, I hope I may be relieved from the burden; and I shall lay it down with heartfelt thanks to that Almighty Power which has guided my incautious steps through so many uncertain and dangerous ways, and enabled me to close my career in serenity and peace, surrounded by my family and friends, in the little home I have formed for myself, among the scenes of my boyhood.

With affectionate remembrances to Mr. Storrow, and love to the dear little folks,

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following letter also touches upon his threescore and ten. It is addressed to the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, who had just sent him a volume of his writings, and with whom he had recently become acquainted under Mr. Kennedy's roof, at Washington, where they sojourned together for a week. It has allusion also to a sketch of him by Wilkie. Of this last Mr. Winthrop writes: "Do you remember my telling you that I had a sketch of you, by Wilkie, in one of his published volumes? I have found it, since my return, in a volume which I purchased in London, and which was just out when I was there, in 1847. The sketch is entitled, "Washington Irving consulting the Archives of Cordova," and is dated 25th April, 1828. It forms the frontispiece of a large volume dedicated to Lord Lansdowne. The original of the sketch of you is said to be in the possession of Sir William Knighton, Bart."

SUNNYSIDE, April 4, 1853.

MY DEAR MR. WINTHROP :—

I have deferred replying to your very kind and acceptable letter until I could acknowledge the receipt of the volume it announced. It has now come to hand, and I shall prize it, not only for its own merit, but as a memorial of the very pleasant time we passed together under the hospitable roof of Kennedy, at Washington ; and I assure you I esteem it one of the most gratifying circumstances attending my delightful sojourn there, that it brought me into domestic companionship with you.

I regret to learn that you, like Kennedy, have been a sufferer in health since we parted, though I trust you are both fully recovered. You have no doubt been shocked, like myself, at the sad bereavement which has afflicted the worthy Fillmore family. I almost think poor Mrs. Fillmore must have received her death-warrant while standing by my side on the marble terrace of the Capitol, exposed to chilly wind and snow, listening to the inaugural speech of her husband's successor. This sad event, as you perceive, has put an end to the Southern tour, which did not seem to meet your approbation, and has left Kennedy to the quiet of his home and his library, which I should think he would relish after the turmoil of Washington.

As to myself, to echo your own words, I am "safely at Sunnyside, and in the best of health." The shadows of departed years, however, are gathering over me, for yesterday I celebrated my seventieth birthday. Seventy years of age! I can scarcely realize that I have indeed arrived at the allotted verge of existence, beyond which all is special grace and indulgence. I used to think that a man, at seventy, must have survived everything worth living for ; that with him the silver cord must be loosed, the wheel broken at the cistern ; that all desire must fail, and the grasshopper become a burden. Yet here I find myself, unconscious of the withering influences of age, still strong and active, my sensibilities alive, and my social affections in full vigor.

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings
Should keep in-tune so long!"

While it does keep in tune : while I have still a little music in my soul to be called out by any touch of sympathy ; while I can enjoy the society of those dear to me, and contribute, as they tell me, to their enjoyment, I am content and happy to live on. But I have it ever present to my mind that the measure of my days is full and running over; and I feel ready at any moment to lay down this remnant of existence, with a thankful heart that my erratic and precarious career has been brought to so serene a close, among the scenes of my youth, and surrounded by those I love.

The sketch of me by Wilkie, which you tell me you have in one of his published volumes, cannot be an attempt at a likeness. I recollect the composition; the scene, I think, was at Seville. I was seated in a dusky chamber at a table, looking over a folio volume which a monk who was standing by my side had just handed down to me. Wilkie thought the whole had a Rembrandt effect, which he aimed at producing ; but, if I recollect right, my face could not be seen distinctly.

Farewell, my dear Mr. Winthrop, and believe me, with no common regard, Your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Mr. Edward Gray.*]

SUNNYSIDE, April 24, 1853.

MY DEAR MR. GRAY:—

The hams which you have had the kindness to send me, came safe to hand. One of them was served up to-day, at dinner. All my family partook of it with uncommon relish. Never did a ham achieve such sudden popularity. In a word, it covered itself with glory ! I must get your receipt for curing hams; but there must be much in the breed of the animal, as well as in the treatment and feeding. I never attempt anything but a few green hams, in which I succeed very well ; but hams so rich, high-flavored, and thoroughly cured as those you have sent me, are quite beyond my art. I thank you most heartily for this specimen of what Maryland can furnish in this line. If I had the ordering of

things, I should have all our pigs sent to Maryland to be *cured*, as they send patients to Southern climates.

I am happy to learn from Mrs. Kennedy that your health is restored to its usual state, and anticipate the pleasure of again meeting you in the ensuing summer. Since we parted, I have celebrated my seventieth birthday, and passed that boundary beyond which a man lives by special privilege. Your example shows me, however, that a man may live on beyond that term, and retain his sensibilities alive to everything noble, and good, and pleasurable, and beautiful, and enjoy the society of his friends, and spread happiness around him. On such conditions, old age is lovable. I shall endeavor to follow your example.

Ever affectionately, your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Mrs. Kennedy.*]

SUNNYSIDE, April 24, 1853.

MY DEAR MRS. KENNEDY:—

I am truly concerned to hear that Kennedy still continues unwell. He has overtasked himself, and has led a life of too much excitement for some months past, and is now in a state of collapse. He must give his mind perfect repose for a time—do as they do with the horses, when they take off their shoes and turn them out to grass. His study is no place for him just now. I think the idea a good one to make an excursion—try change of scene and a course of agreeable society. I think Mrs. S—— a capital prescription for his present case; and the sooner you pay her your proposed visit, the better.

I should indeed like to be of your party, for I am bewitched with the South, and Virginia has always been a poetical region with me. But I begin to doubt whether those high-seasoned regales of society that I have had of late, at Saratoga and Washington, do not unsettle me a little, and make it hard for me to content myself with the sober, every-day fare of Sunnyside. I have now to work hard to make up for past dissipation, and to earn any future holiday. . . . .

I have just been writing to your father, to thank him for the hams, which have arrived in prime order, and to give him an account of the brilliant manner in which one of them acquitted itself at dinner to-day. I strike my flag to him completely, and confess that, for hams, we cannot pretend to cope with old Maryland (always saving and excepting certain *green* hams peculiar to Sunnyside). It gives me sincere pleasure to learn that your father continues in his usual health. I trust that he has his musical evenings, and his pet minstrels to play and sing for him. There will never be any wrinkles in his mind as long as he can enjoy sweet music, and have youth and beauty to administer it to him.

I am writing late at night, and it is high time to go to bed. So give my kindest remembrances to your sister and your husband, and believe me ever, your affectionate friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following letter, among other matters, contains a cordial and complimentary allusion to Sparks, the more interesting that it is entirely spontaneous, and that it expresses a mature and unbiased judgment of the manner in which the task of editing "Washington's Writings" had been executed by him :—

[*To Hon. Robert C. Winthrop.*]

SUNNYSIDE, May 23, 1853.

MY DEAR MR. WINTHROP :—

I thank you and Mr. Prescott for your kind remembrances of me. It is very gratifying to be so remembered by such men. I have heretofore consulted Frothingham's "History of the Siege of Boston," about which you speak. It merits the character you give it, as being "the best thing written about the Bunker Hill period." I am also much obliged to you for the clippings which you send me from newspapers, giving familiar

anecdotes of Washington. It is surprising how few anecdotes there are of him in his familiar life ; but he was essentially a public character, and so regulated in conduct by square and rule as to furnish very little of the amusing and picturesque anecdote that we find in the lives of more irregular men.

I doubt whether the world will ever get a more full and correct idea of Washington than is furnished by Sparks's collection of his letters, with the accompanying notes and illustrations, and the preliminary biography. I cannot join in the severe censures that have been passed upon Sparks for the verbal corrections and alterations he has permitted himself to make in some of Washington's letters. They have been spoken of too harshly. From the examination I have given to the correspondence of Washington, in the archives of the State Department, it appears to me that Sparks has executed his task of selection, arrangement, and copious illustration with great judgment and discrimination, and with consummate fidelity to the essential purposes of history. His intelligent and indefatigable labors in this and other fields of American history are of national and incalculable importance. Posterity will do justice to them and him.

I am glad to learn that you are supervising a lithographic portrait of our friend Kennedy, ironing out "the wrinkles and crow's-feet," and fitting it to figure to advantage in the shop windows. It will rejoice the heart of his good little wife, who thinks he has never had justice done him in that line, and was half piqued at a lithographic effigy of myself, where the painter and engraver had presented me as flourishing in "immortal youth."*

Such likenesses, "corrected and amended," will do well to go with the "Homes of American Authors," recently published, to give Europeans a favorable idea of literary men and literary life in this country. In commenting on that publication, a London critic observes that "the American authors seem to court the muse to some purpose." He did not know

* Probably the likeness prefixed to Mr. H. T. Tuckerman's article on "Sunnyside and its Proprietor," in the *Homes of American Authors*—Ed.

that most of them, so well housed, had courted a rich wife into the bargain.

Ever, my dear Mr. Winthrop, yours, with great regard,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

On the 27th of May, Mr. Irving writes to Miss Mary E. Kennedy, a niece of Mr. John P. Kennedy, and one of his household at Washington:—

Too much occupation has produced symptoms, of late, which oblige me to suspend literary occupation, and may exile me for a time from my study.

In sober sadness, I believe it is high time I should throw by the pen altogether; but writing has become a kind of habitude with me, and, unless I have some task on hand to occupy a great part of my time, I am at a loss what to do. After being accustomed to literary research, mere desultory reading ceases to be an occupation. There is as much difference between them, in point of interest, as between taking an airing on horseback and galloping after the hounds. It is pretty hard for an old huntsman to give up the chase.

In the following June, being "ordered to throw by his pen, and abstain from head work of all kinds for a time," he left his manuscript with me to look over, and give him my impressions of the work, and set out for Kennedy's, connecting with his journey some object of advantage in inspecting the manuscripts of Mr. Washington Lewis, which had been mentioned to him as containing letters and diaries of Washington, and a visit to some places noted in Washington's history.

From Philadelphia, where his *compagnon de voyage* from New York left him, to continue on to Washington in the

night train, at ten o'clock, while he retired to his room, he writes me, June 13th, as follows :—

Inform my beloved family of my well-being, as well as of my extraordinary prudence and self-restraint in not continuing on in the night train with Mr. P——, to which I confess I felt sorely tempted. But I gain prudence with years, and, I trust, will in time be all that my friends could wish.

[*To Mrs. Pierre M. Irving.*]

ELLICOTT'S MILLS, June 15, 1853.

MY DEAR HELEN :—

I arrived at Baltimore yesterday, between one and two o'clock, after a pretty warm and dusty ride from Philadelphia. However, as I sat by a window on the shady side of the cars, I did not suffer much from the heat.

I found Kennedy on the lookout for me. He had expected me the evening before. The family were all out of town, at old Mr. Gray's country establishment, where I am now writing. We dined at Kennedy's brother Anthony's, in Baltimore, and had a very gay family dinner, after which we came out in the evening train, and had a beautiful drive along the lovely valley of the Patapsco, on the banks of which stream the country residence is situated. You may have an idea of the house from an engraving in Putnam's "Homes of American Authors."

We found the family all assembled round the tea table ; and a bright, happy gathering it was, there being a matter of five young ladies, guests in the house. Among the number, I was delighted to meet with one of the three young belles with whom I was domesticated at Washington— the one who plays so admirably on the piano. There was great greeting on all sides, and most especially by my warm-hearted old friend, Mr. Gray.

The evening passed delightfully. We had music from Miss A——. We sat out in the moonlight on the piazza, and strolled along the banks

of the Patapsco, after which I went to bed, had a sweet night's sleep, and dreamt I was in Mahomet's paradise. . . . .

June 22d, he writes to Miss Sarah Irving, from Cassilis, the residence of Mr. Andrew Kennedy:—

Mr. John Kennedy and myself left Ellicott's Mills yesterday (Monday) morning, in the train which passed at nine o'clock. . . . . We had an extremely hot drive of about a hundred miles, but through lovely scenery. The railroad follows up the course of the Patapsco to its head springs, and a romantic stream it is throughout. The road then crosses some fine, open, fertile country on the summit of Elk Ridge, and descends along the course of Reynolds's Creek and the Monocacy to the Potomac, all beautiful. At Harper's Ferry we changed cars, and pushed on to Charleston, where we found Mr. Andrew Kennedy waiting for us with his carriage. A drive of about a mile and a half brought us to his seat, whence this letter is dated. Here I am, in the centre of the magnificent valley of the Shenandoah, the great valley of Virginia. And a glorious valley it is—equal to the promised land for fertility, far superior to it for beauty, and inhabited by an infinitely superior people—*choice*, though not chosen. . . . . To-morrow I expect to go, in company with the two Mr. Kennedys, on a visit to Mr. George Washington Lewis, who has a noble estate about twelve miles off, where we shall remain until the next day.

I have several places to visit in this vicinity, connected with the history of Washington, after which we shall push on to the mountains, where we shall find a cooler temperature. . . . .

During this absence, I was at Sunnyside, mounting guard, as he terms it, and reading over his "Life of Washington" in manuscript, then nearly completed to the commencement of the Administration. I wrote to him that I was proceeding with the "Life of Washing-

ton" with an interest that seemed almost surprising to myself; and that I could not have believed that so much of freshness and new interest could be thrown about a subject so often gone over. The following is his reply :—

CASSILIS, June 25, 1853.

MY DEAR PIERRE:—

Your letter of the 19th, received two or three days since, has put me quite in spirits. From your opinion of my manuscripts, I begin to hope that my labor has not been thrown away. Do not make a toil of reading the manuscripts, but take it leisurely, so as to keep yourself fresh in the perusal, and to judge quietly and coolly of its merits and defects.

I have paid my visit to Mr. George Washington Lewis, to inspect the manuscripts in his possession. His seat (Audley) is about twelve or fourteen miles from this. Andrew and John Kennedy accompanied me. We went on Wednesday, and returned on Thursday. The visit was a most agreeable one. We were hospitably entertained by Mr. Lewis, who is a young man of engaging appearance and manners. . . . . His mother, however, is the real custodian of the Washington relics and papers, which she laid before me with great satisfaction. I did not find much among the manuscripts requiring note. In less than an hour I had made all the memoranda necessary. . . . .

Yesterday I drove out with the Kennedys, to visit two other establishments of the Washington family in this neighborhood, the proprietors of which had called to see me during my absence at Audley. These visits are all full of interest; but I will tell you all about them when we meet. . . . .

To-day we are to visit some other places of note in the neighborhood. On Monday, the day after to-morrow, I set off with Mr. John Kennedy and his bachelor brother, Pendleton Kennedy, for the mountains.

I must again apologize for my wretched scrawl ; but it seems hard work for me to extract any ideas out of my weary brain, which is as dry as a "remainder biscuit."

I hope you will continue to mount guard at Sunnyside during my absence.

With love to all, your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The next day, in replying to a letter of Mrs. Irving giving him some account of affairs at Sunnyside, where we were sojourning, and speaking encouragingly of his manuscript "Life of Washington," he remarks :—

I never shall be able, I fear, to give it the toning up which a painter gives to his picture before finishing it. I am afraid my head will not bear much more work of the kind. It gives me hints, even when I am scrawling letters.

[*To Miss Kate Irving.*]

BERKELEY SPRINGS (BATH), July 1, 1853.

MY DEAR KATE :—

I received, yesterday, your letter of Sunday and Monday last, and rejoice to find you have all survived the late intense weather. I have been for four or five days in this watering-place, which is in a small valley among the mountains, and, as far as my experience goes, one of the hottest places in the known world. You will be surprised to learn, however, that my greatest amusement, during the heat of the day, is at the ten-pin alley, and that I am getting quite expert at bowling. The perspiration it produces is awful, and only to be allayed by the cool baths for which this place is famous.

To-morrow I trust to emerge from this oven, and to return with Mr. Andrew Kennedy to Cassilis, where I shall be once more within the reach of cooling breezes. . . . .

Tell Robert [the gardener] I charge him not to work in the sun during the hottest hours of the day, should this intense warm weather continue.

He injured himself by it last summer; and I would not have anything happen to him for all the hay in the country. . . . .

Farewell. The weather is so hot that I cannot write, nor do anything else but play at bowls and fan myself.

With love to all, your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

On the 6th of July, I wrote him that I had concluded the perusal of his manuscript the day before, and that the impression I communicated in my former letter had gained strength by what I had since read. "Familiar as I am with the story," I add, "I have been equally surprised and gratified to perceive what new interest it gains in your hands. I doubt not the work will be equally entertaining to young and old."

The following is his reply :—

ELLICOTT'S MILLS, July 8, 1853.

MY DEAR PIERRE :—

I have just received your letter of the 6th, which I need not tell you has been most gratifying and inspiriting to me. I thank you for writing it; for I was looking most anxiously and dubiously for your verdict, after reading the narrative of the war, in which the interest, I feared, might suffer from diffusion, and from the difficulty of binding up a variety of enterprises and campaigns into one harmonious whole. I now feel my mind prodigiously relieved, and begin to think I have not labored in vain.

I left Bath shortly after I wrote to Kate. We had intended a tour among the Alleghanies, but the intense heat of the weather discouraged us, and we determined to postpone that part of our plan to another season.

Returning to Cassilis, we passed a few days more under the hospitable

roof of Mr. Andrew Kennedy, where I saw something of a harvest home in the noble valley of the Shenandoah.

Leaving Cassilis on Wednesday morning, we arrived here before sunset. . . . .

Tell Sarah I have received her letter of the 1st July, but cannot answer it at present. To tell the truth, though my excursion has put me in capital health and spirits, I find I cannot handle the pen, even in these miserable scrawls, without feeling a sensation in the head that admonishes me to refrain. Think, then, how gratifying it must be to me to learn from your letter that I may dispense from any severe task work in completing my historical labor.

I feel that my working-days are over, and rejoice that I have arrived at a good stopping-place.

At this period, he did not think of continuing the Life through the history of the administration, but proposed to make the inauguration of Washington his "stopping-place." Hence his premature felicitation that he had reached the end of his "working-days." He was yet to give a great deal of handling even to the part he deemed finished; but when he returned to Sunnyside, it was with the desire and intention of preparing the Life at once for the press—an intention frustrated by the condition of his health.

CHAPTER XVIII.

EXCURSION TO THE SPRINGS.—NIAGARA, ETC.—EXTRACT OF LETTER TO MISS MARY E. KENNEDY.—OGDENSBURG REVISITED.—LETTER TO JOHN P. KENNEDY.—EXTRACT OF LETTER TO MRS. STORROW.—HIS FINAL RESTING-PLACE MARKED OUT.—SETS OFF ON AN EXCURSION.—LETTER TO MISS SARAH IRVING.—THE IRVING HOUSE.—TRAVELLING ON HIS CAPITAL.—THE ST. NICHOLAS HOTEL.—EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO MISS CATHERINE IRVING.—EXPEDITION TO WINCHESTER AND GREENWAY COURT.—RETURN TO SUNNY SIDE.—LETTER TO MRS. KENNEDY.

FOR some time before he went to Virginia, in June, 1853, Mr. Irving had to lay aside the pen almost entirely, "having overtasked myself," he says, "and produced a weariness of the brain that renders it an irksome effort even to scrawl an ordinary letter." On his return, though in excellent general health, he found himself still unable to resume his literary occupations, and thereupon determined to set off for Saratoga, the waters of which were of such service to him the preceding year, and might be this; "though," he says, "I believe all that I require is a good spell of *literary abstinence.*"

He did not remain long at the Springs. "I feel a little fatigued with the bustle of the place," he writes, August

6th, a few days after his arrival, "and the very attentions I receive begin to be a task upon my spirits."

The following letter, written after his return home, will continue the story of his travels. His reminiscence of the Ogdensburg of his boyhood will recall a similar passage in another letter in the third chapter of the first volume.

[*To Miss Mary E. Kennedy.*]

SUNNYSIDE, September 8, 1853.

MY DEAR MISS KENNEDY :—

Indisposition has prevented me from replying earlier to your welcome letter of the 4th August, which I received about three weeks since, on my return from Saratoga. . . . .

The hot weather was as intolerable at Saratoga as I had found it at Berkeley Springs ; so, after passing about ten days there, I set off on a tour with your uncle John, who wished to visit the F——s, at Buffalo. We went by the way of the lakes, and had a magnificent *sail* (if I may use the word) down Lake Champlain in a steamer to Plattsburg, whence we made a night journey by railroad to Ogdensburg. Here we passed part of a day—a very interesting one to me. Fifty years had elapsed since I had visited the place in company with a party of gentlemen proprietors, with some ladies of their families. It was then a wilderness, and we were quartered in the remains of an old French fort at the confluence of the Oswegatchie and the St. Lawrence. It was all a scene of romance to me, for I was then a mere stripling, and everything was strange, and full of poetry. The country was covered with forest; the Indians still inhabited some islands in the river, and prowled about in their canoes. There were two young ladies of the party to sympathize in my romantic feelings, and we passed some happy days there, exploring the forests, or gliding in canoes on the rivers.

In my present visit, I found, with difficulty, the site of the old French fort, but all traces of it were gone. I looked round on the surrounding country and river. All was changed. A populous city occupied both sides of the Oswegatchie; great steamers ploughed the St. Lawrence, and the opposite Canada shore was studded with towns and villages. I sat down on the river bank, where we used to embark in our canoes, and thought on the two lovely girls who used to navigate it with me, and the joyous party who used to cheer us from the shore. All had passed away --all were dead! I was the sole survivor of that happy party; and here I had returned, after a lapse of fifty years, to sit down and meditate on the mutability of all things, and to wonder that I was still alive!

From Ogdensburg we made a voyage up the St. Lawrence, through the archipelago of the "Thousand Islands," and across Lake Ontario to Lewistown, on the Niagara River, where we took a carriage to the Falls. There we passed an insufferably hot day, and parted in the evening--your uncle to go to Buffalo, I to Cayuga Lake to visit one of my nieces; whence I went to Syracuse to visit Mrs. B——, and then hastened homeward. All this tour was made during a spell of intensely hot weather, that deranged my whole system. The consequence was, that, the day after my return home, I was taken down with a violent fever and delirium, which confined me several days to my bed. . . . . .

He had hardly got rid of his fever, and was still in a state of great debility, when he addressed the following letter to the friend and travelling companion with whom he parted at Niagara Falls :—

[*To Mr. John P. Kennedy.*]

SUNNYSIDE, August 24, 1853.

MY DEAR KENNEDY :—

After much weary travelling by land and water, by night and day, through dust and heat and "fell morass," I reached home on Wednesday

last, and almost immediately broke down. Whatever it was of evil that had been lurking in my system for some time past, took vent in a spell of chills, fever, and delirium, which hung over me for several days, and has almost torn me to rags. I avail myself of a tolerably sane fragment of myself which is left, to scrawl these lines.

You will now perceive, my dear Horseshoe, that when I was a little techy under your bantering at Niagara, it was not the fault of your jokes, —which were excellent, as usual,—but because I was too miserably out of tune to be played upon, be the musician ever so skillful.

I trust this outbreak of malady, when I get through with it, will carry off with it all the evils that have been haunting my system for some time past, and that, when next we meet, I shall relish your jokes with my usual hearty zest, even though, by singular chance, they should happen to be bad ones.

I fear, however, I shall not be strong enough to go sight-seeing with you in New York; and, indeed, have seen so much of the Crystal Palace in my delirium, that I am afraid the very sight of it would bring on a paroxysm.

I look forward, however, to a visit from you all at my "small contentment," where, however I may be, my nieces will be happy to entertain you in their own modest way, on our rural fare—"a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, with any pretty little tiny kickshaws," or, peradventure, with a juicy ham sent to me from the banks of the Patapsco, by a much-valued and somewhat musical friend who flourishes in that quarter. To that excellent friend, and his two inestimable daughters, give my most affectionate remembrances.

"Thine evermore," my dear Horseshoe, "while this machine is to him."

GEOFFREY.

Very soon after the date of this letter, Mr. Irving received the visit to which he was looking forward from Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, and Mr. and Miss G——, who

passed the day at Sunnyside. "I do not know," he writes to Miss Kennedy, "when I enjoyed a day more thoroughly. I only wish you had been here, to make the party complete."

The following extract contains an interesting mention of the rural cemetery in which, "after life's fitful fever," he was himself to sleep. It is addressed to his niece in Paris, as he was on the point of setting off on another visit to Maryland and Virginia:—

[*To Mrs. Storrow.*]

SUNNYSIDE, September 29, 1853.

. . . . I have had one solemn and sacred duty to perform, of late; which was, to remove from New York the remains of such of the family as were interred in the vault in front of the Brick Church, in Beekman Street. That street was to be widened, and, of course, the church-yard invaded. I have always apprehended some such event, and am glad it has taken place while I am here to protect the ashes of those I loved from desecration. I accordingly purchased a piece of ground in a public cemetery established within a few years on the high ground adjacent to the old Dutch church at Beekman's mill-pond, commonly called the Sleepy Hollow Church. The cemetery, which is secured by an act of the Legislature, takes in a part of the Beekman woods, and commands one of the most beautiful views of the Hudson. The spot I have purchased is on the southern slope, just on the edge of the old church-yard, which is included in the cemetery. I have had it inclosed with an iron railing, and shall have evergreens set out around it. It is shaded by a grove of young oaks.

There I have seen the remains of the family gathered together and interred, where they cannot be again disturbed; and a vast satisfaction

it was to have rescued them from that restless city, where nothing is sacred.

As I was selecting this place of sepulture, I thought of Byron's lines :—

> "Then look around,
> And choose thy ground,
> And take thy rest."

I have marked out my resting-place by my mother's side, and a space is left for me there.

This may seem to you rather a melancholy theme for letter-writing. Yet I write without melancholy, or, rather, without gloom. I feel deeply gratified at having been able to perform this duty; and I look forward with serene satisfaction to being gathered at last to a family gathering-place, where my dust may mingle with the dust of those most dear to me.

God bless you, my dear Sarah. I owe my dear little Kate a letter, but have not time at present to answer it. Give my love to her and the other young princesses, and my affectionate remembrances to Mr. Storrow.

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

P. S.—I set off on my expedition this afternoon, and expect to be absent nearly all October.

I give some letters written during this excursion, the first dated, as will be seen, the night of his departure, at a hotel named in his honor in New York :—

[*To Miss Sarah Irving.*]

IRVING HOUSE, Friday Evening, September 29, 1853.

MY DEAR SARAH :—

I hasten to inform you of my well-being, as I know you will be anxious. I arrived in town safe, and proceeded to the Irving House, where I asked

for a room. What party had I with me? None. Had I not my lady with me? No; I was alone. I saw my chance was a bad one, and I feared to be put in a dungeon, as I was on a former occasion. I bethought myself of your advice, and, when the book was presented, wrote my name at full length—from Sunnyside. My dear Sarah, I was ushered into an apartment on the first floor (second story), furnished with rosewood, yellow damask, pier glasses, etc.; a sumptuous bedroom, with a bed large enough for an alderman and his wife; a bathroom adjoining. In a word, I am accommodated completely *en prince*. The negro waiters all call me by name, and vie with each other in waiting on me. The chambermaid has been at uncommon pains to put my rooms in first-rate order; and, if she had been pretty, I absolutely should have kissed her; but as she was not, I shall reward her in sordid coin. Henceforth I abjure all modesty with hotel keepers, and will get as much for my name as it will fetch. Kennedy calls it travelling on one's capital.

I am at a loss where to go this evening—the Crystal Palace, Julien's, or the opera. I shall let you know, before I go to bed, my decision in the matter.

My dear Sarah, I have just returned. It is near twelve o'clock. They have made such a fire in my sitting room, that it is roasting to sit there; and I am sleepy, so I must be brief. I determined to go to the opera; but, on the way, as it was early, I strolled into the St. Nicholas Hotel, to take a look at it. It beats everything of the hotel kind I have ever seen. I wandered up-stairs, and down-stairs, and into the ladies' saloon. Such splendor; such extent; such long corridors and vast saloons; and such crowds of well-dressed people and beautiful ladies! In the course of my rambles, I came upon Mr. Baldwin, who is boarding there. He took me all about to see the wonders of the house, and, among other places, took me into the bridal chamber, about which so much has been said. It is very magnificent, but, I am told, has never been occupied excepting by a Californian prince and his bride.

On the 17th of October, a day or two after his arrival

at the residence of Mr. Andrew Kennedy, near Harper's Ferry, Mr. Irving set off with that gentleman and his brother, Mr. John P. Kennedy, for Winchester, whence they extended their excursion to Greēnway Court, once the residence of old Lord Fairfax, the early patron of Washington, and an occasional resort of the latter in his youthful days. In the following letter the reader is furnished with an amusing account of the expedition to these historic points :—

CASSILIS, October 21, 1853.

MY DEAR SARAH :—

The expedition to Winchester and Greenway Court, in company with Messrs. John and Andrew Kennedy, was very pleasant. We went to Winchester by railroad, and then hired a carriage and an old negro coachman to take us to Greenway Court, once the residence of old Lord Fairfax, and a resort of Washington in his younger days. We set off from Winchester in the afternoon. The distance to Greenway Court was said to be about twelve miles, but the roads so bad that it would be impossible to return to Winchester the same evening. What was to be done ? Greenway Court was no longer habitable. There was no good country inn near at hand. Mr. Andrew Kennedy determined to seek quarters at the house of a Mr. Nelson, who resided about three miles from the Court, and with whom he was acquainted. We hoped to reach his house before sunset, so as to seek quarters elsewhere should we fail to find them there. We had a delightful afternoon drive, through a fine country diversified by noble forests in all the glory of their autumnal hues. I saw some of the noblest specimens of oaks I have ever seen in this country. The roads, in many places, were very bad. We travelled slowly. The sun went down in great splendor, and the landscape soon began to darken. Our black John knew nothing of the situation either of Greenway Court or of Mr. Nelson. We made inquiries along the road, but received replies which rather perplexed us. It grew quite dark before we reached a gate, which,

we were told, opened into Mr. Nelson's grounds. We drove across two or three broad fields—opened as many common country gates. Nothing had the appearance of the approach to a gentleman's seat. I began to feel dubious. It seemed very much of an intrusion for three persons to drive up to a gentleman's house after dark, and ask quarters for the night. The Kennedys laughed at my scruples. It was the custom in Virginia. Mr. Nelson would be glad to receive us. "Perhaps," said I, "he may not have room." "O, yes; he has lately enlarged his house. You will find yourself in clover." We drove on. No signs of a house. We might have mistaken the road. At length we saw a light twinkling at a distance. It appeared to be from a small house. More consultation. This might not be Mr. Nelson's; or he might not have enlarged his house. For my part, I was so fatigued, that I declared myself resigned to quarters in a barn, provided Mr. Nelson would allow me a little clean straw. The road gradually wound up to the house. As we approached, the moon, rising above a skirt of forest trees, lit up the scene, and we saw a noble mansion crowning a rising ground, with grand portico and columns, and wings surmounted with battlements. We drove up to the door. A negro boy came forth, like a dwarf from an enchanted castle. Mr. and Mrs. Nelson were both from home! What was to be done? It was too late to go wandering about the country in quest of other quarters. Would Mr. and Mrs. Nelson be home soon? O, yes; they had gone to make a visit in the neighborhood, and would be back to tea. Mr. Nelson's mother-in-law was in the house; that would do. We alighted; entered a spacious hall upward of twenty feet wide, with a beautiful circular staircase; thence into a noble dining-room, where the tea table was set out, but nobody present. After a time, the mother-in-law made her appearance. Mr. John Kennedy was slightly acquainted with her, and introduced us. She was very civil, and by no means disposed to set the dogs on us. I began to have hopes of something better than the barn. After a time, Mr. and Mrs. Nelson came home. They accosted us in true Virginia style. Mr. Nelson claimed some acquaintance with me. He reminded me of his having introduced himself to me three years before, at the Revere House in Boston, when I was on there with the G——s; and said he had a prior ac-

quaintance, having been one of a committee of the students at the University of Charlottesville, who, about twenty years since, waited on me at the hotel to invite me to accept a public dinner.

In a word, we were made at once to feel ourselves at home; invited to pass several days there. Mr. Nelson would take us all about the country, and make us acquainted with all his neighbors.

We had glorious quarters that night. The next day Mr. Nelson took us to Greenway Court. Had a large party of the neighboring gentlemen to meet us at dinner; and it was with great difficulty we got away in time to return in the evening to Winchester.

So much for my expedition to Greenway Court.

To-morrow I set off, with Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, on our return to Ellicott's Mills, and in the beginning of next week shall take my departure for New York, to be at my post at the Astor Library on Wednesday.

The following is an extract from a letter to Mrs. Kennedy, written after his return home :—

How comes on the "house that Jack built"—or is to build? I envy Kennedy the job of building that tower, if he has half the relish that I have for castle-building—air castles, or any other. I should like nothing better than to have plenty of money to squander on stone and mortar, and to build chateaux along the beautiful Patapsco with the noble stone which abounds there; but I would first blow up all the cotton mills (your father's among the number), and make picturesque ruins of them; and I would utterly destroy the railroad; and all the cotton lords should live in baronial castles on the cliffs, and the cotton-spinners should be virtuous peasantry of both sexes, in silk skirts and small-clothes, and straw hats, with long ribbons, and should do nothing but sing songs and choruses, and dance on the margin of the river.

Of late, I have gratified my building propensity in a small way, by putting up a cottage for my gardener and his handsome wife, and have

indulged in other unprofitable improvements incident to a gentleman cultivator. A pretty country retreat is like a pretty wife—one is always throwing away money in decorating it. Fortunately, I have but one of those two drains to the purse, and so do not repine.

I see you are again throwing out lures to tempt me back to Baltimore, and sending me messages from M—— D—— and dear little "Lu;" and I have a letter from Mr. Andrew Kennedy, inviting me to come to Cassilis and the Shenandoah, when I am tired of the Hudson. Ah, me! I am but mortal man, and but too easily tempted; and I begin to think you have been giving me love powders among you—I feel such a hankering toward the South. But be firm, my heart! I have four blessed nieces at home hanging about my neck, and several others visiting me, and holding me by the skirts. How can I tear myself from them? Domestic affection forbids it!

CHAPTER XIX.

EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO MRS. KENNEDY.—NO DESIRE TO TRAVEL WITH POLITICAL NOTORIETIES.—EXTRACT FROM LETTER TO MRS. SANDERS IRVING.—HIS OLD DANCING-SCHOOL DAYS.—A BREAKFAST AT JOHN DUER'S.—THE NAME OF DEARMAN CHANGED TO IRVINGTON.—CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "KNICKERBOCKER GALLERY."—TO MRS. KIRKLAND.—LETTER TO JOHN P. KENNEDY.—VISIT TO IDLEWILD.—THE "HOME JOURNAL'S" ACCOUNT OF CONVERSATION ABOUT MOORE.—LETTERS TO JOHN P. KENNEDY.—LETTER TO MRS. STORROW.—EUROPEAN REMINISCENCES.

THE following letter was addressed to Mrs. Kennedy, just as her husband was about to start on a Southern tour with Mr. Fillmore, the late President, which was to have taken place the previous spring, but was prevented by the death of Mrs. Fillmore. Mr. Kennedy had intimated a wish that Mr. Irving should accompany them; "but I have no inclination," he writes, "to travel with political notorieties, to be smothered by the clouds of party dust whirled up by their chariot wheels, and beset by the speech-makers and little great men and bores of every community who might consider Mr. Fillmore a candidate for another presidential term." "Douce Davie," mentioned in the letter, was the name of a horse his correspondent used to ride, and which he had often mounted at Ellicott's Mills.

SUNNYSIDE, February 21, 1854.

MY DEAR MRS. KENNEDY :—

. . . . I met Mr. Meredith in town on Saturday last, and he told me that Kennedy had been unwell. If it is that affection of the head of which he complained last year, tell him I have found, in my own case, great relief from homœopathy, to which I had recourse almost accidentally, for I am rather slow at adopting new theories. I can now apply myself to literary occupation day after day for several hours at a time, without any recurrence of the symptoms that troubled me. In fact, my head seems to be as hard as ever it was—though perhaps somewhat heavier.

You tell me Kennedy is about to set off with Mr. Fillmore on his Southern tour, and would like to have me for a companion. Heaven preserve me from any tour of the kind ! To have to cope at every turn with the host of bores of all kinds that beset the paths of political notorieties ! To have to listen to the speeches that would be made, at dinners and other occasions, to Mr. Fillmore and himself ; and to the speeches that Mr. Fillmore and he would make in return ! Has he not found out, by this time, how very borable I am ? Has he not seen me skulk from bar-rooms, and other gathering-places, where he was making political capital among the million ? Has he forgotten how, last summer, a crew of blatant firemen, whose brass trumpets gave him so much delight, absolutely drove me into the wilderness ? No, no. I am ready at any time to clatter off on Douce Davie into the woods, with the gentle Horseshoe, or to scale the Alleghanies with him (barring watering-places) ; but as to a political tour, I would as lief go campaigning with Hudibras or Don Quixote.

You ask me how I have passed my time this winter. Very much at home—dropping into town occasionally to pass a few hours at the Astor Library, but returning home in the evening. I have been but once or twice at the opera, and to none of Julien's concerts. Still my time has passed pleasantly in constant occupation ; though I begin to think that I often toil to very little purpose, excepting to keep off *ennui*, and give a zest to relaxation. . . . .

The letter which follows, was written on his seventy-first birthday, to the wife of a nephew rather delicate in health, and a great favorite, who had been for some time housed at Sunnyside, and was now "roughing it about the world." It was in reply to a letter from Montgomery, Ala., in which she gave an account of her pilgrimages :—

[*To Mrs. Sanders Irving.*]

SUNNYSIDE, April 3, 1854.

MY DEAR JULIA :—

Sarah has engaged that I shall write a postscript to her letter ; but I am in a sad state of incompetency to do it. My faculties seem benumbed, probably from the long spell of dismal, wintry weather we have *enjoyed* for the last fortnight. It is quite tantalizing to read your account of your roses and rhododendrons, and the budding and blossoming of spring in the "sweet south country" through which you have been pilgrimaging. I should have liked to be with you in your voyage up the Tennessee. I begin to long for a wild, unhackneyed river, unimproved by cultivation, and unburdened by commerce.

To-day is my seventy-first birthday, and opens with a serene, sunny, beautiful morning. . . . .

I have wished a thousand times, my dear Julia, since your departure, that you were with me, making your home under my roof, as you do in my heart ; and I never wished it more strongly than at this moment. I feel very much this long separation, and grieve that it is likely to be so much prolonged, and that you are moving to farther and farther distances from me. I wish S—— could have some employment near at hand, so that you could take up your abode with me entirely.

In a letter to Mrs. Irving, then on a visit with me to North Carolina, dated April 6th, after giving some ac-

count of his dissipations during a week's sojourn in town, he writes :—

> Another of my dissipations was an evening at the dancing-school, where I was very much pleased and amused. I met your friend Mrs. M—— there, whom I found very agreeable, and who made me acquainted with her bright little daughter. The scene brought my old dancing-school days back again, and I felt very much like cutting a pigeon-wing, and showing the young folks how we all footed it in days of yore, about the time that David danced before the ark.
>
> The next morning, where should I breakfast but at Judge Duer's ! It was to meet Mr. Lawrence, the English portrait-painter, who has come out with letters from Thackeray, and I don't know who all, and is painting all the head people (some of whom have no heads) in town. It was very agreeable breakfast party, three or four gentlemen besides Mr. Lawrence and myself ; but what made it especially agreeable, was the presence of two of the Miss —— ——. My dear H——, I was delighted with them—so bright, so easy, so ladylike, so intelligent ! H—— has one of the finest, most spiritual faces I have seen for a long time. Why, in heaven's name, have I not seen more of these women ? We have very few like them in New York. However, I see you are beginning to laugh so I will say no more on the subject.

In April, he receives a note from a neighbor, informing him that the Postmaster-General "acceded to the wishes of all the inhabitants of Dearman, save himself, to have the name of Dearman changed to Irvington." Dearman was the original name of the village and railroad station a few hundred yards south of Sunnyside. It was known thereafter as Irvington.

May 30th, he is "on a two days' visit at the old bachelor nest of his friend Mr. Gouverneur Kemble, in the

very heart of the Highlands, with magnificent scenery all around him; mountains clothed with forests to their very summit, and the noble Hudson moving along quietly and majestically at their feet."

June 16th, Mr. Hueston writes him for a contribution to the "Knickerbocker Gallery," a complimentary tribute to Louis Gaylord Clark, for twenty years editor of the "Knickerbocker Magazine," and trusts he will be able to furnish it by the 1st of July. On the 21st of the same month, Mrs. C. M. Kirkland throws herself on his gallantry for a ten line scrap—the sweeping of his portfolio—that might be read aloud at a literary and musical festival that had been devised at Milwaukie, as a means to raise three hundred dollars toward an institution for the education of young women at the West. After being read aloud, the article was to be sold to the highest bidder. Both requests were complied with, and articles sent.

June 29th, he writes to Kennedy, with "a head confused and almost stupefied with catarrh;" that this had "been rather an unfortunate season with him, having had two returns of his old complaint, chills and fever; the last just as he was on the way to attend a wedding of a grandniece, at which all the ten tribes of the family were assembled."

In the following letter we have an account, among other things, of a visit to Idlewild, the home of N. P. Willis:—

[*To Mr. J. P. Kennedy.*]

SUNNYSIDE, August 31, 1854.

MY DEAR KENNEDY :—

Wherever this letter finds you, whether in your tower on the banks of the Patapsco, at your brother's in the Shenandoah Valley, or with that rare old cavalier, your uncle Pendleton, in his favorite resort, the cool hollow of Berkeley Springs, may it find you in the enjoyment of good health and good spirits. . . . .

I am concerned to learn that Mr. Gray's health has been feeble of late, and that he has had days of suffering and "nights of prolonged nervous distress." Your account of his firm presentiment that he was to close his earthly career on his birthday, the 16th of last July, of his business arrangements for the event, and the calm serenity with which he awaited it, is really touching and beautiful. It only proved how truly worthy he is of length of days ; for none is so fitted to live as he who is well prepared to die. God send him many more years, with a body as free from pain as his mind is from evil or his heart from unkindness. He has everything that should accompany old age,—

"As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends ;"

and he is an instance how lovable old age may render itself.

I lately made a day's excursion up the Hudson, in company with Mr. and Mrs. M—— G—— and two or three others, to visit Willis in his poetical retreat in Idlewild. It is really a beautiful place, the site well chosen, commanding noble and romantic scenery ; the house commodious and picturesque, and furnished with much taste. In a word, it is just such a retreat as a poet would desire. I never saw Willis to such advantage as on this occasion. . . . . Willis talks and writes much about his ill health, and is really troubled with an ugly cough ; but I do not think his lungs are seriously affected, and I think it likely he will be like a cracked pitcher, which lasts the longer for having a flaw in it, being so much the more taken care of. . . . .

I have been passing the summer entirely at home, determined not to travel any more in hot weather. I have had no return of the chills and fever, that paid me a slight visit early in June, and am now in fair health for such a green old gentleman. I wish I had Douce Davie here to mount occasionally, for Gentleman Dick is in such disgrace that my womankind will not hear to my mounting him any more. The last time I did so, he took a start from hearing a young horse in a pasture galloping alongside of the fence, and, fancying it to be a challenge to a race, set off *ventre a terre*, and gave me a run of nearly three miles before I could bring him to a stop. Fortunately, I had a fair road ; everybody and everything turned aside, and made way for me ; and Dick showed such speed and bottom, that I am thinking of entering him for the cup at the next races.

God bless you, my dear Kennedy.

Yours very faithfully,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

It was nine months before he again mounted the back of Gentleman Dick ; and the equestrian mischance that then befell him, will be told in its place. I introduce now Mr. Willis's account of a conversation with him about Moore the poet, which took place on his late visit to Idlewild :—

"We chanced to be present, the other day, when Washington Irving took up the defense of the memory of Tom Moore. So noteworthy an outpouring, as it was, of a generous and genial nature—properly eloquent in defense of the friend with whom he had exchanged cordialities, and over whose grave he would not, therefore, see an ill weed grow unplucked —we wished, at the time, that the summer wind would play reporter, and tell the whole world of it. The subject was started by Irving's being rallied on having been such a Brummel, while in London, as to have

served Moore for a model in dress ; as appeared by a passage in one of his letters, giving directions to his publisher to look up Irving's tailor to make him a coat.

"Ah," said Geoffrey, with one of his genial lightings-up of the face still handsome, "that was owing to the mere chance of Moore's having been with me, one morning, when I went into Nugee's. And I have often thought of it since, by the way, as a curious instance of the bringing together of opposite classes in England. We were strolling down St. James Street, and Moore just stepped in with me while I ordered a coat. Seeing that Nugee did not know him, I stepped between the two, and said, 'Really, gentlemen, two such very distinguished men ought to know each other ! Mr. Nugee, this is Mr. Thomas Moore ; Mr. Moore, Mr. Nugee !' Upon which, Nugee, who was worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds at least, came forward, bowing almost to the ground in his excessive humility, and could not find words enough to express his sense of the honor of such an introduction.* He was delighted with it, too, and thanked me warmly for it afterward. 'Good creature !' he said of Moore ; 'good creature !'—using the phrase very popular in London, at that time, to express great admiration. Yes," continued Irving, musingly, "there was that tailor, worth a magnificent fortune, and he would come to your lodgings with the coat he had made, to try it on ! I remember his flattering way of looking at me, and expressing his interest when I called upon him, on my return from the Continent, to order something. 'Not looking quite so well, my dear sir ; not quite so well ! Take care of yourself, dear Mr. Irving ; pray, take care of yourself ! We can't spare you yet.'

"But they do Moore the greatest injustice in denying him a sincere affection for his wife. He really loved her, and was proud of her. I *know* it," continued Irving, very emphatically. "When we were in Paris

* In Moore's Diary occurs the following passage : "Nugee called with the first *sketch* of my coat, to try it on. Said he would dress me better than ever I was dressed in my life. 'There's not much of you, sir,' he said, 'and therefore my object must be to make the most I can of you.' Quite a jewel of a man, this Nugee. Have gone to him in consequence of my former tailor being bankrupt."

together, I used to go out and breakfast with him ; and most delightful those breakfasts were. And I remember being with Moore when his friends Lord and Lady Holland had just arrived ; and Lady Holland told Tom *they* were coming out the next day to breakfast, and *she* wished particularly to see little Bessy. 'They shall have the breakfast,' said his wife, when he told her, 'but they *won't see little Bessy!*' She said it very archly, but with the positiveness of an habitual independence, for she *would* not be patronized by great folks ! Moore admired this, though he used to say it was quite beyond what he was capable of himself. But she *did* yield to him occasionally, and go out with him to parties—once particularly exciting her husband's greatest admiration by the way her quiet and self-possessed manner completely baffled the condescension of Lady L——. Her ladyship had intended to be excessively cordial ; but the simple way in which 'little Bessy' took it as a matter of course, turned the balance of dignity altogether. Moore spoke of it delightedly afterward. O, they have cruelly misrepresented that man ! He was an honorable, high-minded fellow, and, in some trying money matters particularly, he showed the greatest disinterestedness and liberality. He has been shamefully wronged since his death."

Thus vindicatorily of his friend spoke the just and kind Geoffrey Crayon a day or two since ; and we are glad to record it while the dark wing of the poet's renown is uppermost. For, says Milton,—

> "Fame has two wings—one black, the other white ;
> She waves them both in her unequal flight."

To Mrs. Kennedy he writes from Sunnyside, August 31st :—

. . . . You asked me whether the homœopathics still keep me quite well. I really begin to have great faith in them. The complaint of the head especially, which troubled me last year, and obliged me to throw by my pen, has been completely vanquished by them, so that I have fagged with it as closely as ever. . . . .

[*To John P. Kennedy.*]

SUNNYSIDE, October 5, 1854.

MY DEAR KENNEDY :—

Your letter has remained too long unanswered ; but I find it impossible to be regular and prompt in correspondence, though with the best intentions and constant efforts to that effect. I condole with you sincerely on the loss of your mother, for, from my own experience, it is one of the losses which sink deepest in the heart. It is upward of thirty years since I lost mine, then at an advanced age : yet I dream of her to this day, and wake up with tears on my cheeks. I think the advanced age at which she died endears her memory to me, and gives more tenderness and sadness to the recollection of her. Yet, after all, a calm and painless death, closing a long and well-spent life, is not a thing in itself to be lamented ; and, from your own account, your mother's life was happy to the end ; for she was, you say, "well conditioned in mind and body," and one of her last employments was to perform for her grandchildren on the piano.

. . . . What a blessing it is to have this feeling for music, which attended your mother to the last ! It is indeed a sweetener of life, and a fountain of youth for old age to bathe in and refresh itself.

[*To Mr. J. P Kennedy.*]

SUNNYSIDE, November 22, 1854.

MY DEAR KENNEDY :—

Your last letter was in cheerful contrast to those which preceded it. I had heard, in a circuitous way, of Mrs. Kennedy's illness, and was about to write to you on the subject, when I received from you the intelligence that she had routed the enemy ; was "gathering strength with her accustomed energy of action ;" walked, rode, and ate with a determination to be as well as ever ; and that you hoped she would even be better than ever. I rejoice in your bulletin, and trust that she and her allies, the doctor and quinine, will be more prompt and complete in their triumph

than the allied powers in the Crimea, with whom you have compared them.

I am glad to find, also, that Mr. Gray continues to falsify his predictions, and to grow fat and hearty in spite of himself. I trust Nature will continue to make him a false prophet in this respect ; she is very apt to surprise valetudinarians with a latent fund of longevity of which they had no conception. I think, if he were to take a jaunt to New York, and hear Grisi and Mario through their principal characters, it would be like a dip in the fountain of youth to him.

I have had some delicious treats since their arrival in New York. I think Grisi's singing and acting would be just to Mr. Gray's taste. There is a freshness and beauty about her, in voice and person, that seem to bid defiance to time. I wish Mr. Gray could see her in "Semiramide," and in "Rosina" ("Barber of Seville"), which exhibits her powers in the grand and the comic. I had always seen her in the former, and considered her a magnificent being. It was only lately, on my last visit to town, that I saw her in comedy, when she played "Rosina" twice, and surprised me by the truthfulness with which she could assume the girl, and the unforced whim and humor with which she could illustrate all her caprices. But, to perceive her thorough excellence in this part, one must be able to discern every play of her countenance, and especially of her eye. Her acting, like all great achievements of art, is worthy of especial examination. It is a perfect study. Like all great achievements of art, it is delightful from its simplicity.

The "Semiramide" and the "Barber of Seville," as now performed in New York, are worthy of a winter's journey from Baltimore.

Just before I left town there was a semi-centennial anniversary of the New York Historical Society. Indeed, I stayed in town to be present at it; but, when the time arrived, my incorrigible propensity to flinch from all public ceremonials and festivals came over me. I mingled in the crowd, and heard Bancroft's erudite address from the "auditorium," but kept clear of the banquet which took place afterwards. Among the dignitaries and invited guests on the stage, I saw our friend Winthrop, who, I find by the papers, made an eloquent speech at the banquet. This I

regret not to have heard. I have never heard him speak in public, but have heard much of his talent for public speaking; and I think, from what I have seen of him, he would be apt to acquit himself well and gracefully. . . . .

With affectionate remembrances to Mr. G——, Miss G——, and your (much) better half,

Yours, my dear Kennedy, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[*To Mrs. Storrow, at Paris.*]

SUNNYSIDE, November 23, 1854.

MY DEAR SARAH :—

Your last letter has taken me over many scenes of former travel, and brought up delightful recollections. Switzerland, the Rhine, and the southern parts of Germany bordering on the Tyrol, with the quaint old towns and cities, Baden-Baden, Strasburg, Ulm, Augsburg, Salzburg, etc., etc. Did you, when at Baden-Baden, visit those awful chambers, or dungeons, under the old castle, one of the seats of the "Vehm Gericht," or Secret Tribunal—that mysterious and tremendous association that once held such sway over Germany? I do not know whether they are generally shown to strangers; but, having read a great deal on the subject of that secret institution, I sought them out, and visited them with thrilling interest. You say you found my name written in the visitors' book at Augsburg, *thirty-two* years since. Had there been a visitors' book at Zurich of sufficiently ancient date, you might have met my name written *forty-nine* years since, as I made a visit to it in 1805, in the course of my first European tour; and well do I recollect how much I was charmed with it, and how willingly I would have lingered there.

You do not say whether, when at Salzburg, you visited the famous salt mine, and made a subterranean excursion. I presume you did not, as you would have found it rather "awsome," as the Scotch say, though I was very much interested by it. Salzburg and its vicinity struck me as a very region for legendary romance. I presume you recollect the Unters-

burg, or Wanderburg, a few miles from Salzburg ; within which, according to popular tale, the Emperor Charles sits in state, with golden crown on his head and scepter in his hand. In the interior of the same mountain are palaces, and churches, and convents, and gardens, and untold treasures, guarded by dwarfs, who sometimes wander, at midnight, into Salzburg, to say their prayers in the cathedral. No doubt Kate has come across all this in the course of her German studies, and was able to put you on the track of these wonders. Before the breaking out of any war, the Emperor Charles issues out of the mountain with all his array, and marches round it with great blast and bray of trumpet, and then returns into his subterranean palace. I wish you could have seen a procession of the kind. It would have surpassed all the state of the mongrel emperors and empresses in whom you delight. . . . .

Give my love to the princesses, who, I understand, are growing in grace as in years. You are devoting yourself to their education. Do not attempt to make remarkable women of them. Let them acquire those accomplishments which enliven and sweeten home, but do not seek to fit them to shine in fashionable society. Keep them as natural, simple, and unpretending as possible; cultivate in them noble and elevated sentiments, and, above all, the feeling of veneration so apt to be deadened, if not lost, in the gay, sensuous world by which they are surrounded. They live in the midst of *spectacle;* everything around them is addressed to the senses. The society with which they mingle is all of a transient kind—travelling Americans, restless seekers after novelty and excitement. All this you must bear in mind, and counteract as much as possible, by nurturing home feelings and affections, habits of thought and quiet devotion, and a reverence for grand, and noble, and solemn, and sacred things.

Give my kindest remembrances to your husband, and believe me, my dear Sarah, ever your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XX.

A NEW-YEAR SALUTATION.—PUBLICATION OF WOLFERT'S ROOST.—EXTRACT FROM SOME OF THE NOTICES.—ANECDOTE RESPECTING MOUNTJOY.—PUBLICATION OF VOL. I. OF THE "LIFE OF WASHINGTON."—AN EQUESTRIAN OVERTHROW.—LETTER TO JOHN P. KENNEDY.—LETTER FROM BANCROFT ON RECEIPT OF VOL. I. OF "LIFE OF WASHINGTON."—DETERMINES TO COMPLETE THE WORK.—PASSAGE FROM LETTER TO MRS. STORROW.—IMPATIENT TO GET VOL. II. READY FOR THE PRESS.—REPLY TO INVITATION FROM MOSES THOMAS.—LETTER TO JAMES K. PAULDING.

THE new year finds Mr. Irving again at Cassilis, in the valley of the Shenandoah, where he had gone to attend a wedding of a niece of Mr. Kennedy. A letter to one of the inmates of his little home, dated January 1st, opens with this characteristic salutation from the country seat where the nuptuals were to be celebrated: "My dear Kate, a happy New Year to you, and all the family. So there, I've caught you all."

There was generally a strife, at Sunnyside, who should be first to bid "Happy New Year."

Soon after his return, the volume entitled "Wolfert's Roost" was issued from the press. This work derives its title from what was the first name given by the author to his residence at Sunnyside—the Roost (or Rest) of

Wolfert Acker, "one of the privy councillors of the renowned Peter Stuyvesant," who retreated to this "quiet and sheltered nook" after the subjugation of New Amsterdam by the English. The opening piece of the volume, consisting of three chronicles, gives a humorous description of "the little old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat;" and recounts the remarkable inhabitants it has had at various periods of history; and how it came to be the keep or stronghold of Jacob Van Tassel, a valiant Dutchman, during the dark and troublous times of the Revolutionary war; and how, finally, the eventful little pile was selected for the haunt or sojourning of Diedrich Knickerbocker.

The reader, familiar with the letter to the editor of the "Knickerbocker," with which the series of articles contributed by Mr. Irving to that magazine began, will detect in these opening chronicles a striking similarity to parts of that communication, upon which these quaint and amusing legends have evidently been remodeled. The rest of the volume is but a collection of tales and sketches long before published in that periodical, with the exception of "The Creole Village," "The Widow's Ordeal," and "A Contented Man," which were given originally in annuals. The work appeared early in February, and proved, no doubt, to the majority of its readers, a new publication; to the young particularly, who could hardly have been familiar with the contents of any of the

papers of which it is composed. The volume was greeted in the highest terms by the press and the public on both sides of the Atlantic. "It would not be easy to over-praise this American miscellany," is the commencement of some favorable comments of the London "Athenæum." "There is as much elegance of diction, as graceful a description of natural scenery, as grotesque an earnestness in diablerie, and as quiet but as telling a satiric humor, as when Geoffrey Crayon first came before the English world, nearly forty years ago," says the London "Spectator." "This volume," writes a critic in the columns of the "New York Courier and Enquirer," "will be almost equally welcome to those who have and those who have not read the papers of which it is composed. . . . . It was well to collect these scattered waifs of his genius while he himself was by to superintend the labor. . . . . He has given to the world few productions more charming than 'Wolfert's Roost' and the 'Sketches in Paris in 1825.'"

The "Evening Post" cites the second paper on the "Birds of Spring" as "a special favorite." "It is the one which relates the history of the bobolink or bobo'-lincoln, from his first appearance as a gay warbler in the fields of the Northern States, through his various changes; becoming a reed bird in the marshes bordering the rivers of the Middle States, and finally a rice bird at the South, where he degenerates into a fat epicure, and is shot for the table. The rest of the sketches and narratives," it

adds, "have all the characteristics of Irving's graceful genius, and are worthy to be placed by the side of his 'Sketch Book,' composed long years since."

A notice in the Boston "Telegraph" says: "We think it superior to any of his previous works in one respect—that of wide range and variety. There is some one or more papers in the new volume, which bring to mind each of the author's former works. It seems as if, when he published his previous imaginative works, he had laid aside one or more papers from each of them, and that here they were. Thus there are Spanish and Moorish legends, which remind us of the 'Alhambra' and the 'Conquest of Granada;' Dutch stories, reminding one of portions of the 'Sketch Book,' 'Tales of a Traveller,' and of the 'History of New York.' It is, in fact, a volume which contains 'representative' papers of all his former works."

Of the varied effusions of this compilation, a great favorite with many was the unfinished narrative of "Mountjoy; or, Some Passages out of the Life of a Castle Builder." This first appeared in the "Knickerbocker" in 1839, but is was written in England prior to the publication of the first number of the "Sketch Book," in 1819. He read it to Leslie when the artist was in a tired mood, and, receiving from him little encouragement to proceed, threw it aside, and never touched it again. It was in vain that Leslie tried afterward to put him in heart about it. He was effectually discouraged. I have

little doubt that Ogilvie was shadowed forth in this piece under the character of Glencoe, as he afterward sat to Leslie for the portrait of Don Quixote.

The publication of the first volume of the "Life of Washington" soon succeeded the appearance of "Wolfert's Roost." In regard to the size and form of this long-expected biography, it had been his intention to publish it only in the octavo form; but it was so decidedly the judgment of his publisher that the duodecimo form would be the most in demand, from being uniform with his other works, that a sort of compromise was effected, by which it was to appear in both forms together. To enforce the propriety of his views in favor of the duodecimo edition, his publisher writes him, January 11th, at Sunnyside, where he had now returned: "You are aware we printed an edition of 'Columbus' in octavo, to range with Prescott's Works; but of these we have never sold but two hundred and fifty copies; while about eleven thousand have been sold of the duodecimo."

The author, at the age of seventy-two, had just got through correcting the proofs of the first volume, when he met with his second accident from his horse Dick, to which allusion was made in a previous chapter. He had not mounted him since his former accident; but on this day, April 18th, 1855, a favorite young lady friend calling at the house on horseback, he could not resist the temptation to try him once again, and accompany her on a short ride. His "womankind," as he styled his nieces, sought

to dissuade him, but he was not to be overruled. He had gone but about two hundred yards on the main road, when the animal became so restless that he was induced to turn about, and, leaving his companion at the head of the lane, retrace his steps alone toward home, resolving within himself, as he told me, never to get astride of Master Dick again. This purpose was hardly formed, before the unquiet beast suddenly became ungovernable, and, starting off at full speed, rushed madly down the hill. His rider tried the curb in vain. He did not heed it; and continuing his frantic pace through the cottage gate, tore his way into an evergreen that overhung the road, and stumbling, fell himself, and threw his rider with violence to the ground, about a hundred feet from his own door. Luckily, no limbs were broken, but his head received a severe bruise, and his chest was sorely wrenched by the violence of the overthrow, so that for two days he could not be moved in bed without great pain, and could not rise up or turn without assistance. This was about the eighth or ninth escape he had had from somewhat similar accidents on horseback or in carriage since he built the cottage.

His physician, Dr. John C. Peters, of New York, who was immediately sent for, on coming in, asked him how he felt. The reply was ludicrously expressive: "I feel as if an attempt had been made to force my head down into my chest, as you shut up a spy-glass." To an inquiry of one of his nieces how he felt now, after his position

had been changed in bed, though he was still in great pain, "First rate," was the reply, making the motion as if touching his hat, and showing that he had in mind the answer of a poor starving soldier to Lieutenant Strain, when his party was perishing for food, and he was asked by his officer how he was. Lieutenant Strain had shortly before been at the cottage, and told the touching anecdote. The next day he was somewhat less helpless, and, though he could not rise up or turn directly, yet, "by a good deal of circumlocution," as he oddly expressed it, he was able to move himself. His humor never seemed to desert him, even in his most painful moments.

On the third day, though still feeling "somewhat battered and bruised," he got up very unexpectedly, and dressed and shaved himself; and, a day or two after, wrote the following reply to an inquiry of Kennedy about the accident:—

SUNNYSIDE, April 23, 1855.

MY DEAR KENNEDY:—

The telegraphic report was, as usual, exaggerated. I have been thrown from my horse, but not as dangerously hurt as reported. Thanks to a hard head and strong chest, I have withstood a shock that would have *staved in* a sensitively constructed man. My head was pretty well battered, and came nigh being forced down into my chest, like the end of a telescope; and my chest is still so wrenched and sore, that I am like one suffering with the asthma. But I have left my bed, and am on my legs again. It's all the doings of that rascal, Gentleman Dick, who, knowing my fondness for him, has played me all kinds of tricks. This is the second time he has fairly run away with me, but at least the tenth time he has attempted it. The first time I kept my seat, but this time he was deter-

mined I should not; so he ran me among trees, and we both came down together. I have cut him off with a shilling.

The worst result of the accident (he writes to a niece who had expressed great concern about it from abroad) was, that I had to sell my favorite saddle-horse, Gentleman Dick, or there would have been no peace in the household, the "womenkind" were so clamorous against the poor animal. Poor Dick! His character was very much misunderstood by all but myself. He was one of the gentlest, finest-tempered animals in the world. But a scamp of a coachman had played tricks with him, and made him so timid, that he was apt to get into a panic, when suddenly he would take the bit between his teeth, and trust to his heels for safety. I am now looking out for a quiet, sober, old-gentlemanlike horse, if such a thing is to be met with in this very young country, where everything is so prone *to go ahead.*

May 20th, 1855, Mr. Irving writes to me: "I inclose a letter, just received from Murray, which I will thank you to hand to Mr. Putnam. You will see that some negligence or omission in forwarding advance sheets to London may mar my interests in that quarter. But no matter. If my work be well received by the public, I shall be content, whatever be the pecuniary profits."

The letter from Murray informed him that he had placed the advance sheets of "Washington" in the hands of Bohn, on "a promise of £50, and a hope of something more if he could keep the field to himself;" but added that there was risk of perfect copies coming over from America before Bohn could complete his edition, in consequence of there being some pages missing from the proof-sheets sent over. "It is quite absurd," he says, "to

think of sending sheets of a book otherwise than in duplicate sets."

If there were demand for a large edition, he would print one himself, in conformity with the terms of his last letter; "but," he writes, "I fear the publication in volume will be fatal to a large edition. The prospects of literature seen athwart the war are not encouraging, and I am disposed, consequently, to publish as little as possible."

This volume treats of the earlier part of Washington's career previous to the Revolution, ending with his arrival at the camp before Boston as Commander-in-chief.

Mr. Irving, as usual, had been a good deal depressed about the work, and had avoided looking over it since its publication; but the following cordial letter from Bancroft helped to put him more in conceit of it, and made him hope that the "Life of Washington" would not be the death of him, as he sometimes used to say he feared it would.

Wednesday, May 30, 1855.

Dear Irving :—

Your volume, of which I gained a copy last night, and this morning have received one made still more precious by your own hand, shortened my sleep last night at both ends. I was up late and early, and could not rest until I had finished the last page. Candor, good judgment that knows no bias, the felicity of selection, these are yours in common with the best historians. But, in addition, you have the peculiarity of writing from the heart, enchaining sympathy as well as commanding confidence; the

happy magic that makes scenes, events, and personal anecdotes present themselves to you at your bidding, and fall into their natural places, and take color and warmth from your own nature. The style, too, is masterly, clear, easy, and graceful ; picturesque without mannerism, and ornamented without losing simplicity. Among men of letters, who do well, you must above all take the name of FELIX, which so few of the great Roman generals could claim. You do everything rightly, as if by grace ; and I am in no fear of offending your modesty, for I think you were elected and foreordained to excel your contemporaries.

Ever, dear Irving, most truly yours,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

The letter of the distinguished historian was soon followed by other notices and letters, which conspired to relieve the sort of nightmare solicitude he had felt about the work, and determined him to complete it. He had before well-nigh given up the idea of carrying it any farther than the inauguration of Washington as President, the history of the Administration admitting of so little personal or picturesque detail that he feared he could give it no interest. He lost his indifference, however, about the completion of the Life, with the success of the first volume, and now determined, at whatever expense of labor, to go through with the whole.

The following close of a letter to Mrs. Storrow, dated June 27th, 1855, gives, in his own characteristic vein, a picture of a summer evening at Sunnyside :—

. . . . I am writing late at night, as I have to go to town on business in the morning. It is a beautiful moonlight night, and I have been kept up late by the young folk ; having two of P. P. I——'s daughters

with me—Hatty and sweet little Nelly; and they have been with the young G——'s, cruising by moonlight on the Tappan Sea, in a beautiful yacht which G—— has recently bought. It puts me in mind of the water parties in former days, in the *Dream*, with the H——'s, B——'s, etc., when the old chorus used to be chanted :—

"We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear."

It is a different yacht, and a different generation that have taken up the game, and are now sailing by moonlight and singing about the Tappan Sea. So rolls the world.

In September, Mr. Irving was all impatience to get his second volume of "Washington" ready for the press. "I live only in the Revolution," said he to me. "I have no other existence now—can think of nothing else. My desire is to give everything vividly, but to avoid all melodramatic effect. I wish the incidents to be brought out strongly, and speak for themselves; but no hubbub of language, no trickery of phrase, nothing wrought up."

He had made great additions to the "Life" since I had read it before. I spoke with admiration of his narrative of the battle of Princeton. "It is very difficult," said he, "to give a clear account of a battle. Bancroft told me he was bothered about his battles, but Prescott likes them. I study it thoroughly, to seize the strong point, then dip my brush in the paint, and color up for that."

September 27th.—I accompanied him to the complimentary festival to authors and booksellers at the Crystal

Palace. A carriage was sent for him to No. 33 Lafayette Place, where he was staying. We got in, and were to call for Bishop ——, at No. — —— Street. When we got near, I asked Mr. Irving if he knew the Bishop. "No. Don't you?" "No." "Well, then, let's get out. It will be very awkward to be in the carriage with him." P——'s lad, who accompanied the carriage on the driver's seat, expostulated. "Mr. P—— had sent him expressly with the carriage. Would not like it." "But I *must* get out." "But Mr. P——" "Never mind Mr. P——. I want to have my way, not his." So down we got, and walked from Twentieth Street to the Crystal Palace, entering on Fortieth Street. Mr. Irving could not endure the thing, as he drew near, but, after he got in, spent a pleasant evening. Was especially delighted at meeting Moses Thomas, his old bookseller, now a prosperous auctioneer in Philadelphia.

October 5th.—I was reading with Mr. Irving, in his study, the proof of some of the early pages of his second volume of "Washington," which had gone to the press about a week before. He was at the same time engaged in retouching and adding to the battle of White Plains: was desirous, he said, to exhibit the Revolution in its motley character, and give the play of human nature throughout.

Some days after, I drove over to Chatterton Hill with him, to visit the battle-ground, he taking his manuscript account of it with him. While engaged in the survey,

an old man, on a mealy-mouthed horse with white eyebrows, came up, and informing us that he was the owner of the property, asked if we did not wish to buy it; he was too old to take care of it. Mr. Irving told him he was too old to buy it. On our way down, met a bright-eyed lad about six or seven years of age. "Stop—stop a moment," said he; "let me see what money I have," pulling out his purse. "I must buy those eyes. My little fellow, what will you take for those eyes?" The little fellow stood aghast with amazement. "Well," said he, "here's sixpence for you, at any rate."

The anecdote is of a piece with that related by Mr. Davis of the lad at Saratoga, and, though trivial, serves to illustrate his peculiar fancy for drolling with and mystifying children.

November 13*th.*—I went up to the cottage, to return the next day. Found Mr. Irving correcting proof of second volume of "Washington." Very glad of my visit. Had recast and improved the chapter about Lee's tardy movements to join Washington. Spoke of the raciness of Lee's character historically. "A game flavor about it," he said. Made a less flowing narrative, by giving the extracts from letters, and dates, but gave strength and accuracy to the detail. The character of Washington grew upon him constantly. Gave me the first chapters of the third volume to read. Was determined to push on with that the moment he finished the second.

November 21*st.*—Mr. Irving had been some days in the

city, preparing the last chapters of the second volume of "Washington" for the press. Was busy on the last chapter but one when I called, soon after breakfast. Had been reading, in a morning paper, a report of the address of the Rev. Dr. De Witt, the night previous, before the Historical Society, in which there was a touching allusion to his "Life of Washington," followed by loud cheers, and to himself, as "one whose modesty was only increased by the weight of public commendation." "I do not know," said he, adverting to it, "when anything has gratified me so much as this mention of me by old Dr. De Witt. I must write to him, and express to him what I feel."

I called again in the evening, and asked him if he had added to the close of the second volume, as he had thought of doing in the morning. "No; I was too weary. O! I shall be so glad to throw off the harness, and take a roll on the grass."

At the moment of completing his second volume, he received from Mr. Charles L. Brace some manuscript Hessian journals, which had been copied for the Historical Society, and which led him to recall and revise some of his proofs, and make some additions and alterations.

The following letter to his early Philadelphia publisher, Moses Thomas, was in reply to an invitation to attend a literary dinner in that city, and a request that he would make his home at his house on the occasion :—

[*To Moses Thomas.*]

SUNNYSIDE, December 15, 1855.

MY DEAR THOMAS :—

I thank you heartily for your kind and hospitable invitation to your house, which I should be glad to accept did I propose attending the Godey Complimentary Dinner ; but the annoyance I suffer at dinners of the kind, in having to attempt speeches, or bear compliments in silence, has made me abjure them altogether. The Publishers' Festival, at which I had the great pleasure of meeting you, was an exception to my rule, but only made on condition that I would not be molested by extra civilities.

I regret that on that occasion we were separated from each other, and could not sit together and talk over old times. However, I trust we shall have a future opportunity of so doing. I wish, when you visit New York, you would take a run up to Sunnyside. The cars set you down within ten minutes' walk of my house, where my "womenkind" will receive you (figuratively speaking) with open arms ; and my dogs will not dare to bark at you.

Yours ever, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following is addressed to his old friend and literary compeer, at his residence on the east bank of the Hudson, about eight miles above Poughkeepsie, where he had been living since his retirement from public life, as Secretary of the Navy, in 1841. In this picturesque seclusion, which he had left to visit the city but once since it became his abode, he resumed his literary activity ; and here the veteran author, the senior of Mr. Irving by more than four and a half years, gave to the press two novels, "The Old Continental," in 1846, and "The Puritan's Daughter," in 1850, at the ripe age of

seventy-two. At the date of his application to Mr. Irving for his autograph, to be presented to a peerless beauty, he had passed his seventy-seventh year—a circumstance to be borne in mind in reading the reply :—

[*To James K. Paulding.*]

SUNNYSIDE, December 24, 1855.

MY DEAR PAULDING : —

I enclose an autograph for the "paragon of a young lady," whose beauty you extol beyond the stars. It is a good sign that your heart is yet so inflammable.

I am glad to receive such good accounts as you give of yourself and your brother, "jogging on together in good humor with each other and with the world." Happy is he who can grow smooth as an old shilling as he wears out; he has endured the rubs of life to some purpose.

You hope I am "sliding smoothly down the hill." I thank you for the hope. I am better off than most old bachelors are, or deserve to be. I have a happy home; the happier for being always well stocked with womenkind, without whom an old bachelor is a forlorn, dreary animal. My brother, the "General," is wearing out the serene evening of life with me; almost entirely deaf, but in good health and good spirits, more and more immersed in the study of newspapers (with which I keep him copiously supplied), and, through them, better acquainted with what is going on in the world than I am, who mingle with it occasionally, and have ears as well as eyes open. . . . .

I have had many vivid enjoyments in the course of my life, yet no portion of it has been more equably and serenely happy than that which I have passed in my little nest in the country. I am just near enough to town to dip into it occasionally for a day or two, give my mind an airing, keep my notions a little up to the fashion of the times, and then return to my quiet little home with redoubled relish.

I have now my house full for the Christmas holidays, which I trust you also keep up in the good old style. Wishing a merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you and yours, I remain, my dear Paulding,

Yours ever, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XXI.

PUBLICATION OF VOL. II. OF "LIFE OF WASHINGTON."—LETTER FROM PRESCOTT.—LETTER TO HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.—LETTER OF CHARLES L. BRACH ON VOL. II.—LETTER TO BANCROFT.—LETTER TO JOHN P. KENNEDY.—LETTER TO GOUVERNEUR KEMBLE.—PUBLICATION OF VOL. III.—MRS. EMILY FULLER TO WASHINGTON IRVING.—REPLY.—LETTER FROM DICKENS.—LETTER TO MRS. STORROW.

THE second volume of the "Life of Washington," which brings the history down from the period of his taking command of the army—a year before the Declaration of Independence—to the close of the successful campaign in New Jersey in January, 1777, was issued in December, 1855.

The following letter from Prescott, who had just received a copy, will be read with interest. In the opening paragraph, the distinguished historian alludes to a complimentary letter from Mr. Irving on his "Philip the Second." Henry Brevoort, so touchingly referred to at the close, had been dead some years.

[*From W. H. Prescott.*]

BOSTON, January 3, 1856.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—

Since the publication of "Philip the Second," I may truly say nothing has given me greater pleasure than your kind note, and the cordial man-

ner in which you speak of my labors. Ever since I have been old enough to distinguish good from evil in literary composition, your writings have been my familiar study. And if I have done anything that deserves half the commendation you bestow on me, it is in a great measure from the study I have made of you, and two or three others of the great masters of our language. Every one who knows me, knows that this is true. You may understand, then, how well I am pleased to obtain your unsolicited approval.

I have been gladdened by the sight of the second volume of your great work, which came to us a few days since. You are a good deal quicker on the trigger than I can be. You must have had a quantity of the material already potted down for posterity. It is very tantalizing to the reader, this fashion of publishing by installments of a volume or two at a time, and people complain if they are not turned out as rapidly as romances. Macaulay used to tell the story of a young lady of his acquaintance whom he met the week after his first two volumes appeared, who said to him: "I have just finished your volumes, Mr. Macaulay, and now we are all ready for another two!"

You have done with Washington just as I thought you would, and, instead of a cold, marble statue of a demigod, you have made him a being of flesh and blood, like ourselves—one with whom we can have sympathy. The general sentiment of the country has been too decidedly expressed for you to doubt for a moment that this is the portrait of him which is to hold a permanent place in the national gallery.

What naturally was of especial interest to me in your first volume, was that *pons asinorum*, over which so many have stumbled—the battle of Bunker Hill.* You have gone over it in a way which must satisfy the most captious critic. The silly question as to the command has been a much vexed question in New England, as you are aware. I don't know whether you ever heard of the amusing fact of three folio volumes of affidavits of *survivors* having been taken by the late William Sullivan,

* It had been a moot point, in New England, whether General Putnam or Colonel William Prescott, the grandfather of the historian, had the chief command at the battle of Bunker Hill,

bearing particularly on that matter. At his death, they were presented by his brother, Richard Sullivan, to the Massachusetts Historial Society. A committee was appointed by that body to examine their contents, and to report respecting them. The report was, that the testimony was so contradictory in its nature, that it would rather perplex than enlighten the historian ; and the volumes were returned to Mr. Sullivan. A good commentary this, on the value of even contemporary evidence.

But your kind note should not bring down such an avalanche on your head. Its date from Sunnyside reminds me of the pleasant day I passed in company with your early friend Brevoort, and mine of later years. It is long since I made a visit to New York; and when I have had occasion to pass a day there, the forms of those who used to greet me kindly, and who have gone forever, are sure to come up before my eye.

May you be among the number of those who are spared, and long spared, dear Mr. Irving, to delight the world by your writings, and enjoy the love and gratitude of your countrymen.

Believe me, always, very truly and affectionately, yours,

Wm. H. Prescott.

The battle of Bunker Hill, of which Prescott relates his amusing anecdote, is given near the close of the first volume. The second volume carries the narrative down to the victories of Trenton and Princeton.

To a very kind letter from Mr. Tuckerman, soon after the publication of his second volume, the author sends the following reply, giving some insight into his own views and plan in the treatment of his theme :—

[*To Mr. H. T. Tuckerman.*]

Sunnyside, January 8, 1856.

My dear Mr. Tuckerman : —

I thank you most heartily for your letter, which, I frankly assure you, was very seasonable and acceptable, being the first intimation I had re-

ceived of the fortune of the volume I had launched upon the world. It was very considerate and obliging in you to seek to relieve me from the suspense of "waiting for a verdict;" which, with me, is apt to be a time of painful doubt and self-distrust. You have discovered what I aimed at, "the careful avoidance of rhetoric, the calm, patient, and faithful narrative of facts." My great labor has been to arrange these facts in the most lucid order, and place them in the most favorable light, without exaggeration or embellishment, trusting to their own characteristic value for effect. Rhetoric does very well under the saddle, but is not to be trusted in harness, being apt to pull facts out of place and upset them. My horse, Gentleman Dick, was very rhetorical, and showed off finely; but he was apt to run away with me, and came near breaking my neck.

I have availed myself of the license of biography to step down occasionally from the elevated walk of history, and relate familiar things in a familiar way; seeking to show the prevalent passions, and feelings, and humors of the day, and even to depict the heroes of Seventy-six as they really were—men in cocked hats, regimental coats, and breeches; and not classic warriors, in shining armor and flowing mantles, with brows bound with laurel, and truncheons in their hands. But enough of all this. I have committed myself to the stream, and, right or wrong, must swim on or sink. The latter I will not do, if I find the public sustain me.

The work, as I am writing it, will inevitably overrun three volumes. I had supposed, originally, that it would not, though I did not intend that number should be specified in the title-page. It was specified by my publisher, who will put an author's incidental surmises into print, and make positive promises of them.

Should I have occasion to avail myself of the papers you so kindly put at my disposition, concerning Gouverneur Morris, Early American Society, etc., I shall have no hesitation in applying to you for them. In the mean time, let me repeat how very sensibly I feel the generous interest you have manifested in my literary success on the present occasion.

Yours, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Charles L. Brace, author of various interesting works, writes, January 22d, of the second volume :—

My dear Mr. Irving : —

I do not see why one should not acknowledge a pleasure, when one has so enjoyed it ; and I want to say how intensely interesting your second volume of "Washington" is. I have read it as I would read a romance. To me it is history alive. I enter into the feelings, and struggle, and uncertainties of the actors, so that I feel, as it were, doubtful of the issue. . . . . Washington looms out grandly in this volume; much more so than in the first, naturally. It is the most living picture we have ever had of him, and shows, best of all, the incessant difficulties of his work. It is strange, too, how you have made those battles *real*. I have read them often, and never had any clear idea at all of them; now they are indissolubly associated with the places. You have again made the Hudson classic ground. I predict without a doubt that this will be the "Washington" of the people—especially of the young people. As a boy, I should read it like "Robinson Crusoe" or "Captain Cook's Voyages."

To a letter from Bancroft, congratulating him on the success of his second volume, he replies :—

My dear Bancroft :—

I thank you sincerely for your cordial and well-timed note. It is always an anxious time with an author when he has just launched a volume, and is waiting for a verdict ; and especially with one like myself, apt to be troubled with self-distrust. I never was more troubled with it than in the prosecution of my present task, when I am occasionally venturing, in a somewhat familiar way, upon themes which you will treat in such an ampler, nobler, and more truly historical style. Indeed, I am putting to sea at a hazardous time, when you, and Macaulay, and Prescott (with his grand Spanish Armada) are afloat. However,

I am ready to drop my peak whenever any of you come into the same waters.

Give my best thanks to Mrs. Bancroft for her favorable opinion of my volume. As Sir Fretful Plagiary says, the women are the best judges, after all.

Ever, my dear Bancroft, yours most heartily,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

February 23*d*, 1856.—I returned to the city from a visit of ten days at the cottage. Mr. Irving was busy at the third volume of "Washington," which was going through the press. About one hundred pages were printed when I came down. He had been reconstructing the narrative of Burgoyne's expedition, and the affair of Schuyler and Gates. His head troubled him occasionally, and he seemed to feel the pressure of such a task at his time of life. Rewrote three or four pages after he had got the proof; namely, Signs of an Approaching Enemy at Ticonderoga. Seemed to feel, at times, an uneasy consciousness that he might not get through with his labor. "I am constantly afraid," he said to me the morning I came down, "that something will happen to me," alluding to his head. Never saw him so impatient at the encroaching demands of letters upon his valuable time. "O! these letters—these letters! They tear my mind from me in slips and ribbons."

He had received, the day before (Washington's birthday), from his publisher, the present of a new table for his study. It had a good many drawers, and sundry novel conveniences, the use of which he did not readily com-

prehend. "You will be bothered with your very conveniences," said I. "Yes. I must get everything in a mess, and then I'll go on comfortably."

The letter which follows, is in reply to one from Mr. Kennedy, announcing the death of his wife's father, Mr. Edward Gray :—

[*To Mr. J. P. Kennedy.*]

SUNNYSIDE, March 22, 1856.

MY DEAR KENNEDY:—

The sight of your letter, just received, with its black seal and edgings, gave me a severe shock, though I thought I was prepared for the event it communicated. The death of my most dear and valued friend, Mr. Gray, is a relief to himself, and to the affectionate hearts around him who witnessed his prolonged sufferings; but I, who have been out of the hearing of his groans, can only remember him as he was in his genial moments, the generous and kind-hearted centre of a loving circle, dispensing happiness around him.

My intimacy with him, in recent years, had fully opened to me the varied excellence of his character, and most heartily attached me to him. My dear Kennedy, my intercourse with your family connection has been a great sweetener of the last few years of my existence, and the only attraction that has been able to draw me repeatedly from home. And in all this I recognize the influence of the kind, cordial, sympathetic character of Mr. Gray. To be under his roof, in Baltimore or at Ellicott's Mills, was to be in a constant state of quiet enjoyment to me. Everything that I saw in him, and in those about him; in his tastes, habits, mode of life; in his domestic relations and chosen intimacies, continually struck upon some happy chord in my own bosom, and put me in tune with the world and with human nature. I cannot expect, in my brief remnant of existence, to replace such a friend, and such a domestic circle rallying round him; but the remembrance will ever be most dear to me.

Give my most affectionate remembrance to your wife and her noble-hearted sister, and believe me, my dear Kennedy,

Ever yours, most truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

A few weeks before the date of the following letter, Mr. Irving had written to Gouverneur Kemble that his gardener had been constructing a hot-house, and preparing a piece of ground, sheltered by a fence, where he expected to effect great things: and that, if he had any cuttings or plants of grapes and figs to spare, and could send them to him by railroad, he would make his gardener very happy:—

[*To Gouverneur Kemble.*]

SUNNYSIDE, April 23, 1856.

MY DEAR KEMBLE:—

The roots and cuttings sent by your gardener arrived safe, and are all properly disposed of. I should like to have a few more cuttings for out of doors, and a black Hamburg or two, if you have any. I shall raise some of the grapes under glass, having a small hot-house which will accommodate a few. I hope your visit to Washington was pleasant and profitable, and that you will be favored with a seat in the Cabinet, or a foreign mission in this or the next Presidency.

I am happy to learn that your lawn is green. I hope it will long continue so, and yourself likewise. I shall come up, one of these days, and have a roll on it with you.

Yours ever, my dear Kemble,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

April 24th, 1856, he writes to his niece at Paris, "at a late hour of the night after a hard day's work":—

I have about two-thirds of my third volume of "Washington" in type, and shall be heartily glad when the whole volume is completed, when I will give myself repose before I commence another. It is a toilsome task, though a very interesting, and, I may say, delightful one. It expands and grows more voluminous as I write, but the way it is received by the public cheers me on; for I put it to the press with more doubt and diffidence than any work I ever published. The way the public keep on with me is a continual wonderment to me, knowing my own shortcomings in many things; and I must say I am sometimes surprised at my own capacity for labor at my advanced time of life—when I used to think a man must be good for nothing.

The third volume, embracing the period from the commencement of the year 1777 to the retirement of Washington into winter quarters in 1779, appeared in July, 1856.

The following letter is from Mrs. Fuller, the Emily Foster of former days, one of the English family with whom, it may be recollected, the author was so intimate at Dresden in 1823.* Their intercourse was not confined to Dresden. On leaving that city, they travelled together

* Of this lady it has been claimed, since Mr. Irving's death, that he offered his hand to her at Dresden, and was rejected. While I do not for a moment question his admiration of the lady, or the warmth with which he may have expressed it to the mother as was his wont, that he could have thought of matrimony at this period is, in my view, entirely disproved by the communication to the mother, written at this very date, and referred to in the first volume, page 164, in which, after recounting the progress and catastrophe of his early love, and glancing at other particulars of his life, he closes by saying: "You wonder why I am not married. I have shown you why I was not long since. . . . . My time has now gone by, and I have growing claims upon my thoughts and upon my means, slender and precarious as they are."

to Rotterdam, where they parted in July, 1823, to proceed on their different courses, he to Paris and they to their home in Bedfordshire, England. Mr. Irving visited them at this place a year afterwards, while publishing the "Tales of a Traveller," in July, 1824; and when years had intervened, they met again in London in 1832. Recalling their intercourse at this period in a publication after his death, the lady remarks:—

"Every spare evening he had he spent at our house. He was still the same! time changed him very little. His conversation was as interesting as ever; his dark-gray eyes still full of varying feeling; his smile half playful, half melancholy, but ever kind. All that was mean, or envious, or harsh, he seemed to turn from so completely that when with him, it seemed such things were not. All gentle and tender affections, Nature in her sweetest or grandest moods, pervaded his whole imagination, and left no place for low or evil thoughts; and when in good spirits, his humor, his droll descriptions, and his fun would make the gravest or the saddest laugh."

[*Mrs. Emily Fuller to Washington Irving.*]

May 25, 1856.

My dear Mr. Irving:—

I think I ought to begin by telling you who is writing to you—Emily Foster, now Emily Fuller; and I address you, after so long a time, because I hope that my eldest boy Henry may have the happiness and advantage of meeting you, and making your acquaintance personally, as he has long ago by hearsay. I have been renewing former days. I have lately been reading over my old Dresden journal, where you are a part of our daily life, and feel it all over again so completely, I cannot believe all the time since has really passed. Then, too, in the course of last winter

we were all living with you in the "Alhambra." We were reading it out loud in the evenings, and the sunshine, and moonlight, and fountains and Lindaraxa's garden became almost more real than the real fire and winter evenings. We also read the "Sketch Book" and "Bracebridge Hall," and I really thought they came upon me more fresh and more delightful than even the first time I read them—the touching expressions, and the arch, pretty humor—I could see you, your *own self*, as we read, and your very smile. How I should like to hear from you, dear Mr. Irving! I married soon after we met in London. Do you remember you used to come, and often spend the evening with us in Seymour Street? And now I have four boys and one little girl. They are all so good and promising as to add much to our happiness. Two of them are still at school. . . . . My eldest has a great desire to settle in the States, with a friend who goes out with him—a very nice, gentlemanly young man. . . . . I wish you would give us your advice as to situation, etc. Climate would be one of the first considerations; and they wish to go as far West as would be convenient. . . . .

I must not exceed my space. It will be such a real happiness to hear from you. Do tell me about yourself, dear Mr. Irving. You do not know how much and often I think of you.

Yours ever, most truly,

EMILY FULLER.

To this letter Mr. Irving sent the following reply, which came to me from Mrs. Fuller, accompanied by her own beautiful testimonial to his character, in a letter to myself, already before the reader :—

[*To Mrs. Emily Fuller.*]

SUNNYSIDE, July 2, 1856.

MY DEAR MRS. FULLER :—

You can scarcely imagine my surprise and delight, on opening your letter and finding that it came from Emily Foster. A thousand recol-

lections broke at once upon my mind, of Emily Foster as I had known her at Dresden, young, and fair, and bright, and beautiful; and I could hardly realize that so many years had elapsed since then, or form an idea of her as Mrs. Emily Fuller, with four boys and one little girl. . . . . I wish you had given me a few more particulars about yourself, and those immediately connected with you, whom I have known. After so long an interval, one fears to ask questions, lest they should awaken painful recollections.

By the tenor of your letter, I should judge that, on the whole, the world has gone smoothly with you. Your children, you tell me, are all "so good and promising, as to add much to your happiness." How much of what is most precious in life is conveyed in those few words! You ask me to tell you something about myself. Since my return, in 1846, from my diplomatic mission to Spain, I have been leading a quiet life in a little rural retreat I had previously established on the banks of the Hudson, which, in fact, has been my home for twenty years past. I am in a beautiful part of the country, in an agreeable neighborhood, am on the best of terms with my neighbors, and have a house full of nieces, who almost make me as happy as if I were a married man. Your letter was put into my hands just as I was getting into the carriage to drive out with some of them. I read it to them in the course of the drive, letting them know that it was from Emily Foster, the young lady of whom they had often heard me speak, who had painted the head of Herodias, which hangs over the piano in the drawing-room, and who, I had always told them, was more beautiful than the head which she had painted; which they could hardly believe, though it was true. You recollect, I trust, the miniature copy of the head of Herodias which you made in the Dresden Gallery. I treasure it as a precious memorial of those pleasant days.

My health is excellent, though, at times, I have tried it hard by literary occupations and excitement. There are some propensities that grow upon men with age; and I am a little more addicted to the pen than I was in my younger days, and much more, I am told, than is prudent for a man of my years. It is a labor, however, in which I delight; and I am

never so happy of an evening as when I have passed the whole morning in my study, hard at work, and have earned the evening's recreation.

Farewell, my dear Mrs. Fuller. If any of those of your family whom I ever knew and valued are at hand, assure them that I ever retain them in cordial remembrance; and believe me, ever, my dear Emily Foster, your affectionate friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

My next letter is one from Dickens to Mr. Irving, introducing a relative, glancing at a capital story of Mr. Irving of a dinner at Holland House, in which a clergyman's leg was a feature, and giving a comic yet touching anecdote of poor Rogers in his eclipse :—

[*From Charles Dickens.*]

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, LONDON, July 5, 1856.

MY DEAR IRVING :—

If you knew how often I write to you, individually and personally, in my books, you would be no more surprised in seeing this note than you were in seeing me do my duty by that flowery julep (in what I dreamily apprehend to have been a former state of existence) at Baltimore.

Will you let me present to you a cousin of mine, Mr. B——, who is associated with a merchant's house in New York ? Of course, he wants to see you, and know you. How can *I* wonder at that ? How can anybody ?

I had a long talk with Leslie at the last Academy dinner (having previously been with him in Paris), and he told me that you were flourishing. I suppose you know that he wears a moustache—so do I, for the matter of that, and a beard too—and that he looks like a portrait of Don Quixote.

Holland House has four-and-twenty youthful pages in it now—twelve

for my lord, and twelve for my lady; and no clergyman coiis his leg up under his chair all dinner time, and begins to uncurve it when the hostess goes. No wheeled chair runs smoothly in, with that beaming face in it; and ——'s little cotton pocket handkerchief helped to make (I believe) this very sheet of paper. A half-sad, half-ludicrous story of Rogers is all I will sully it with. You know, I dare say, that, for a year or so before his death, he wandered, and lost himself, like one of the Children in the Wood, grown up there and grown down again. He had Mrs. Procter and Mrs. Carlyle to breakfast with him, one morning—only those two. Both excessively talkative, very quick and clever, and bent on entertaining him. When Mrs. Carlyle had flashed and shone before him for about three quarters of an hour on one subject, he turned his poor old eyes on Mrs. Procter, and, pointing to the brilliant discourser with his poor old finger, said (indignantly), "Who is *she?*" Upon this, Mrs. Procter, cutting in, delivered—(it is her own story)—a neat oration on the life and writings of Carlyle, and enlightened him in her happiest and airiest manner; all of which he heard, staring in the dreariest silence, and then said (indignantly as before), "And who are *you?*" . . . .

Ever, my dear Irving, most affectionately and truly, yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

While engrossed, as far as incessant interruptions would permit, by the task of preparing his fourth volume of the "Life of Washington" for the press, he writes a letter to his niece, at Paris, of which I extract some interesting passages. The "Pierre" mentioned in the first extract is not the biographer, but the eldest son of the author's brother Ebenezer, Pierre Paris Irving, an Episcopal clergyman, who had recently returned to his parochial duties from a brief excursion in Europe, which had extended to the Orkneys.

[*To Mrs. Storrow.*]

SUNNYSIDE, October 27, 1856.

. . . . After Pierre's return from France to England, he made an expedition to the end of the world—in other words, to the Orkneys! It was in those islands that the branch of the Irving family from which we are descended vegetated for centuries; once having great landed possessions, ultimately losing them.

Pierre found a highly intelligent circle of society existing at Kirkwall, the capital of the Orkneys, principally composed of persons from Edinburgh, holding official stations. He was hospitably entertained by them, in a style of elegance which he had not expected in that remote region.

At Shapinsha, the island whence my father came, Pierre was shown the house in which he was born, and whence he emigrated about a century since. It is a house of modest pretensions, and still bears its old name of Quholme (pronounced Home). In the flourishing days of our family, it must have owned the greater part of Shapinsha. Mr. Balfour, the present proprietor, received Pierre very hospitably in his noble residence of Balfour Castle, and submitted to his inspection a chest full of deeds and documents of several generations, showing how, by piecemeal, the landed property passed out of the hands of the Irvings, and centered in those of the family which at present hold it. Pierre brought home one of those documents, given to him by Mr. Balfour, three or four centuries old, bearing the name of one of our ancestors, with the old family arms of Three Holly Leaves. He also brought home a genealogy of the family, which some official gentleman, curious in antiquarian research, had digested from deeds and other documents existing at the Orkneys, and in the public archives at Edinburgh. This genealogical table, which is officially certified, establishes the fact of our being descended from the Irving of Bonshaw, who gave shelter to Robert the Bruce in the day of his adversity.

. . . . You are going to pass the winter at a city I never visited—Florence. At the time I was in Italy, a cordon of troops was drawn round Tuscany, on account of a malignant fever prevalent there, and I

was obliged to omit the whole of it in my Italian tour. I also failed to see Venice, which I have ever regretted.

Your letter of last June mentions your being just returned from an excursion of four days at Touraine. It recalled a tour I once made there with your uncle Peter, in which, besides visiting the places you speak of, we passed a day or two in the beautiful old chateau of Ussy, belonging to the Duke of Duras, the Duchess having given me a letter to the concierge which put the chateau and its domains at my disposition. Our sojourn was very interesting. The chateau had a half-deserted character. The Duke had not fortune enough to keep it up in style, and only visited it occasionally in the hunting season. There were no traces of former gayety and splendor—a private theatre, all in decay and disorder; an old chapel turned into a granary; state apartments, with stately family portraits in quaint, antiquated costumes, but some of them mouldering in their frames. I found, afterward, that the Duchess had hoped I might be excited to write something about the old chateau in the style of "Bracebridge Hall;" and it would indeed have been a fine subject. . . .

CHAPTER XXII.

LETTERS TO CHARLES LANMAN.—FOURTH VOLUME OF "LIFE OF WASHINGTON" GOING THROUGH THE PRESS.—LETTER TO HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.—PUBLICATION OF VOL. IV.—LETTER FROM GEORGE BANCROFT.—REPLY.—LETTER TO FREDERICK S. COZZENS.—LETTER FROM WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.—LETTER FROM J. LOTHROP MOTLEY.—LETTER FROM S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE, AND REPLY.

THE letter which follows is addressed to a young author, to whom Mr. Irving had before written encouragingly in acknowledgment of the presentation of his first work :—

[*To Mr. Charles Lanman.*]

SUNNYSIDE, March 2, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. LANMAN :—

I am suffering a long time to elapse without acknowledging the receipt of the copy of your work * which you have had the kindness to send me, and expressing to you the great delight I take in the perusal of it. But when I remind you that I am approaching my seventy-fourth birthday, that I am laboring to launch the fourth volume of my "Life of Washington," and that my table is loaded with a continually increasing multitude of unanswered letters, which I vainly endeavor to cope with, I am sure that you will excuse the tardiness of my correspondence.

* *Adventures in the Wilds of America.*

I hope the success of your work has been equal to its merits. To me, your "Adventures in the Wilds" are a continual refreshment of the spirits. I take a volume of your work to bed with me, after fagging with my pen, and then I ramble with you among the mountains and by the streams in the boundless interior of our fresh, unhackneyed country, and only regret that I can but do so in idea, and that I am not young enough to be your companion in reality.

I have taken great interest, of late, in your "Expedition among the Alleghany Mountains," having been campaigning, in my work, in the upper parts of the Carolinas, and especially in the "Catawba country," about which you give such graphic sketchings. Really, I look upon your work as a *vade mecum* to the American lover of the picturesque and romantic, unfolding to him the wilderness of beauties and the variety of adventurous life to be found in our great chains of mountains and system of lakes and rivers. You are, in fact, the picturesque explorer of our country.

With great regard, my dear Mr. Lanman, yours ever very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

By the following brief notes to myself, it will appear that the fourth volume of the "Life of Washington" was going through the press, and that he was prone to make modifications and corrections during the process :—

SUNNYSIDE, March 20, 1857.

MY DEAR PIERRE:—

Page 161 must be carefully collated with the manuscript. There are two places where I cannot supply the deficit.

I have struck out some lines in page 172, so that the chapter may end on page 173, and save the great blank in page 174. The printers appear to be fond of ending a chapter at the top of a page.

I have no doubt of getting the Inauguration into this volume ; but the printers must not make blank pages unnecessarily.

SUNNYSIDE, Monday Evening.

There is a passage in, I think, De Rochambeau's "Memoirs," about the sending in a flag, at Yorktown, to Cornwallis, to obtain permission for Secretary Nelson to leave the town; and about his being brought out on a litter, being old, and ill with the gout. I wish you would copy it, and send it to me with the next proofs, as I wish to make immediate use of it. You will find De Rochambeau's "Memoirs" in the American department of the Astor Library.

If it is not in De Rochambeau's "Memoirs," it is in Chastellux; but I think it is in the former.

It was in Chastellux.

SUNNYSIDE, March 22, 1857.

I send you the page which was missing. Fortunately, I had *impaled* it, as I now do all the canceled pages. . . . .

SUNNYSIDE, Tuesday Evening.

. . . . I shall send no copy for a day or two, for I am fagged and a little out of order, and need rest; and I wish to be careful about the ensuing chapters, which I have been patching, and must revise to avoid muddling. . . . . I shall be heartily glad to receive the last proof-sheet.

Not long after this note was written, Mr. Irving received a visit from Mr. Charles Lanman, who had recently sent him his "Adventures in the Wilds of America," for which he makes his acknowledgment in a letter just given. On his return to his residence, at Georgetown, Mr. Lanman gave a detail of his visit in a letter to Peter Force, Esq., entitled, "A Day with Washington Irving," which was published in the "National Intelligencer," and inclosed in an epistle from the writer to Mr. Irving. This is his tardy but characteristic acknowledgment:—

[*To Charles Lanman, Georgetown, D. C.*]

SUNNYSIDE, May 9, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. LANMAN :—

I have been too thoroughly occupied in getting a volume of my work through the press, to acknowledge, at an earlier date, your letter of March 24th, respecting your letter* which has found its way into the "Intelligencer." I can only say, that I wish you had had a worthier subject for your biographic pen, or that I had known our conversation was likely to be recorded; I should then have tasked myself to say some wise or witty things, to be given as specimens of my *off-hand table talk*. One should always know when they are sitting for a portrait, that they may endeavor to look handsomer than themselves, and attitudinize.

I am scrawling this in great haste, merely that your letter may not remain longer unacknowledged ; and am, very truly, your friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The letter which follows is addressed to Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, in acknowledgment of his volume of "Biographical Essays," which Mr. Irving had pronounced, in a previous letter, written on a partial perusal, the best work he had given to the public, and one that must greatly advance his reputation :—

[*To Mr. H. T. Tuckerman.*]

SUNNYSIDE, January 26, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. TUCKERMAN :—

I wrote to you, some days since, on the subject of your new work, when I had read but a part of it. I have just finished the perusal of it, and

* A letter to Peter Force, Esq.

cannot rest until I have told you how thoroughly I have been delighted with it. I do not know when I have read any work more uniformly rich, full, and well sustained. The liberal, generous, catholic spirit in which it is written, is beyond all praise. The work is a model of its kind.

I have no doubt that it will take a high stand in England, and will reflect great credit on our literature, of which it will remain a lasting ornament.

Congratulating you, with all my heart, on this crowning achievement of your literary career, I remain, yours, very cordially and truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The fourth volume of the "Life of Washington" was published in May. The first letter he received on the subject was from Bancroft, who pronounced the picture he had drawn of Washington "the most vivid and the truest" that had "ever been written." To a warm, congratulatory letter from Mr. Frederick S. Cozzens, author of the humorous "Sparrowgrass Papers," a resident of Yonkers, about eight miles south of Sunnyside, he sends the following characteristic reply:—

SUNNYSIDE, May 22, 1857.

MY DEAR MR. COZZENS: —

Your letter has been most acceptable and animating; for letters of the kind are not, as you presume, "common to me as blackberries." Excepting a very cordial and laudatory one from Bancroft, yours is the only one, relative to my last volume, that I have yet received. Backed by these two letters, I feel strong enough to withstand that self-criticism which is apt to beset me and cuff me down at the end of a work, when the excitement of composition is over.

You speak of some misgivings which you felt in the course of my literary enterprise, whether I would be able to go through with it, and "end as happily as I had begun." I confess I had many misgivings of the kind

myself, as I became aware of the magnitude of the theme upon which I had adventured, and saw "wilds immeasurably spread" lengthening on every side as I proceeded. I felt that I had presumed on the indulgence of nature in undertaking such a task at my time of life, and feared I might break down in the midst of it. Whimsical as it may seem, I was haunted occasionally by one of my own early pleasantries. My mock admonition to Diedrich Knickerbocker not to idle in his historic wayfaring, rose in judgment against me: "Is not Time, relentless Time, shaking, with palsied hand, his almost exhausted hour-glass before thee? Hasten, then, to pursue thy weary task, lest the last sands be run ere thou hast finished thy history of the Manhattoes."

Fortunately, I had more powers of endurance in me than I gave myself credit for. I have attained to a kind of landing-place in my work, and, as I now rest myself on the bank, feel that, though a little weary, I am none the worse for having so long tugged at the oar.

And now, as the winter is past, the rains are over and gone, and the flowers are appearing upon the earth, I mean to recreate myself a little, and may, one day or other, extend my travels down even to Yonkers, but will always be happy to welcome you to Sunnyside.

With kindest remembrances to Mrs. Cozzens, believe me, very truly, your obliged friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

I now place before the reader the two following letters; the first written by Prescott after completing the perusal of the fourth volume of the "Life of Washington," and the second by Motley, about to leave the country, and whom Mr. Irving never met. Motley had recently achieved a brilliant fame by his "Rise of the Dutch Republic;" and, after some modest demur to which his letter alludes, had sent his volumes to Mr. Irving, who responded with a sincere and warm eulogy.

[*From Mr. W. H. Prescott.*]

Lynn, Mass., August 7, 1857.

My dear Mr. Irving: —

I have just closed the fourth volume of your "Life of Washington." I have not hurried myself, as you see; and, in truth, a man who travels through books with the ear, instead of the eye, cannot hurry. I don't know whether you care about remarks on your books from friends, though they be brothers of the craft; but it always seems to me that, when one has derived great pleasure from reading an author, to make no acknowledgment is as uncourteous as for a gourmand, after he has crammed himself with a good dinner, to go away without a civil word to his host.

My wife, who has been my reader, and myself, have indeed read with the greatest interest this your last work — an interest which went on *crescendo* from the beginning, and which did not reach its climax till the last pages. I have never before fully comprehended the character of Washington; nor did I know what capabilities it would afford to his biographer. Hitherto we have only seen him as a sort of marble Colossus, full of moral greatness, but without the touch of humanity that would give him interest. You have known how to give the marble flesh color, that brings it to the resemblance of life. This you have done throughout; but it is more especially observable in the first volume and in the last. No one—at least, I am sure, no American—could read the last without finding pretty often a blur upon the page. Yet, I see, like your predecessors, you are not willing to mar the beautiful picture, by giving Washington the infirmity of temper which common report assigns to him. Perhaps you are not satisfied with the foundations of such a report.

I had feared from your manner of talking, that you would never set about the great work in earnest. Happy for the country that it has been at last accomplished by your pen!

It is long since I had the pleasure of seeing you, though I often get particulars about you. How gratified should I be, for one of many, if you would pay a visit to our northern latitudes! I so rarely go to New York, that, when I go, the memory of friends like Brevoort, Wain-

wright, and a few others, rises to my mind, and fills it with a melancholy feeling.

Adieu, my dear Mr. Irving. Long may it be before *you* are called away, and before you cease to give pleasure and instruction to the world by your writings.

Always, very sincerely, your friend,

WM. H. PRESCOTT.

[*J. Lothrop Motley to Washington Irving.*]

BOSTON, August 7, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR:—

You must permit me to address you a single line of thanks for the kind note you did me the honor of sending me several days since.

To receive such warm and generous commendation from so venerated a hand, is sufficient reward for literary labor, although it were far more severe and more successful than mine has been.

Having been, from youth upward, among the warmest and most enthusiastic admirers of your genius, I appreciate entirely the generosity with which you extend to me the hand of fellowship and sympathy.

It is your great good fortune to command not only the respect and admiration of your innumerable readers, but their affection also. A feeling of personal obligation—almost of personal friendship—mingles itself, in their minds, with the colder sentiments which are often entertained toward even a successful author.

I will not proceed in this vein, lest I should say more than you would think becoming, as addressed directly to yourself. I will only say, that when the book of which you have been pleased to speak so indulgently first appeared, I wished very much to depart, in a single instance, from the rule which I had laid down—not to send, namely, a copy to any one who was not an old personal acquaintance. I did wish very much to send you one, as a testimony of gratitude and respect from one who had been long most familiar with you, although utterly unknown to you. I refrained, however, until recently, and I am rejoiced to find that you did not consider my sending the book an intrusion.

I need not tell you how bitterly disappointed I was at missing the promised pleasure of meeting you at dinner at President King's. It is just possible that you may not know the nature of the *contretemps*. Mr. King was so kind, upon my expressing a strong desire to see you, as to invite me to New York upon a certain day, when he hoped also to have the pleasure of your company. Subsequently, by letter, he countermanded this arrangement, thinking you absent from home. Nevertheless, on the day before the appointed one, I was ready, with my trunk packed, to take the afternoon boat for New York, and went to the post-office, hoping for a summons. There was nothing there, so I remained. *Five days* after the dinner, I received from Mr. King a telegraphic dispatch *via* Nahant (where I had not been for several days), notifying me that you were to dine with him "to-morrow"—that to-morrow having already crept, with its stealthy pace, into the regions of eternal yesterday. Alas ! I *must* say, in the bitterness of my spirit,—

> "The best laid schemes of mice and men
> Gang aft a-gley,
> And leave us nought but grief and pain
> For promised joy;"

for the pleasure which I anticipated has been turned into a perpetual "grief and pain." I indulge the hope of meeting you, however, after my return.

I leave this country on the 12th of this month. If I can be of any service to you in England or France during my residence there, I need not say how much it will gratify me to be of use to you. My address is, "Care of Baring Brothers & Co."

Meantime, with sentiments of the most sincere respect and regard, I remain your obliged friend and servant.

J. Lothrop Motley.

The following brief correspondence between Mr. Irving and S. Austin Allibone, of Philadelphia, author of the "Dictionary of Authors," is not without interest:—

[*To Washington Irving.*]

PHILADELPHIA, October 28, 1857.

DEAR SIR :—

Last night, or rather this morning—for it was after midnight—I was deeply engrossed with your graphic picture of your own residence in the Alhambra in the spring of 1829.

It occurs to me to send you the descriptive title of Owen Jones's illustrations of the Alhambra. May I venture to ask, whether the thrilling sketch of your midnight "night-walking" through the halls of the Alhambra is an account of a real ramble, or whether it is partly a fancy picture, founded on fact ? It is certainly one of your best *passages*, and that is saying a great deal.

I am, dear sir, very truly yours,

S. AUSTIN ALLIBONE.

[*To S. Austin Allibone.*]

SUNNYSIDE, November 2, 1857.

MY DEAR SIR :—

We have in the Astor Library a copy of Owen Jones's work illustrative of the Alhambra. I have lately seen a number of photographs of various parts of the Alhambra, which I believe are intended for publication. They will give a perfectly truthful idea of the old pile.

The account of my midnight rambles about the old palace is literally true, yet gives but a feeble idea of my feelings and impressions, and of the singular haunts I was exploring.

Everything in the work relating to myself, and to the actual inhabitants of the Alhambra, is unexaggerated fact.

It was only in the legends that I indulged in *romancing;* and these were founded on materials picked up about the place.

With great regard, my dear sir, yours very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A LITERARY HARVEST. — ENGAGED ON HIS FIFTH VOLUME. — LETTER TO MRS. STORROW. — THE CRISIS OF 1857. — CONVERSATION. — KEMBLE. — COOKE. — COOPER. — DARLEY AND DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER. — WASHINGTON ALLSTON. — LETTER TO BANCROFT. — LETTER TO PROFESSOR LIEBER. — THE ATLANTIC CABLE. — INDISPOSITION. — LETTER TO A JUVENILE CORRESPONDENT.

THE year 1857 had been a calamitous year for persons engaged in trade; and Mr. Irving, who had been in suspense in regard to his publisher's affairs, found it necessary to make a settlement with Mr. Putnam, and continue his connection with him on a different footing. Their connection, thus far, had been most advantageous to both; but other enterprises swept from the upright and liberal publisher the profits realized from the sale of Irving's works. On preparing for Mr. Irving, in December, 1857, a summary of his sales and receipts from July, 1848—when he made his first agreement with Mr. Putnam for the publication of a new edition of his already published works,—to June 30th, 1857, a period of nine years, I found there had been sold about three hundred and fifty thousand volumes, and that he had realized about eighty thousand dollars; that is, his receipts had averaged about nine thousand dollars a

year—a prolific literary harvest. At the opening of the year 1858, I wrote to him: "The contract with Mr. Putnam, to begin April 1st, has been executed." By this contract, Mr. Putnam, who had made a full settlement of their present business, was to act as his agent, Mr. Irving purchasing from him the stereotype plates of all his works. I had written to him on the 31st of December: "In taking a business retrospect of the year that is just closing, it may be a satisfaction to you to know that you have received from Mr. Putnam, in the course of it, what is equivalent to twenty-five thousand dollars. Though the close of the year has been attended with some annoyances, I think, therefore, you may bid it farewell with a blessing."

At the date of the following letter to his niece, at Paris, Mr. Irving was trying, with apparent benefit, a prescription for an obstinate catarrh, which had been very troublesome of late. Three days after its date (February 18th), I was led, by some anxiety in regard to his health, to the cottage, to spend a few days. A temporary deafness, which had been shifting from one ear to the other, had now reached both ears, so that I found it necessary to speak above my natural tone to be heard by him. He was troubled, also, with difficulty of breathing, especially in making ascents, and told me that he had been sensible, for some time, of shortness of breath, in going up hill, to an unusual degree. It was evident to him that the "harp of thousand strings" was no longer "in tune." "But I cannot complain now," said he to me, "if some of the

chords should be breaking." That morning, for the first time in about a month, he had taken pen in hand and written a page on his historical task. December 14th, he had written me that he was "in the vein, and anxious to complete the rough draft of his final volume."

[*To Mrs. Storrow.*]

SUNNYSIDE, February 15, 1858.

MY DEAR SARAH:—

Your letter of January 9th came to me like a reproach, making me feel my delinquency in not having answered your previous letter; but I am unavoidably a delinquent on this score, my weary brain being overtasked by my literary undertakings, and unable to cope with the additional claims of an overwhelming correspondence. I am endeavoring to accomplish a fifth volume, wherewith to close the "Life of Washington," but I work more slowly than heretofore. For two or three years past I have been troubled by an obstinate catarrh, but this winter it has been quite harassing, at times quite stupefying me. Recently I have put myself under medical treatment, and begin to feel the benefit of it.

Mr. Storrow must have brought you lamentable accounts of the state of affairs in this country during the late revulsion. He was here in the height of the storm, when we seemed to be threatened with an almost universal shipwreck. Happily, the crisis is past; things are returning to order, but it will take some time for business to regain its usual activity. . . . . Fortunately, I have experienced but a very moderate loss in my investments, and my relations with my publisher have been placed on a different footing, which, I trust, will prove advantageous to us both.

I have never been more struck with the energy and elasticity of the national character than in observing how spiritedly it has struggled with this overwhelming calamity, and is exerting itself, amid the ruins of past

prosperity, to build up the edifice anew. The crisis has been felt sorely in my immediate neighborhood, among those who were largely in business, some of whom have been completely ruined; yet they have borne their reverses manfully, and are looking forward hopefully to better times.

I have a very pleasant social neighborhood; and it has been more social than usual this winter, people seeming to draw closer together and seek refuge in cordial intercourse from external evils. Indeed, I am so happy in my neighborhood, and the home feeling has grown so strong with me, that I go very little to town, and have scarcely slept a dozen nights there within the last twelve months. Perhaps it is the effect of gathering years, to settle more and more into the quiet of one's elbow-chair. . . . .

You have no doubt learned, before this, that the G——s intend to set out, in June next, on a European tour. I can easily imagine what a delightful meeting it will be when you all come together. I wish they could bring you all back with them, and put an end to your protracted absence from your natural home, which I cannot help considering a protracted error.

With kind remembrances to Mr. Storrow, and love to the young folks, your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

February 19*th*, 1858; *at Sunnyside.*—Mr. Irving had been kept awake until after three by coughing, yet seemed in tolerable spirits at breakfast, and resumed his writing after it. The next day he got speaking of George Frederick Cooke, the eminent performer. "He was a great actor," he said; "a great actor. The finest group I ever saw, was at Covent Garden, when Cooke, after long disgrace for his intemperance, reappeared on the boards to play Iago to John Kemble's Othello. Mrs. Siddons played Desdémona, and Charles Kemble Cassio, beauti-

fully. Kemble [John] had sent for Cooke to rehearse with him at his room, but Cooke would not go. 'Let *Black Jack*'—so he called Kemble—'come to me.' So they went on the boards without previous rehearsal. In the scene in which Iago instills his suspicion, Cooke grasped Kemble's left hand with his own, and then fixed his right, like a claw, on his shoulder. In this position, drawing himself up to him with his short arm, he breathed his poisonous whispers. Kemble coiled and twisted his hand, writhing to get away—his right hand clasping his brow, and darting his eye back on Iago. It was wonderful. Speaking to Cooke of the effect on me of this scene, after his arrival in New York [in 1810], 'Didn't I play up to Black Jack!' he exclaimed. 'I saw his dark eye sweeping back upon me.'

"I was at John Howard Payne's, near Corlier's Hook, the night of Cooke's arrival in New York. I was there by invitation, to meet him. Cooke came in a little flustered with drink. Was very much exasperated at the detention at the Custom House of some silver cups, possibly presents, he had brought with him, and would break forth, every now and then, with, 'Why did they keep my cups? *They knew they would melt!*' with significant emphasis. He was harsh and abusive when drunk, but full of courtesy when sober." Mr. Irving dwelt upon "the easy jollity" with which he played Falstaff. "Hodgkinson" [whom, probably, some living may yet remember on the boards of the old Park Theatre] "was a little fus-

tian in tragedy, but capital in comedy and farce. He was finer than Cooper in Petruchio. Cooper was harsh. With Hodgkinson, you could 'see the fun at the bottom' of his treatment to Catherine."

I asked which he preferred—John Kemble, or Cooke?

"Kemble had, perhaps, more the sympathy of his audience, because he played nobler characters—Cooke, the villains; but, in his range, which was limited, he was the greatest actor."

Speaking afterward of artists, he remarked: "Jarvis tried, but failed, to embody my conception of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Leslie also. Darley hit it in the illustrated 'History of New York.' My idea was that he should carry the air of one profoundly impressed with the truth of his own 'History.'

"Allston was always the gentleman. Would talk by the hour. Liked to talk. A capital teller of ghost stories. Would act them with voice, eyes, gesture. Had touches of gentle humor. Rather indolent. Would lie late in bed. Smoked cigars. A man of real genius. A noble painter. It was a pity he came back [in 1818]; he would have risen to the head of his art—been the greatest painter of his day."

The foregoing, and the anecdotes which follow, I give from rough notes made at the time.

March 23d, 1858 (*still at Sunnyside*).—Mr. Irving mentioned, after breakfast, a dream of the night before, that he had killed one of the little birds that had commenced

singing about the cottage, and his waking in great distress, in consequence, and lighting his lamp to read off the effect. Had shot many a robin when a youngster; and when they were skipping about the cottage often thought with compunction how many of their *ancestors* he had killed. "O uncle!" exclaimed a niece, "how could you ever shoot those innocent little things!" "Well, my dear, it wasn't the same robins that covered the babes in the wood."

April 3d, 1858, was his seventy-fifth birthday, and a family party was assembled, as usual, to celebrate it. It was a bright, beautiful, genial day. He was in fine spirits, serenely cheerful. Spoke of his happiness at feeling so well on his seventy-fifth birthday, when a little before he had been troubled with asthma and difficulty of breathing, and had begun to feel that "he had got his ticket" for the other world.

Soon after breakfast came baskets of flowers, and various other birthday offerings from the neighborhood. Later in the day, different friends dropped in with their congratulations. Altogether, the day passed off delightfully—nothing to mar it.

April 17th, 1858.—A Mr. T.——, from the centre of Ohio, called at the cottage, as he stated, "simply to see Washington Irving before his return." He brought a letter from Horace Greeley, saying that he was no author, and only curious to have a look at him. Made a short visit, and proved to be a very good fellow. Began by telling

Mr. Irving his first fondness for reading dated from Knickerbocker's "New York." Showed no great inclination that way until his schoolmaster set him down to that. "And that," said Mr. Irving, "begot a taste for *history*." The visitor being connected with railroads, Mr. Irving spoke of the wonderful rapidity of locomotion now-a-days. "Travellers now walked Broadway with the dust of the prairies on their boots." "Yes, literally," said his auditor.

I follow with a letter to Bancroft, on receipt of a fresh volume of his "History:"—

SUNNYSIDE, May 17, 1858.

MY DEAR BANCROFT:—

I have delayed acknowledging the receipt of your volume until I should have read it through. I now thank you heartily for your kindness in sending it to me. The interest with which I have devoured it, notwithstanding the staleness of the subject with me, is a proof that you have told the story well. I was charmed with the opening of your volume: the political state of England and France; the decadence of the French nobility; the characters of the French monarchs; the beautiful sketch of Marie Antoinette; then the transition to sober, earnest New England —the "meeting of the nine committees" (p. 35), "the lowly men accustomed to feed their own cattle, to fold their own sheep, to guide their own plough—*all trained to public life in the little democracies of their towns*," etc., etc. How graphic! how suggestive! how true!

I see you place Samuel Adams in the van of the Revolution, and he deserves the place. He was the apostle of popular liberty, without a thought of self-interest or self-glorification.

There is capital management throughout all the chapters treating of the New England States, wherein you go on building up the revolutionary fire, stick by stick, until at last you set it in a blaze.

You have a mode of *individualizing*, if I may so use the word, which gives great spirit and dramatic effect to your narration. You make brief citations from speeches, letters, or conversations, which stamp the characters, reveal the motives, or express the actions of the persons concerned. So also with regard to States, cities, villages, communities—they are made to take a part in the drama by "word of mouth," as it were, thus saving a world of detail and circumlocution.

In this way, by turns, you vocalize the whole Union, and make the growing chorus of the Revolution rise from every part of it. I hope you will make out what I mean to say; for I consider what I attempt to designate, a capital quality in your work of narrating.

I am delighted with the tribute you pay to the noble policy of Chatham, and the cold charity which you dispense to Lord North. "Lord North was false only as he was weak and uncertain. He really wished to concede and conciliate, *but he had not force enough to come to a clear understanding with himself.*" You have given me a hearty laugh at the expense of poor Lord North.

In a word, my dear Bancroft, I congratulate you upon the manner in which you have executed this volume. I have found it animated and spicy throughout, and take it as an earnest of the style in which you are to accomplish the history of a revolution "destined on every side to lead to the solution of the highest questions of state."

With best regards to Mrs. Bancroft, yours, very faithfully,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The following letter, with the explanation which precedes it, was received from Professor Francis Lieber, of Columbia College, New York. As the subject is curious, and may interest the reader, I give it in full:—

The letter of Irving, of which a copy is sent here, was written in reply to an inquiry by Dr. Lieber. Oscar Peschel states, in his "History of the Age of Discoveries," Stuttgart, 1848, that "Columbus brooded

over the prophesying song of the chorus in the 'Medea' of Seneca." The words of the chorus are :—

"Venient annis sæcula seris
Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,
Tethysque novos delegat orbes,
Nec sit terris Ultima Thule."

["Distant the age, but surely it will come,
When he—Oceanus—fettering all things,
Yields, and the vast earth lieth before man,
Tethys unveils that world, yet unknown,
And no more an Ultima Thule."]

Peschel, generally accurate and cautious, gives no authority for the assumption that Columbus knew this remarkable passage ; and Dr. Lieber had asked Irving whether he knew of any. The first portion of Irving's letter refers to this inquiry. The latter portion of the letter has reference to the fact that Dr. Lieber, considering, as he does, William of Nassau and Washington akin in character, has hanging against the wall of his entry a frame surrounding the portraits of the two great men, placed in close connection. Over them is the sign used by astronomers for a double star ; under them is written, "*Stella Duplex.*" Around the portrait of William is his own motto : "*Sævis tranquillus in undis.*" Around that of Washington, the owner had the words inscribed, "*Justus et tenax,*" Washington never having selected a motto for himself. It was æsthetically necessary to place a sentence corresponding in place to the beautiful one of William.

SUNNYSIDE, June 3, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR : —

. . . . I am not aware of any authority for the fact stated, as you say, by Peschel (whose work I have not seen), that Columbus "brooded over the prophesying song of the chorus in the 'Medea' of Seneca." I don't recollect that it is adverted to by Fernando Columbus, when furnishing the grounds of his father's belief of the existence of land in the

West. Nor is there any mention of it by Columbus himself. The assertion of Peschel may have been made on what he considered a strong probability.

I am sorry Putnam could not have furnished an engraved likeness of Washington that would have matched more completely with the one you possess of William the Silent. Your idea of placing the likenesses of these illustrious men, so similar in character and virtue, side by side, is excellent ; and the motto you have written round that of Washington, stamps his great merits at a blow.

Ever, my dear sir, with high respect and regard, yours, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

FRANCIS LIEBER, LL.D., etc., etc., etc.

May 26th, 1858.—Mr. Irving came to town to take leave of the G——s, about to embark for Europe in the Persia. Spent the evening at his nephew's, I. V. W. I—— was trying to recall to his recollection a person at Birmingham whom he had met long years before. "Don't you recollect Mrs. ——, that lady who used to go to sleep in the evening?" "Ah! I am afraid I always got the start of her."

Mr. Irving's propensity to unseasonable drowsiness was quite notorious, but has been much exaggerated. A short nap after dinner was almost indispensable to prevent a struggle with sleep in the evening, unless something occurred to excite him, when he would rouse himself at once, and be ready for anything. He in reality slept less than persons ordinarily do. Even in his best health, his sleep was always fitful and interrupted; and it was remarked by those in the next apartment to him, that they never awoke in the night without hearing the turning of

leaves in his room. He was always in the habit of reading, and even writing at times, in bed. This habit, as his physician remarked who attended him in his last illness, no doubt increased the difficulty of relieving that sleepless nervousness under which, as we shall see, he suffered so distressingly during the last year of his life.

Toward the middle of June, Mr. Irving came to town, and called at my office. He was rather out of sorts. Had not been able to touch pen to paper for three weeks. Was worried that his publisher had stated, in some circular, that the fifth volume of the "Life of Washington" would be ready in the autumn. Seemed half dubious whether he would ever publish a fifth volume. I reminded him of Dr. Johnson's remark, that a man could write at any time, if he only set himself doggedly to it; but he said it was not so with him, and particularly for *the effects* he was now seeking. Must bide his time.

Five or six weeks after this, I was at the cottage. Mr. Irving, in speaking of his "Life of Washington," said he considered the labor of the closing volume in a measure done. The thing now was to give effects, graces. Could not create exciting detail for the volume. Could not make Washington come on the stage, and fire off a gun, as Charles Kemble did in his alteration of "Richelieu." "My object now is to throw in an occasional touch here and there, as painters, after they have hung up their pieces for exhibition, sometimes give their greatest effects by a few dabs of the brush." He added; "I must deal

cautiously with the party questions. I wish to stand in my History, where Washington stood, who was of no party."

Walked out with him to the pond. Ducks swimming in it, with fourteen *young*. Spoke of the difficulty of raising the brood. "What with the rats, the snapping-turtles, and their cursed cruelties toward one another's young, it was very hard." Just then one of the old ducks turned round, and made an assault upon the young of another, pecking it, and thrusting its head under water. "Look at that, now—look at that! I should like to have that fellow here, and wring his neck for him."

The following extract is from a letter to a young niece travelling in Europe, who had written him a very pleasant account of her tour, and whose residence in the country adjoined his own :—

[*To Miss. J. I. G.*]

SUNNYSIDE, September 2, 1858.

MY DEAR JULIA :—

. . . . By all your accounts, you have had uncommonly propitious weather throughout your tour, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and have been able to bring off in your minds delightful pictures of scenery and places. Sight-seeing is at times rather fatiguing and exhausting; but the fatigue is amply repaid by the stock of recollections hung up in one's mental picture-gallery.

While the world is turning rapidly with you, who are continually on the move, with us who remain at home it seems to be almost standing still. . . . . It is quite mournful to look at your deserted mansion,

with the flowering vines clambering about the columns, and no one at home to enjoy their beauty and fragrance.

We miss the evening gun of the yacht, as it returns from town. The Fourth of July would have been a *triste* day, had there not been fire-works in the evening at Mr. ——'s. Archery is at an end; there is no more gathering on the lawn; the bows are unstrung, the arrows sleep in their quivers, and the green bodices of the fair archers are moth-eaten.

I do not know what would have become of us all, and whether we should not have sunk into the spell-bound oblivion of Sleepy Hollow, if we had not been suddenly roused from our apathy by the laying of the Atlantic Cable. This has thrown the whole country into one of those paroxysms of excitement to which it is prone. Yesterday was the day set apart for everybody throughout the Union to go crazy on the subject. New York, you may be sure was the craziest of cities on the occasion. I went down to town early in the morning, and found it already in a ferment, and boiling over, for all the country had poured into it. But I refer you to the newspapers, which you will undoubtedly see, for ample accounts of the civic rejoicings, which threw all former New York rejoicings in the shade.

I find my sheet is full, so I will conclude this scrawl, which can hardly be called anything more than an apology for a letter. Tell I—— I will answer his most acceptable letter on another occasion. Give my love to father, mother, and Fannie, and believe me, my dear, dear Julia, your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

September 12th.—I visited the cottage, on my return from a month's excursion, during which time I had not seen Mr. Irving. I asked him if he had been writing much at his fifth volume during my absence. "No; I have been spell-bound—have taken things to pieces, and could not put them together again." He had been

suffering very much for the last few days by a return of his catarrh.

On the 18th, though still very much troubled with catarrh, cough at night, and difficult respiration, he told me he had been able to write a little. "I have to watch for a flaw—a little breeze, then spread my sails, and get on." He gave me the first six chapters, some of which he had been taking to pieces and put together again. I read them, and recommended some rejections, to which he acceded.

Told me he had got through the labor of constructing his fifth volume, but wanted to handle certain parts. Sometimes the way in which a thing should be done flashed upon him as he was going to bed, and he could not recall it the next morning. When in the mood, everything came easy; when *not*, the Devil himself could not make him write.

September 30*th*.—Mr. Irving came in town to remain a few days. In the evening went to Laura Keene's Theatre, to see young Jefferson as Goldfinch in Holcroft's comedy of the "Road to Ruin." Thought Jefferson, the father, one of the best actors he had ever seen: and the son reminded him, in look, gesture, size, and *make*, of the father. Had never seen the father in Goldfinch, but was delighted with the son.

The next morning I called on him just after breakfast. His catarrh not troublesome, but a disposition to cough in the *throat*. To an inquiry about his health, "Had a

streak of old age. Pity, when we have grown old, we could not turn round and grow young again, and die of cutting our teeth."

He spoke of his anxiety about his fifth volume. Would like to dress up some things. Could see how they ought to be done, but lacked the power to do it. Could not "mount his horse." I said *he* saw what effects might be given, but others would not. Yes, he replied; it was a consolation to think the reader did not see what he saw.

Some days after, he gave me twenty-one chapters of the fifth volume of his "Life of Washington" to read. In the twentieth was the account of Genet's reception at New York. I asked him if some of the particulars were not from his own recollections as a boy. "Yes; remembered following Genet down Wall Street, and envying a little boy who had a feather stuck in the side of his hat." Told me the remaining chapters would need very little handling.

Monday, October 11*th.*—Mr. Irving returned home, Mrs. I. and myself accompanying him on a visit to the cottage. He had given me, the day before, the concluding chapters of his fifth volume to read. He was still very much troubled with catarrh and shortness of breath, though his disposition to cough had yielded somewhat to a medical prescription. The next day he had no appetite at breakfast, but was heavy and languid. In the evening was still out of sorts, and apparently feverish, complaining of heat in his head. The following morning I went to the

city for his physician, Dr. John C. Peters, who left for Sunnyside in the ten-o'clock train. As I was called to attend the funeral of a relative at Hyde Park on that day, I did not get back until ten at night, when I found Mr. Irving had a high fever, and was in bed. The doctor returned at midnight, and remained until the next morning. He pronounced it a case of intermittent fever. He came up again in the evening, and when he left in the morning, declared his patient much better every way, though still very languid. The newspapers of the 16th reported him "dangerously ill." Allusion being made to the paragraph as an exaggeration, he replied that he did not know; that, at his time of life, such attacks must always be dangerous; that he was fully aware of it; that, at farthest, his time would not be long, but his only anxiety was to retain his mental powers while he did last; that at the commencement of this illness, and for the week before, his head had felt so badly, he was apprehensive he might have injured himself seriously in his endeavors to finish this fifth volume; that the pitcher might have gone once too often to the well. This, he said, was a source of real anxiety to him, far more than any pain or illness could cause. "I do not fear death," said he; "but I would like to go down with all sail set."

In less than fourteen months, his pathetic aspiration was to be fulfilled.

October 20th.—Mr. Irving drove out for the first time since his illness, leaving me occupied in going over the

last volume of his "Life of Washington." I discovered that he had omitted a notice of Washington's consent to be a candidate a second time. On calling his attention to it, he said he had written an account of it, which must have got mislaid. I told him it would come in at the end of Chapter XV., and he took a note of it. The next day he showed me a missing chapter, which contained what I had feared was omitted. He had been rummaging for it, and it was the last thing he had come upon. In the bewilderment of his brain previous to his illness, he had paged the work consecutively with this chapter left out.

Mr. Irving had now quite recovered from his attack, though he was still troubled with a distressing cough, which came on as soon as he laid down, and kept him awake for the greater part of the night. At breakfast, one morning, H—— was speaking of some person's illness. "Does he cough at night?" inquired he. "No." "O! then he'll get along," laughing. Determined not, as he expressed it, "to be bullied by a cold," he went to town that day, to attend the monthly meeting of the trustees of the Astor Library.

Notwithstanding his cough continued to trouble him, and destroy the comfort of his nights, he still found time and spirits for the following letter, addressed to a great-nephew not out of his teens, who was making the tour of Europe with his parents, and had written him an account of a visit to Drum, the old homestead conveyed by Bruce

to his progenitor, and still held by the family. I should scruple to give the letter entire, on account of its delicate encomium upon the youthful party to whom it is addressed, were it not that, as a whole, it presents so true an image of the writer's own heart, his tender sympathy with the young, and the ennobling influence which he sought to inspire in his communion with them.

[*To Irving Grinnell.*]

SUNNYSIDE, October 28, 1858.

MY DEAR IRVING: —

I will not apologize to you for leaving your letter of July 11th so long unanswered. You know my situation—how much my poor brain and pen are fagged and overtasked by regular literary labor, and by the irregular and inevitable demands of the post-office, and will make indulgent allowances for the tardiness of my reply.

Your letter was most acceptable and interesting, giving such fresh, animated accounts of your travels, and expressing so naturally the feelings inspired by the objects around you. Speaking of Bothwell Castle, you say: "When I am beholding any such magnificent or interesting spot, I do not seem to be able to appreciate it enough. I take it in, but do not realize it; and this is really a painful sensation, so different from what you would expect. I stand looking, with all my eyes and senses open, and feel as though I were deficient in some one faculty which prevented me from really appreciating and enjoying all that I see."

My dear Irving, this is all *honestly* expressed, and describes a feeling which all hunters of the picturesque and historical are apt to experience in presence of the objects of their quest. They, in fact, do *realize* the scene before them, and the naked truth balks the imagination. Those raptures and ecstasies which writers of travels are so full of at the sight of wonders in art and nature, are generally the after-coinage of the brain, when they sit down in their studies to detail what they have seen, and to

invent what they think they ought to have felt. I recollect how much I was vexed with myself, in my young days, when in Italy, in reading the work of a French tourist, and finding how calmly I had contemplated scenes and objects which had inspired him with the most exalted transports. It was a real consolation to learn, afterward, that he had *never been in Italy*, and that his whole book, with all its raptures, was a fabrication. I think true delight in these matters is apt to be quiet and contemplative.

I was very much interested by your account of your visit to Drum, the old "Stamm haus," as the Germans express it, of the Irving family. I should have liked to have been of your party on that occasion, having a strong curiosity about that old family nest, ever since the Scotch antiquaries have traced my origin to an egg hatched out of it in days of yore.

In going to town, yesterday, I had —— —— beside me in the railroad car, and he gave me an account of letters just received from some of your party, by which I found you were all safe in Paris, and in daily communion with the ——s, ——s, etc. What a joyous meeting it must have been! What a relish of *home* it must have given you all! ——, I have no doubt, keeps you well informed of everything going on in the little world in which you and he mingled together. He is a worthy, manly fellow, and I am glad you have an intimate friend of his stamp. I value him the more highly from the manner in which he conducted himself during his absence in Europe, and the frank, simple, unspoiled manners he has brought home with him. And such, I trust, will be the case with you, my dear Irving. I have always valued in you what I considered to be an honorable nature; a conscientiousness in regard to duties; an open truthfulness; an absence of all low propensities and sensual indulgences; a reverence for sacred things; a respect for others; a freedom from selfishness, and a prompt disposition to oblige; and, with all these, a gayety of spirit, flowing, I believe, from an uncorrupted heart, that gladdens everything around you.

I am not saying all this, my dear Irving, to flatter you, but to let you know what precious qualities Heaven has bestowed upon you, which you are called upon to maintain in their original purity. You are mingling

with the world at large at an extremely youthful age. Fortunately, you go surrounded by the sanctity of home, in the company of your parents and sisters—a moral halo, to protect you from the corruptions of the world. I am confident, however, that your own native good sense and good taste will protect you against the follies, and vices, and affectations in which "Young America" is too apt to indulge in Europe, and that, while you give free scope to your natural buoyancy of spirit, you will maintain that frank, manly, modest simplicity of conduct that should characterize the American gentleman.

I wish I could write you a more interesting letter; but this, such as it is, is scrawled with some difficulty, for I am just recovered from a fit of illness, and am little fitted for the exercise of the pen.

God bless you, my dear Irving, and bring you home to us with a mind stored with profitable and delightful recollections, manners improved and refined by travel, and a heart unspotted by the world.

Your affectionate uncle,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CONTINUING INDISPOSITION.—SIR WALTER SCOTT.—BULL-FIGHTS.—DREAD OF THE NIGHT.—SPASMODIC AFFECTION.—LETTER FROM PRESCOTT.—VOL. V. OF "LIFE OF WASHINGTON" GOING TO PRESS.—WILKIE.—HOLMES.—PRESCOTT'S DEATH.—RESTLESS NIGHTS.—ANXIETY TO SLEEP.—HIS LAST BIRTHDAY.

OCTOBER 31ST, 1858.—*At Sunnyside.* Mr. Irving still troubled with his harassing cough. To an inquiry of one of his nieces how he had rested the night before, he replies: "So, so; I am apt to be rather *fatigued*, my dear, by my night's *rest*." After breakfast, he was turning over, in the library, the leaves of Dunglison's "Medical Dictionary," which had been sent him by the publisher the day before, "A very good book to have; but what an array of maladies for this poor machine of ours to be subject to! One almost wonders, as he thinks of them, that any should ever grow old."

He afterward got speaking of Sir Walter Scott. "O! he was a master spirit—as glorious in his conversation as in his writings. Jeffrey was delightful, and had *eloquent runs* in conversation; but there was a consciousness of talent with it. Scott had nothing of that. He spoke from the fullness of his mind, pouring out an incessant

flow of anecdote, story, etc., with dashes of humor, and then never monopolizing, but always ready to listen to and appreciate what came from others. I never felt such a consciousness of happiness as when under his roof. I awoke in the morning, and said to myself, 'Now I know I'm to be happy; I know I have an unfailing treat before me.' We would go out in the morning. Scott, with his brown pantaloons, greenish frock-coat, white hat, and cane, would go stumping along. Would hear him ahead, in his gruff tones, mumbling something to himself, like the grumbling of an organ, and find it would be a snatch of minstrelsy. The 'Antiquary' was the favorite of his daughter Sophia. It is full of his quiet humor. What a beautifully compounded character is Monkbarns! It is one of the very finest in our literature. That single character is enough to immortalize any man. Ochiltree also capital. How many precious treats have I had out of that 'Antiquary!' How you see Scott's delightful humor, whether grave or gay, playing through all his works, and revealing the man!"

November 11*th.*—Handed me some chapters of Volume V. in which he had introduced some new matter. Hard work, he said, to fit it in. Conversation turned to bull-fights. "I did not know what a blood-thirsty man I was, till I saw them at Madrid, on my first visit. The first was very spirited, the second dull, the third spirited again, and afterward I hardly ever missed. "But the poor horses!" some one interposed. "O! well, they were

very old, and worn out, and it was only a question whether they should die a triumphal death, or be battered a few years longer. On my return to Madrid, I did not go much. The cruelty of my nature had been worn out." His conversation was, as usual, a mixture of jest and earnest.

November 18*th.*—I left Sunnyside, and came to the city, and took rooms at the Clarendon Hotel for the winter. Mr. Irving came down, on the 20th, to see Dr. Peters about a spasm which seemed to take him after he had gone to bed, and was just falling asleep. The doctor gave him some prescription, with which he returned; but on Monday morning (22d) he was down again, having passed a sleepless night. He went at once to the doctor, and then came to my room at the Clarendon. Nearly out of breath when he got there. He returned again to the country, but, finding himself still nervous and sleepless, came to town a few days after, to pass some time with his friend, Mr. Barrett Ames, at 33 Lafayette Place. The distressing symptoms continued, however, accompanied, at times, with such increased difficulty of breathing as gave us all much anxiety. He stood it very well during the day, but began to have great dread of the night. On parting with him, one night, he repeated most feelingly the passage from Othello :—

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy sirups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday."

The next day found him quite in spirits, and full of conversation as usual. Speaking of ——, a celebrated public orator, I asked him if he had ever heard him. "Only once. Liked some parts, but too apt to change his voice suddenly from low to loud, giving evidence only of the breadth and brassiness of his throat. His voice did not swell out properly from his theme. Let slip his thunder capriciously."

On the 10th of December, after an entirely sleepless night, he rose early, and went at once to the doctor, having been so strangely affected that he was apprehensive of some impending attack, for which the doctor assured him there was no foundation. He retired the next night with great misgivings, but slept five hours, and in the morning was very bright. His nights continued to alternate between bad and good, and, finding no improvement from the change, he began to long for his home, and, on the 18th of December, returned to the cottage, accompanied by myself and wife, it being his earnest wish that we should go up with him. From this period to his death, we were, by his desire, inmates of Sunnyside.

I give below some notes with regard to the condition of his health, which I took at the time :—

Sunday, December 19*th.*—A sleepless night. Knocked at the doctor's room (who had come up in the seven-o'clock train, to stay over Sunday) at one o'clock, who got up, and read and conversed with him till half-past

four, when he called me, at Mr. Irving's request, to relieve him. I continued with him till he got up to shave. Excessively nervous when he came down in the morning, yet told a variety of anecdotes at the breakfast table. Tried to arrange papers after breakfast, and then was driven to the church at Tarrytown "just for the drive," the doctor accompanying him. The fact is, he was so restless, as he expressed it, he "did not know what to do with himself." After dinner, horror-haunted with the thought that he would not sleep. Went to bed at twelve, and slept four hours, I watching with him at first till a quarter past one, and, finding he did not awake, lying down on the sofa in his room. Was bright and cheerful when he awoke, and continued so during the day.

December 20th.—Oliver Wendell Holmes and F. S. Cozzens, of Yonkers, made a call. Mr. Irving enjoyed their visit—glad to see Holmes, whom he had never met before, but whose "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" he had been reading with great zest. They stayed about half an hour. I was absent in the city. On retiring that night, soon fell asleep, but in a short time awoke, in a very nervous and restless state. I read and talked to him for an hour, when I lay down on the sofa in his room. At half past two he awoke me again. Had great difficulty of breathing, and a sort of spasmodic affection of the stomach, which roused him whenever he was falling asleep.

December 22d.—Amused himself, this morning, in look-

ing over old papers, and answering letters, of which he wrote four before twelve. Like himself to-day.

24*th.*—Full of fun, humor, and anecdote. Spoke of children too wise to believe in Santa Claus. "Too wise to be happy. When I was a child, I believed in Santa Claus as long as I could, until they put snowballs in my stockings."

December 25*th.* — Christmas. Horribly nervous this morning. Returning from a walk, I withdrew to my room, but he soon came up and knocked at my door, and begged to be let in to be with me. Was perfectly ashamed of himself, he said, but had a horror of being alone. I went down with him, got him to take some prescription, and then read aloud to him, till he fell asleep on the sofa. Said it was inexpressibly soothing. The fluctuation of feeling from one day to another seems incredible.

December 27*th.* — Horror-ridden. H—— reads him asleep after breakfast. Starts up; goes out to walk; then to drive to Dr. Creighton's, his friend and pastor, with H—— and S——, to be in motion and escape from himself.

December 31*st.*—A good day. Retires at eleven. Rather restless. Somewhat troubled with cough. I read to him from two to three. Slept considerable after this. Had been altering, yesterday, a chapter about Lawrence Lewis.

A few days before, he had received from Prescott—then in health, but destined to precede him by a few months to the grave—the following letter:—

Boston, Dec. 28.

My dear Mr. Irving : —

I was sorry to hear, a few days since, that you had not been quite so well as usual of late. I hope that this note will find you in better health. I remember, when my first two volumes of the "History of Philip II." came out, you wrote me a very kind note about them. I have just published a third volume; and, as you seem to have taken an interest in the subject, I have done myself the pleasure to send a copy of it to Putnam for you. I shall think myself fortunate if it should serve to amuse a leisure hour. Yet, pressed as you have been of late years, leisure would seem to be the last thing likely to be at your disposal. At all events, I pray you not to take the trouble to make any acknowledgment of the little *cadeau*, but to accept it as a proof of the sincere admiration and regard which I have always felt and must ever feel for you.

Believe me, dear Mr. Irving, very truly, your friend,

Wm. H. Prescott.

The early part of January, Mr. Irving seemed much improved. Less difficulty of breathing and nervousness. Was greatly interested in reading the third volume of Prescott's "Philip II." just sent him by the author. Thought his account of the trampling out of the poor Moriscoes admirably done, but there was too much of it. Better to have generalized, as there were no grand features. Miserable skirmishes of handfuls of men. No romance like the wars when the Moors and Spaniards were pitted against each other.

January 12th. — His nervousness returned. Again haunted with the idea that he could not sleep. Strange disease, which seemed to want reality, and yet the most distressing. He was unwilling to go to his room at bed-

time, but lay down on a sofa in the parlor, Dr. Peters occupying another until four o'clock, when I relieved him. He slept about three hours out of his "den," as he styled his bedroom. For three or four nights after this he continued to occupy the sofa in the parlor at night, having a horror of his own room.

January 15th.—Called me into the library to show me how he had been muddling again, as he expressed it, with the "Life of Washington." It was a slight and improved change in the collocation of some sentences, taking them from Chapter X., and introducing them in Chapter XI. At two, he came into the library, where I was, frightfully nervous. To relieve his inquietude, he forced himself to do some copying. Afterward I read to him, and he fell asleep temporarily. Reading aloud to him was the only thing that seemed to quiet these nervous attacks. The doctor came up from the city at five P. M., intending to return at eight, but yielded to Mr. Irving's entreaty to stay the night. He prevailed on him to lie down in his bedroom at six, and he slept until one: and afterward got a little sprinkling of sleep, as he expressed it. The faithful doctor still encourages us and himself with the hope that this is only a morbid condition of the nervous system, which may pass off; but I have at times an ominous feeling as if we were watching his decline. He also has, no doubt, his misgivings.

It was very remarkable, that at this very time, when filled with dread of the night, and anxious that all should

sit up very late to shorten it as much as possible, he was never more delightful in conversation than during those long evenings. The excitement of his mind seemed to increase his powers, just as persons in a fever are often more brilliant than at any other time. All the interesting scenes of his life seemed to pass before him—a thousand anecdotes of persons and things of which you had never heard, related in the most graphic manner, and filled, at times, with all his old fun and humor. Scenes and quotations from favorite authors were constantly presenting themselves, and were given with a depth of feeling that added wonderfully to their effect.

Those evenings were a perfect treat, though always sad from our certainty that they boded a wakeful night.

January 18*th*.—He came into the library at half past twelve, and told me he had had "such a soothing, balmy morning, to repair his poor, tattered nerves." How different in manner and appearance from the excited state in which, a few days before, he had rushed in to give vent to his restlessness! The contrast was very touching.

I started for the post-office at two, and, when I returned, I found him in the library, and apparently, except in his thin, worn visage, as well as ever. He wrote, to-day, the character of Knox, at the close of Chapter I., and told an amusing anecdote in his usual vein of facetiousness. I am to put Volume V. to press to-morrow. The doctor came at five. His patient soon after fell asleep. Awoke after three hours, and told story of

Wilkie playing picture, at Madrid, at some fancy ball—in costume—putting one hand on pommel of his sword, and extending the other, as he had seen it in some old painting; occasionally would "step out of his frame" to talk to some one, and then go back.

The next day continued calm, and free from nervousness throughout the day. I gave to Mr. Putnam, the publisher, the first three chapters of Volume V. of the "Life of Washington." Came up in the seven o'clock train with the doctor. Mr. Irving had slept after dinner, but was wakeful toward bed-time. A wretched night. The doctor up almost the whole night reading to him, and administering soothing medicines, until, as Mr. Irving told him, it seemed to him he had taken medicines enough in his stomach to put a whole congregation to sleep.

The next day had no appetite at dinner, but told a story of the Irishman who shot an owl, and thought he had killed a cherubim. Then, with a sudden change of mood, dropped his hands despairingly. Had "such a feeling of dismay come over him at the thought of the dismal, sleepless night before him." His thoughts centred in the want of sleep. Went to bed at eleven, with a foreboding that he would "sleep no more" that night, but was mistaken. Drowsed through the night, and was calm and tranquil at morning.

Read "The Professor at the Breakfast Table," in the February number of the "Atlantic Monthly," just come in,

and was very much pleased with it. "Holmes has a full, rich vein—so witty, and so much drollery. Am delighted to have made his acquaintance." I brought up, that day, the first proof of Volume V.—sixteen pages—of the "Life of Washington."

January 24th, Evening.—Turning to me, at half past ten: "You'll be near me to-night?" "Certainly." "I begin to feel, as bed-time approaches, that old dread of my own room and the night." "But," said one of his nieces, "you ought not to feel it to-night; you've been sleeping so quietly on the sofa, you'll have a good night, and will soon sleep again." "I know it, my dear; but there is no arguing with these things. They are incontrollable. They come and go like the wind. When you are all about me here, I can sleep quietly; but when I get to my own room, and you are all gone, and I think are all asleep but myself, then comes over me this strange dread again. You recollect" (turning to me) "the scene among the tombs, in 'The Mourning Bride':—

> 'Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
> Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
> Thy voice. My own affrights me with its echoes.'"

Nothing could exceed the expressive manner in which he repeated this exclamation of Almeria to Leonora, in that passage of Congreve's tragedy to which Dr. Johnson gave such high praise.

January 26th.—Rather faint and nervous at bed-time,

but some preparation which the doctor had left seemed to have a good effect. I took the "porch room" as it is called, next his, to be at hand, and he went to his room with a feeling that he would have a good night. I kept awake until midnight, listening for a possible call, and then fell asleep. At a quarter past three he came into my room in great nervous agitation. Had not been able to sleep. I returned with him to his room, where I remained until half past six, administered to him some medicine, after which he became composed and quiet.

Janaury 30th.—I showed him the "Evening Post," containing news of Prescott's death. Had recently written to Prescott, after reading his third volume of "Philip II."; and Prescott, but a few days before, had expressed to Cogswell (in Boston) his gratification at the letter.

The next day he walked out, and was seized, on his return, with a violent spasm of shortness of breath, the most distressing and alarming he had yet had, though it did not continue so long as some others.

February 1st.—I went to the city, and came up in the five-o'clock train bringing proof from page 58 to page 68. Found he had been engaged anew upon the character of Washington, which he had already completed, and had become nervous under the operation. In the evening he gave me the whole draft, and told me to arrange the pages; that he was determined to bother himself no more with it. I commended the resolution, and told him it answered as it was before. When I examined and

arranged it the next morning, I found he had improved the commencement. I put the papers together, and kept them away from him.

His shortness of breath seemed now to recur at more frequent intervals. The doctor prescribed, as an experiment—what had also been suggested by Holmes, on his late visit—"Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for Asthma," a tea-spoonful in a wine-glass of water, to be taken every four hours. A good night was the result.

February 3d.—Went to bed at half past ten, apparently calm. At eleven had a severe attack of coughing, which lasted an hour, and left him excessively nervous. Hearing his indistinct moans, I asked if anything distressed him. "Yes; this harassed feeling—these long, long, long hours till morning." Tried to read in Miss Pardoe's "Court of Louis XIV." Would explode upon the baseness, the despicable meanness of the French monarch. More and more nervous as morning approached.

The next day looked very haggard. Fell into a doze about midnight, which continued half an hour. Slept again until half past two, when he awoke with a strange feeling of faintness at the stomach, as if he were dying. Said to me he was just dying, when he awoke, stretched forth his hand, and took a sip of some liquid, which revived him. "I would have been gone in another minute."

For two or three days this excessive nervousness continued. He told me I must bear with him—we must all

bear with him; his state was a deplorable one, and sometimes he knew he must appear like a child. Read aloud to us—as if to escape from himself—some scenes in "As You Like It." Told anecdote of Kemble, in his personation of Jaques, embodying in the part the passage descriptive of his moralizing about the deer. Nothing could be more affecting than his struggles against this overmastering nervousness; it was so new to him, so opposed to his healthy and heroic nature—to the whole character of his past life—that it seemed impossible for him to yield to its dominion.

February 7th.—A better day. Was speaking with admiration of the Yacht Voyage—"Letters from High Latitudes," by Lord Dufferin, which he had finished a few days before. Wished he had another book to read by the same author—such a fine spirit in it. Felt still more interest in it now that he knew the author to be the son* of Mrs. Norton. Then spoke of her captivating beauty, when he first saw her at the house of some lady of quality on his return from Spain to London, in 1829.

Mr. and Mrs. H—— and Mrs. S—— call between one and two. Very pleasant and like himself.

February 14th.—The doctor, on coming up, thought him better than he had been since he was first taken with this nervous excitability. Assured me he had no

* He was in fact, I believe, the nephew.—Ed.

fears of softening of the brain, and hoped to date his continued amendmend from that day.

The next day continued better. Remarked in the morning, he was so well he was almost frightened; afraid it was a weather breeder. Slept in an upright position on the sofa, after tea, a couple of hours, but no rest after he retired. In the morning was sad, and out of spirits at the "wearing, wearing, wearing" night he had spent. Quite discouraged, though his asthmatic symptoms had very much abated of late, and his catarrh disappeared.

About two hundred pages of his fifth volume of the "Life of Washington" were now printed. He wrote a few lines relative to the composition of the "Farewell Address"—the only time he had touched it since it went to press, with the exception of some passages in the character of Washington.

February 27th.—Notwithstanding his improvement in other respects, his restless nights continued, his "poor fluttering nerves," as he expressed it, scarcely allowing him any quiet. Could hardly summon resolution to go, at night, to his "haunted chamber," as he termed his sleeping apartment, from the brooding phantoms that, like Poe's Raven, seemed perched above the door. When I entered it at eleven, to take my station on a sofa for the night, I found he was shunning his bed, and pacing up and down the room with great restlessness. He begged me not to leave the room, but to "stick by" him; it was a great comfort to know I was there.

The next day I took to the city two of the last four chapters of his "Life of Washington." On my return to the cottage, at five P. M., accompanied by the doctor, I found that he had been engaged for two or three hours in the morning on his last chapters. Wished to retain them, to redress the concluding portion. Had a very comfortable day.

March 9th.—Seemed to have been losing ground for the last few days. Still held on to the last chapter of "Washington," though the printers were nearly up to it. On the 15th, he put the finishing touch to it. The next day was sadly out of spirits. Had had difficult respiration much more frequently of late; within the last day or two, almost constantly.

March 17th.—Asked me if the last chapter of the "Life of Washington" was printed last night. "Yes." "Well, I never got out a work in this style before, without looking at the proof-sheets. In better health, I could have given more effect to parts; but I was afraid to look at the proofs, lest I should get muddling." That afternoon drove up to Mr. Bartlett's, to leave with Mrs. B., in compliance with her previous request, the pen with which he wrote the last words of his "Life of Washington."

March 18th.—I returned from the city at five, accompanied by the doctor. Learned that Mr. Irving had had more than usual of coughing and labored breathing. Told the doctor, on his leaving, at seven o'clock, that he was quite discouraged; that he did not see that he was

getting any better, and did not know where this was to end. It was the first time he had spoken with such discouragement to the doctor. His presence had generally a cheering influence, and we always remarked that he appeared better when he was with him than at any other time, and often made too light of his symptoms. The doctor seemed a little taken aback by his desponding tone. Had three hours of sleep on the sofa before going to bed, and about three hours afterward, with transient intermissions of wakefulness.

March 20th.—Slept from half past three to four P.M., on the sofa, when a neighbor called. Great difficulty of breathing when he left, which continued, with spells of coughing, until bed-time.

March 23d.—Received a newspaper from Lewisburg, Pa., containing notice of the death of a Mrs. Chamberlain, aged ninety, formerly of New York, and a friend and correspondent of his sister Anne, who had died in 1808. The sister was alluded to in flattering terms. Mr. Irving broke forth in warm eulogy of her wit, sensibility, and humor—"delightful in every mood." "I was very meagre, when a child, and she used to call me a little rack of bones. How fond I was of having her sing to me, when an infant, that pathetic ballad of Lowe—

> 'The moon had climbed the highest hill
> That rises o'er the source of Dee.'

How it used to make me weep, and yet I was constantly

begging her to sing it." His love of music was a passion with him through life.

March 25th.—Wrote the following note — a copy of which has been sent me since his death — to a lady who had requested permission to dedicate to him a work, entitled "Domestic Annals of the Revolution," but the title of which was afterward changed to "Recollections of the Revolution":—

[*To Miss Lydia Minturn Post.*]

SUNNYSIDE, March 25, 1859.

DEAR MADAM:—

Your note of March 9th, being directed to Tarrytown instead of Irvington, has been slow in reaching me. You have my full consent to the dedication of your forthcoming "Domestic Annals of the Revolution" to me, if you think it would be of advantage to the work, or a gratification to yourself. I only request that the dedication be extremely simple, and void of compliment.

With great respect, yours, very truly,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

April 2d.—Received, in the morning, a letter from a young senior at Chapel Hill, N. C., telling him he had been so delighted with his four volumes of the "Life of Washington," that he had read them over repeatedly, and now wrote to beg him, not only for his own sake, but for the sake of the country, to write an account of the Presidential career and closing days of Washington at Mount Vernon. "Here is a request," said he, "that I think I will gratify at once." The whole of the fifth vol-

ume was already printed, and waiting only the Preface, which was completed that very morning, before the receipt of the letter. He spoke sadly of his condition, as if he were failing. Great restlessness at night, with brief snatches of sleep.

April 3d.—His birthday—seventy-six this day. A dull, cheerless morning; overcast at dawn, and raining before seven. After breakfast, he showed me his Spanish Chronicles in manuscript—"Don Pelayo," "Fernando el Santo," etc. In the midst of our conversation, a bunch of flowers was brought in from Robert, the most faithful of gardeners, a present for his birthday. Later, a beautiful bouquet from Mrs. —— followed. "Beautiful flowers," he exclaimed, "to a withered old man!" The dinner table was decked with the bouquet, and the dessert enriched with various delicacies, presents from loving neighbors. All tried to be cheerful at dinner; but at the close, after a spasm of coughing had driven him from the room, and we felt the uncertainty of another birthday with him "on this bank and shoal of time," all rose from the table in tears.

CHAPTER XXV.

TEMPORARY IMPROVEMENT.—LETTER FROM BANCROFT ON VOL. V.—LETTER TO JOHN P. KENNEDY.—LETTER FROM WILLIAM C. PRESTON.—REPLY.—THE "HEART OF THE ANDES."—MEDICAL CONSULTATION.—COGSWELL'S ANECDOTE.—RELAPSE.—VISIT OF KEMBLE.—DISCOURAGEMENT.—LETTER TO H. T. TUCKERMAN ON HIS NOTICE OF VOL. V.

MR. IRVING'S health continued to fluctuate. Throughout the month of April there seemed to be a decided improvement, though he still had, at intervals, a return of his distressing nights. One symptom appeared, which gave us a good deal of anxiety, being quite new. It was a bewilderment on waking, which sometimes continued for half an hour or more; an uncertainty as to exactly where he was, and an idea that strange persons had been in the room—his dreams probably mingling with his waking. On the whole, however, he seemed much better; and, on the 20th, told me, on retiring to his room for the night, that he thought he could now get along by himself; but, on my assenting, immediately recalled the opinion, and said perhaps I had better remain a night or two longer. Fell asleep for about fifteen minutes, then awoke, and had a deplorably nervous night. He continued to improve, however, and,

on the 27th, determined to be present at the monthly meeting of the trustees of the Astor Library, but was prevented by rain. It was now more than four months since he had been in the city.

May 1st.—Read Henry T. Tuckerman's account of the Portraits of Washington, in the Appendix to the fifth volume. Pronounced it quite an acquisition.

On the 4th, went to town, and returned at half past seven, the better for the journey. Occupied his room alone that night.

May 9th.—Received the following letter from Bancroft, in acknowledgment of Volume V. of "Life of Washington":—

Sunday, May 7.

DEAR IRVING:—

Your publisher sent me, late yesterday, your fifth volume, to which I must entreat you to add your autograph, in evidence of the intention, which Putnam vouched for. I did not go to bed till I had finished all the last half of the volume; and my first moment this morning is to tell you with what delight, and, I add in all soberness, emotion, I read it. The narrative is beautifully told, in your own happy diction and style, felicitous always; never redundant; graceful and elegant. The throbbings of your heart are as marked and perceptible along the pages as in anything you ever wrote. But the charm is the loveliness that your portraiture sheds round the venerable patriot in his retirement. Much as I have read and studied about Washington, I was taken by the novelty that your ever fresh and warm manner has thrown about your sketch. Your hero dies like the sun in its beauty in a cloudless sky.

After reading to the end, I began at the beginning. You have charmingly shown Washington's dislike of state; and you have hit off John Adams's character in perfection at a single touch. Having had many

letters sent me about Randolph, I looked up your account of that sad matter; and I think your statement is a model of candor, indicating just the extent of Randolph's indiscretion, and no more; and I think the letter of contrition, which you insert, tends to exonerate Randolph from the deeper imputation, for it shows, at bottom, an honest heart, though his judgment may have grievously erred.

The sketch which Washington gives of Hamilton, on preferring him for the post next himself in the army, is the finest tribute ever paid to Hamilton's rare combination of talents. . . . . But I shall weary you; only I could not delay telling you how admirably you have, in my judgment, combined, in this volume, grace of style, freshness, candor, and all the good qualities that make you the delight of your friends and the pride of the country.

I am ever, dear Irving, very heartily yours,

GEORGE BANCROFT.

May 10th.—Received a letter from John P. Kennedy, proposing his going on a trip to St. Louis with the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company, which he declines, as follows :—

[*To John P. Kennedy.*]

SUNNYSIDE, May 11, 1859.

MY DEAR KENNEDY:—

I have had to decline the very tempting invitation of Mr. Prescott Smith in behalf of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company. In fact, I am not in a condition to undertake the expedition proposed. I have been under the weather all winter, suffering from an attack of asthma, and a nervous indisposition brought on by overworking myself in endeavoring to bring my literary task to a conclusion. Thank heaven, my fifth volume is launched, and henceforth I give up all further tasking of the pen. I am slowly regaining health and strength, and am having my natural rest at night, for I suffered wretchedly from sleeplessness. Within the last two or three weeks I feel quite encouraged; but I still have to take great

care of myself, for asthma is constantly dogging at my heels, and watching every opportunity to get the mastery over me.

In my present precarious state of health, I can make no engagement that would take me far from home; and can therefore make you no promise of accompanying you to the mountains, or even of visiting you at Ellicott's Mills. In fact, I have been but once to New York since last Christmas, and that was only a few days since; and have not been able to jollify even at little parties in my immediate neighborhood.

Give my affectionate remembrances to Mrs. Kennedy and Miss Gray, and believe me, my dear Kennedy, ever, very truly, yours,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

May 13*th*.—Received a very kind and delightful letter from Professor C. C. Felton, of Cambridge, Mass., who had just been reading his fifth volume of the "Life of Washington," and expressed great pleasure in the perusal. Read the letter aloud, and said it was particularly gratifying to get such testimonials from such men, as he had found it impossible to repress great misgivings with regard to the last volume, which he had never been able to look at since it was finished. His illness came on the very next day. Indeed, he was then unfit to write; and he had constantly had in his mind the recollection of the Archbishop of Granada, in "Gil Blas," whose Homilies were thought to smell of the apoplexy. His old love of fun revived with the recollection, and he went to his library for the book, and read the story aloud with great zest.

About this time, the papers had announced the death of Baron Alexander Humboldt, at the age of ninety-one,

with the following published card from him, dated Berlin, March 15th, 1859, curiously illustrating some of the penalties of celebrity :—

Laboring under extreme depression of spirits, the result of a correspondence which daily increases, and which makes a yearly average of from sixteen hundred to two thousand letters and pamphlets on things entirely foreign to me—manuscripts on which my advice is demanded, schemes of emigration and colonization, invoices of models, machinery, and objects of natural history, inquiries on balloons, demands for autographs, offers to nurse or amuse me—I once more publicly invite all those who desire my welfare, to try and persuade the people of the two continents not to be so busy about me, and not to take my house for the office of a directory, in order that, with the decay of my physical and intellectual strength, I may enjoy some leisure, and have time to work. Let not this appeal, to which I only resorted with reluctance, be interpreted with malevolence.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

"I met Humboldt often in society in Paris. A very amiable man. A great deal of *bonhommie*."

May 17th.—Mr. Irving had a very severe attack of shortness of breath, and was so sadly nervous in the evening, that I resumed, for the nonce, my station in his room at bed-time. The difficulty of breathing continued by turns through the night. He got up and sat in his chair at daybreak, when it subsided. He then read me an interesting and touching letter just received from William C. Preston, ex-Senator of the United States, his old travelling companion in Scotland, now paralytic, but with all his brilliant powers yet unimpaired.

Those nights, when I look back upon them, seem a strange mingling; for, between the paroxysms of distress, he would seize on anything to divert his own thoughts, or to relieve what he feared must be the weariness of those who were watching with him. He would read or relate anything that interested him at the moment, and so endeavor to cheat the hours till day. I give the letter:—

[*William C. Preston to Washington Irving.*]

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., May 11, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR:—

Seeing, in yesterday's *National Intelligencer* (the only paper that I now read), that you had been ill, but were recovered, I was prompted to write to you at once what an unabated interest I cherish for you. My last communication with you was an act of kindness to me, in sending some letters of introduction for my friend Hampton, to Europe. Hampton did wiser than to go to Europe; he got married, and keeps your letters as precious autographs. Those that I have had from you have long since been begged or stolen from me by piecemeal, and I have often had an enhanced consideration, when it was known that I had been an acquaintance of Washington Irving; for I don't believe that any man, in any country, has ever had a more affectionate admiration for him than that given to you in America. I believe that we have had but one man who is so much in the popular heart.

On reading this notice in the "Intelligencer," I found in my memory (what, for aught I know, may be common to old men) a sort of *mirage*, which made distant objects rise above those more near. My mind at once recalled Jones of the Brinn and Loch Katrine, and it was only upon reflection that I recalled your visit to me in the War of Nullification, and subsequently, during our war in the Senate against General Jackson. In

those tumultuary scenes I was an excited actor, and fretted my hour amid them. The curtain fell; new scenes were brought forward, and I have sat exhausted in the dark recesses of the theatre, the pageant gone, and sad realities about me—sickness and sorrow.

I had not thought you so old as the paper announces you to be. I knew you were somewhat my senior forty years ago, but, for some years, I have felt older than anybody seemed to me to be. A paralytic stroke may well be counted for twenty years, which makes me eighty-five.

What a noble capital your "Life of Washington" makes to your literary column! The paper says you are busily at work. I am sorry to think that you are vexing yourself with further labors; you have fairly won the privilege of rest. Your honorable labors have been crowned with most honorable rewards. Whatever your country's love and admiration can give, has been bestowed. I indulge the wish, therefore, that the "Life of Washington," which inseparably connects your name with his, may have no interposing object, and that your labors may be mere amendments in minute touches, giving a more perfect polish, where, although the public eye may perceive no want of it, your own delicate perception may suspect it.

I am, my dear sir, ever, your affectionate friend,

WM. C. PRESTON.

I anticipate, to give Mr. Irving's reply in this place, though it was delayed nearly three months:—

[*To William C. Preston.*]

SUNNYSIDE, August 9, 1859.

MY DEAR PRESTON:—

I have suffered a long time to elapse without a reply to your most kind and welcome letter, but the state of my health must plead my apology. For many months I have been harassed by an attack of asthma, accompanied by sleepless nights, which deranged my whole nervous system. I have had to give up all literary occupation, and to abstain as much as

possible from the exercise of my pen even in letter writing. I am slowly recovering, but will have to be very careful of myself. Fortunately, I have finished the "Life of Washington," about which you speak so kindly, and now I shall no more tax myself with authorship.

Your allusions to Jones of the Brinn and Loch Katrine, brought up a host of recollections of pleasant scenes and of pleasant adventures which we enjoyed together in our peregrinations in England and Scotland, in our younger days. I often recur in thought to those ramblings, which furnish some of the most agreeable day-dreams of past times, and, if I dared to indulge my pen, could call up many an amusing incident in which you figured conspicuously. But this scribbling I must postpone to some future day, when I am less under the thraldom of nerves and the asthma. At present, I merely scrawl these few lines to assure you of my constant and affectionate remembrance.

I believe our present Minister in Spain is a cousin of yours. I am glad to hear he is likely to prove popular there. A lady correspondent in Madrid, well acquainted with the Court circle, speaks in very favorable terms both of the Minister and his lady.

Farewell, my dear Preston. Believe me, though at present a very lame correspondent, yet, as ever,

Yours, very faithfully,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

May 23d.—Mr. Irving went to the city, by special invitation, to see Church's picture of the "Heart of the Andes." It was the last day of the exhibition and the room was crowded. Delighted with it. Pronounced it glorious—magnificent!—such grandeur of general effect with such minuteness of detail—minute without hardness; a painting to stamp the reputation of an artist at once.

The next night woke at two, in great distress from

difficulty of breathing, which continued for an hour and a half. Went to the city to see Dr. Peters, who called in Dr. Hosack to hold a consultation. Dr. P. sought to encourage him with an account of Mr. ——, who had been a sufferer with asthma for forty years, and whom they thought near his end, of late, and, when he and his family were prepared for it, he suddenly rallied, and was getting as well as he had been before. His only comment was: "Ah, Doctor, why didn't you let him go? Why call him back to such suffering?

Mr. Cogswell related to me the following anecdote: Mr. Irving called at his room in the Astor Library, not many months since, and, finding him sick abed, and alarmingly ill, hurried off for his physician, Dr. Barker. One of his jokes, after Cogswell got well, was, that in going for the doctor, he thought he would just stop at the undertaker's on his way, and order a coffin; and now he had the coffin on his hands.

On his return from the city, he retired, at bed-time, to his room alone, as he had done for some nights past. The doors were open, and perceiving, in the night, that he was restless, I went in. The next morning, at breakfast, he remarked that he felt my coming in quite as a reprieve. After dinner, said to me: "I shall have to get you to mount guard again to-night. I am ashamed to ask it, but you cannot conceive what an abject coward this nervousness makes of me." I assured him of my readiness to resume my post.

June 2d.—Looked better, and had a comfortable day. Drove out with Mrs. J——. On his return, at twelve o'clock, found here his old friend, Gouverneur Kemble, who had come to see him, and urge him to make him a visit. Kemble greeted him very cordially. "Why, you are looking" —— "Very badly," interposed Mr. Irving. "But better than I expected to see you." Kemble stayed to dinner. Mr. Irving, at parting with him, accompanied him to the door, and bade him "good-by" with a "God bless you!"

When he returned to the parlor, his eyes were filled with tears, and he burst forth with a gush of feeling. "That is my friend of early life—always unchanged, always like a brother; one of the noblest beings that ever was created. His heart is pure gold." He was deeply affected. He had been, as he generally was in the society of those he liked, except when in immediate suffering, very cheerful during the dinner, and, excited and gratified by the visit, Mr. Kemble could form no idea of his situation. This proved to be their last meeting.

The next day he was very nervous, and sadly discouraged. Said he had nearly given up all hope of recovery or improvement, and only trusted that he would not be left a burden long. After dinner, drove out with H——. This depression continued through the whole drive. "I've always dreaded," he remarked, "beyond anything, becoming a confirmed invalid, and a burden to those about me." "But you will never be that," was the

reply. "What do you call this? I see no relief to it. This cough prevents my sleeping, and, with such nights, how can I be better? And poor ——, too—what a tax on him!" "He does not consider it so." "Well," he rejoined, "I trust he may not have the burden long."

About this time, Mr. Irving received a letter from Henry T. Tuckerman, who had been looking forward with special interest to the concluding volume of his "Life of Washington," showing how agreeably it struck him, by the following notice, which he inclosed:—

The appearance of the concluding volume of Irving's "Life of Washington" has been looked for with unusual interest. Varying, as its subject matter does, from what went before—shifting from military to political interest—it was thought, by those cognizant of biographical art, that it would prove difficult for the author to narrate Washington's administration with the same simple directness which lent such emphasis to the story of the war. But Mr. Irving has equally succeeded here. Without swerving from his original plan, he has faithfully told the facts, avoided, with consummate skill, the discussion of mooted questions, kept strictly to his sphere of biography—giving exactly enough about the French Revolution, alliance, and difficulties, Jay's treaty and its consequences, Jefferson's intrigues, Genet's impertinence, the state of parties, and the course of opinion, as was absolutely necessary to explain Washington's position, difficulties, and conduct—and nothing more. And he keeps the hero himself constantly in view—treats of events as they affect him, and not general history; in a word, as throughout the work, he makes us partake of the consciousness of Washington more than the sentiment of party or the theories of politicians. It is as the squabbles of his Cabinet, the sarcasms of the press, the events in Europe, influence his peace, purposes, and feelings, that we know them; and, by thus render-

ing domestic and foreign affairs subordinate to the delineation of his great subject, the harmony, unity, and clear significance of the biography are admirably preserved. . . . .

By the Preface, we learn that, more than thirty years ago, the "Life of Washington" was suggested to Mr. Irving by a famous Edinburgh publisher. Its execution was postponed, but the period which sees the work complete could not be more favorable for its useful influence and its successful achievement.

It is a graceful and noble consummation of a literary career of half a century—a high service both to our national literature and our civic wants—the greatest of which is to keep fresh to eye, mind, and heart the matchless example herein unfolded in a spirit and with a candor parallel with its own purity and truth.

To the letter with the above inclosure, Mr. Irving made the following reply :—

[*To Mr. H. T. Tuckerman.*]

SUNNYSIDE, June 8, 1859.

MY DEAR MR. TUCKERMAN :—

I have suffered a long time to elapse without acknowledging the receipt of your letter inclosing a printed notice of my fifth volume, which you had furnished to the press. My only excuse is, that, since I have got out of regular harness, I find it exceedingly difficult to bring myself to the slightest exercise of the pen.

I cannot sufficiently express to you, my dear Mr. Tuckerman, how deeply I have felt obliged by the kind interest you have manifested on various occasions, and in a variety of ways, in me and my literary concerns. It is truly gratifying to be able to inspire such interest in the mind of a person of your stamp and intellectual character.

Your remarks on my last volume were especially inspiriting. Unnerved, as I was, by a tedious indisposition, I had come to regard this

volume with a dubious and almost desponding eye. Having nothing of the *drum and trumpet* which gave bustle and animation to the earlier volumes, I feared it might be considered a falling off. Your letter has contributed to put me in heart, and I accept with gratitude your congratulations on what you pronounce a "happy termination" of my undertaking.

Ever, my dear Mr. Tuckerman, with great regard, your truly obliged friend,

WASHINGTON IRVING.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LAST DAYS.—A FORMIDABLE VISIT THREATENED.—A STRANGE VISITOR.—LONGFELLOW AND THE ACROSTIC.—BURR.—THE TRAVEL TO ALBANY IN FORMER DAYS.—POE.—CLAY.—THE CAMP-MEETING.—GEORGE SUMNER.—THE IRISHWOMAN'S SIXPENCE.—VISIT OF N. P. WILLIS.—OF THEODORE TILTON.—LAST INTERVIEW WITH A STRANGER.—DEATH AND FUNERAL.

I RECUR to my notes taken at the time for a brief record of the last months of the author's existence.

June 13*th*.—A lowering day, but Mr. Irving again improving. His days, of late, have presented quite a contrast to that wretched 3d of June, and he has apparently been gaining ever since.

Received a note from General V. P. Van Antwerp, of Iowa, and Colonel John T. Heard, of Massachusetts, two of the Board of Visitors, consisting of sixteen, now in session at the United States Military Academy, at West Point, inclosing a highly complimentary resolution to himself, and proposing, if agreeable, to call on him in a body the next day, when they should adjourn, to tender to him, in their collective capacity, "the homage due to one whose long life had been distinguished by sterling

virtues, and who wore with becoming gracefulness the laurels which labors successfully devoted to literature had placed upon his brow."

Such a mark of consideration, from a body consisting of members from the different States of the Union, could not but be deeply gratifying, yet he was all in a flutter about it. "I must stop this at once!" he exclaimed, and immediately went to the library and wrote a letter to General Van Antwerp, expressive of his very high sense of the intended compliment, but pleading his inability to cope with the visit, from long ill health and nervousness.

General Van Antwerp had intimated, in his note, that some of the Board had expressed fear that this "simple demonstration, not intended for publicity," might be an annoyance, and that if, for any reason, it should be either distasteful or inconvenient, a private note to him would suffice to explain the reason.

Mr. Irving was quite relieved when he had written his note, and got our approval. All dreaded the threatened visit, as likely to bring back or rather aggravate his nervousness.

June 19th.—Gentle and playful—something almost child-like in his manner. Asked whose the passage that was running in his head, "Fair laughs the morn," etc. I showed it to him in Gray's "Bard." Inquired, then, if I could recollect the author of two lines that had lingered —disconnectedly—in his memory for years :—

"She asked of each wave, as it reached the shore,
If it ever had touched the ship's tall side."

I had never met them. Very cheerful at dinner. Walked round the brook lot in the afternoon. In the evening took his seat in the parlor, and opened a book to read. Had been some time at a loss for a pleasant book. "I'm reduced to my favorite author." "What is it?" is asked. "The fifth volume of the 'Life of Washington.' I think I'll read it now. I have not looked at it since it was put to press."

June 22*d.*—Mr. Irving wretchedly nervous. I went to town, to bring up Dr. Peters in the afternoon train. The doctor found him looking much better than he expected. As usual, he appeared better while the doctor was there, but more nervous again after he left. He had a wretched night. I remained with him till three o'clock, when I retired for an hour. On my return, I found him struggling with one of those strange hallucinations he could not easily dispel. Had started up from sleep with an impression of some poor family he had to take care of. The impression, or the effect of it, seemed to cling to him, though he knew it was a fallacy. He had his mind and consciousness perfectly, as he said, and yet he could not shake it off. The effect of it continued for an hour. Very singular.

June 23*d.*—A necessary engagement taking four of the inmates to town, H—— remarked to him, before break-

fast, that S—— would remain and read to him, and lull him to a good long sleep. "Ah! my dear, I wish, indeed, it might be a *long* sleep!"

June 28th.—In the afternoon, a call from Miss A—— H——, Miss G——, of Boston, Mr. W——, of Boston, and Rossiter, the artist. Miss H—— thought he looked very feeble, and was much changed. Afterward, F. S. Cozzens called, his wife, and a little daughter of four years of age, and remained until half past nine. Something was said by Cozzens about his sitting for a likeness to Mr. Thomas Hicks, the artist, to accompany a representation of the literary class in some contemplated grand painting, in which the various classes—commercial, scientific, etc.—were to be represented. Mr. Irving replied, that he was dwindling away so fast, that he would soon make an excellent subject for a *miniature* for Mr. Hicks, if he took miniatures.

Retired about eleven, and had one of his "perverse, wretched nights," as he styled them. From time to time would beg me to go to my room. Said that there was a forlorn comfort in having some one to groan to, but that I could not help him; that I could only lie down in the gutter with him (alluding to the story of the sot who said to a brother sot in the gutter, that he could not help him up, but would lie down beside him). A little playfulness and fun would thus blend, at times, with his extremest distress.

Toward morning he expressed a hope that this suffering

might soon end. "Had never wished to live beyond a cheerful existence. His life, if prolonged, might be of value to others, and hence it was desirable; but, for himself, he was willing to go. So singular and unaccountable that he should be distressed in this way; had nothing to worry him; nothing on his mind; no concern about his worldly means or literary reputation; had had honor enough in that respect," etc.

June 29th.—I was reading Mrs. Stowe's "Minister's Wooing," then coming out in numbers in the "Atlantic Monthly," and asked him his impression of Burr, whom she had introduced in her story. "Burr was full of petty mystery; he made a mystery of everything. When I called on him, at Baltimore, in the morning, on my way to his trial, I must come again in the evening. Five or six were in the room. He would take me in one corner, and say a word or two; another in another, and so on. I met him again at Fredericksburg, and rode with him in the stage to Richmond. I could not well make out why I was sent for. From some sounding of his, I suspected he wanted me to write for the press in his behalf, but I put a veto on that."

June 30th.—The doctor came up, and stayed over night. Left him a new prescription—a tonic—which had a favorable effect.

July 7th.—Just before sitting down to breakfast, a stranger called at the door, wishing to see Mr. Irving. The servant informed him he was ill—but he had come

from a great distance, and begged to see him, if but for a few moments. Mr. Irving, excessively troubled at the time with shortness of breath, requested me to see him. I went to the door, and found a very ordinary-looking personage with a carpet-bag. He asked if I was Mr. Irving. Not Mr. Washington Irving, I told him. He is ill, and unable to see any one. "It would be a great gratification to see him, if but for a few moments. Had come a great distance. Had called four years before, but he was not at home. Trusted he might not be disappointed." I returned to Mr. Irving, and reported what he said. He went to the door, and invited him into the library. The stranger took a chair, was going in for a long talk, when Mr. Irving had to excuse himself, from his difficulty in breathing. The stranger then asked for his autograph. Mr. Irving informed him he was too distressed to write it then, but would send it to his address, which the stranger gave, and asked Mr. Irving his charge, saying, "It is a principle with me always to pay for such things." "It is a principle with me," replied Mr. Irving, sharply, "never to take pay."

He came back quite disgusted. As he detailed this incident at breakfast, one of his auditors was reminded of an anecdote related by Longfellow, last summer, at Nahant. A person wrote the poet, wishing him to send an acrostic, the first letters of which should spell, "My Sweet Girl." "Write as if it were some beautiful girl with whom you were in love—just as if it were for your-

self;" and at the foot of the letter were these words, "Send bill."

Had a good night, without attendance of any kind. His nervousness seems to be leaving him, and his general health to be improving. Looks better. It may be the result of a tonic which the doctor prescribed about ten days ago.

July 10*th.*—Drove to church. A fair appetite at dinner, and very playful. "What a pity, Kate, we had not known Louis Napoleon was such a warrior when he took breakfast with us! We might have turned the conversation on military matters." The war in Italy was then going on, in which he was much interested.

A good deal troubled with shortness of breath in the afternoon, and before retiring. On the whole, can hardly say he is gaining ground in his recovery. Though free from nervousness for the last ten or eleven nights, yet does not seem to be getting rid of this oppressed respiration, which has less of paroxysm than heretofore, but is more frequent.

July 12*th.*—Called me, in the morning, from the library to the piazza, to see "what a picture there was on the river." No wind—no tide—clusters of vessels motionless in front, making beautiful groups—clouds moving so lazily, that

> "Even in their very motion there was rest;"

the sounds of the hammer from workmen on a house at

the opposite side of the river borne *distinctly* across the water. "That's the way," pointing to one of the lazy vessels in the broad sunlight, with its boom creaking to and fro, "that's the way we used to travel to Albany in former days, baking in the sun, and trying to keep within the shade of the sail. We thought it the order of things, then, to roast in summer and freeze in winter."

Remarked, at noon, that he felt he was getting on—getting well. He had expressed occasional confidence before, during an intermission of his symptoms, but never so strongly. Seemed more encouraged than he had ever been. Spent the evening on the piazza. Sturgeons leaping every few minutes. Was surprised to find them so far down the Hudson.

July 13*th.*—Has had a rather nervous and wakeful night—the first *nervous* night in a fortnight. Fears he had bragged too soon yesterday. A thunder-storm began to gather just after dinner. He and I sat on the bench up the bank for a while to watch its gathering. He rather disposed to drowsiness. On returning to the house, fell into a sound sleep on the sofa, from which he awoke just before tea. At tea, seemed to be bewildered. Asked how the storm came up; if there had been any children there that afternoon; had been dreaming there were, and that his old friend, Leslie, recently dead, was there. A strange hallucination, such as he had occasionally during his *nervous* nights.

July 18*th.*—I brought up from the city Poe's Poems.

He read over "The Raven." "What a capital hit that was—such a strange, weird interest in it!" H—— proposed that I should read it aloud. "No; too dismal to go to bed upon." "I got one or two letters from Poe, but saw little of him. Once asked permission to use certain materials of mine for a story. I gave it."

The next day a Mr. Hugh Erwin, of Nashville, called—a stranger. Conversation about Clay. Mr. Irving expressed warm admiration of Clay. Spoke of his having seen him at Washington in early life, and been strongly attracted toward him. Of his going out to take leave of him; and Clay, mounted on his horse, accosting him with "If I can do anything for you, let me know." "Does he suppose," thought I, "that I have been courting him all this time for a selfish object?"

July 24th.—Speaking of the details of the battle of Solferino, which had just appeared in the papers: "I used to read all the details of a painful nature in wars, but now I skip them. My stomach has lost its tone; I cannot digest horrors any longer."

August 5th.—Very much untuned and out of sorts. A bad night; little sleep. Great oppression and shortness of breath during the day. I brought up from the city a fresh supply of medicine from Dr. Peters, to whom I had reported Mr. Irving's condition. He advised a continuance of the tonic remedies, particularly laying stress upon them as necessary to build him up and fortify him for the trials of the winter.

Seemed to have a craving for news when I came up—anything, probably, to take off his thoughts from himself and his distress.

Had a bad night, and was excessively nervous during the whole of the next day. To one who was trying to talk to him, and get his mind off of himself: "It is a shame to depress you by my sad feelings; but I can no more restrain these nerves than I could wild horses. Everything has such a gloomy aspect—nothing to look forward to. In this situation, I am a burden to myself and to everybody else, and would rather lie down and die. Ah! I have got to the dregs, and must take them."

August 21*st*.—Went to church. A good deal distressed with laboring breath after dinner. Gave H—— a letter to read, which he had received the day before from a stranger proposing to call on him. The letter was long, and occupied some time in the reading. "O! if he could only give me his long wind, he should be most welcome." Slept an hour or two after tea, and awoke very much distressed with shortness of breath. Great misgiving on retiring for the night. "Ah me! what a blight to fall on a man's life!"

The next morning felt better. Alluded to the common practice of swearing in the early days of New York. "Could not utter a sentence without sending a *damn* with it to give it force."

August 31*st*.—Mr. Irving paid a last visit to his friend Mr. Ames, at his country residence at Craigville, Orange

County, his niece Sarah, Mrs. Irving, and myself accompanying him. He hoped to find benefit from change of air, and seemed improved at first.

Drove to Chester the next day. Very cheerful in the evening. Had seen, in some old periodical, an account of Cooper, Bryant, Tuckerman, and others, having visited the Foxes at the rooms of Rufus W. Griswold, in the year 1850, and adverted to the enigma of the manifestations. "Ah!" said he, playfully, "the only way to get at the truth, is to bring the mediums to the stake; that was the good old way."

September 4th.—Drove to a camp-meeting near Oxford. Mr. Irving told, with great zest, a story of his going to a camp-meeting, when a youngster, not far from Tarrytown, with a young lady. An old negro, seated on a stump, rocking to and fro, with his hands clasping his knees, looked up at them with a curious glance, supposing they had come to mock and laugh. Gave them a passing shot: "Jesus will carry de day." "If God Almighty were not too strong for de debbil, der'd be no libing in *dis* world." Two black nymphs behind, fanning themselves: "Let old Scip (io) alone. I'll warrant he'll gib dem der own."

Was very cheerful during the evening, telling various anecdotes in his old way; but at bed-time the difficulty of breathing returned, and, with it, excessive nervousness. He had a wretched night, and the next morning decided to return home at once. We left at ten o'clock—he sadly discouraged. He had looked forward to this visit with

great hope from change of air, and the disappointment added to his depression. We arrived at Sunnyside before two. He slept heavily in the afternoon and early evening, but at ten his shortness of breath returned, and with it his distressing nervousness.

On the 9th, he went to the city for the day on some little business, and for the change. On his return, found Gouverneur Kemble had called. Very sorry to have missed him. Did not care to see new faces, or have new faces see him; but of old faces he could not see too much.

A day or two after, had a call from Mr. George Sumner, who was visiting in the neighborhood. Remained to tea. Mr. Irving was scarcely able to hold any conversation with him. Sumner reminded him of a remark of his at Madrid, that the best things of an author were spontaneous—the first pressure of the grape; the after squeezings not so rich.

September 12*th.*—Had been awake till three; then slept till four, after which he got no sleep. Very nervous in the morning. I took up a volume of Percival's Poems, which I had just brought, and read aloud, "She had no heart," etc. "That's very beautiful!" said he. "Flows so naturally and easily. No hammer in that."

Speaking of an English writer whose death had been announced in the papers, he remarked: "I never met him, and never liked him. He belonged to a Cockney clique for whom I had no relish. They used to hold junketings at the house of my landlady, Mrs. H——, with whom I

lodged soon after I went up to London to prepare the 'Sketch Book,' and they sometimes forgot to pay for them. She told me once, when a good deal straitened, that she called at the house of one of them with her bill for wine, etc. He was absent, but she saw his wife, who told her she had not the money, and that her husband was a *man of genius*, and could not attend to such matters. 'Send a bailiff after the man of genius,' said I. 'I know of no genius that lifts a man above his honest engagements.'"

September 15*th.*—Found the annexed extract, after tea, in the "Home Journal," from the pen of N. P. Willis, which was cut out by Sarah, that he might not see it, from its allusion to his closing life:—

Mr. Irving, by far the most honored man in our country, is, curiously enough, even less honored than loved. He is a marvel, if only by that difference from other men of genius — whose destiny it seems to have their last days sad. The setting of his sun is mellow, the clouds around and behind him rosier as he goes. There is another summer-day beauty, too, in his decline—the full moon of renown, after death, seen clearly even before the setting of his sun.

We have said thus much expressive of our own feeling, by way of declining more graciously the numbers of articles which have poured in upon us with the recent news of Mr. Irving's illness. From authentic sources, we learn that the report of his recent indisposition was very much exaggerated, and that he is at present in his usual condition at Sunnyside.

My record of the evening is: Played whist from eight to ten, after which Mr. Irving dozed awhile in his

chair, and then retired about eleven, quite free, apparently, from the nervous apprehensions of the night before.

To keep him awake until ready to retire for the night, and to drive off disagreeable thoughts, we were in the habit of playing either whist or backgammon. Chess, of which he was fond, was too exciting. He was always a very poor player at whist, and cared nothing for the game, but was glad to seize on anything to keep him awake in the evening, lest any indulgence then should lessen his chance of sleep for the night.

September 17*th.*—Mr. Irving finishes "Quits," a novel by the authoress of the "Initials." Very much pleased with it. Has now "Cecil; or, The Adventures of a Coxcomb," which I have borrowed for him. Wants works of a continuous interest in his present condition.

September 18*th.*—Has had a good night, which makes the fourth. Apparently much better. After dinner, walks to Robert, the gardener's, to see and amuse himself with the childen—his delight.

September 19*th.*—Attended a vestry meeting at Christ Church, Tarrytown, of which he was warden as well as vestryman. Returned before dark. Complained, at tea-time, of great heat in the head. Had something of a chill as he retired for the night. Was evidently feverish.

The next day I called on Dr. Peters, in New York, who came up with me in the afternoon train. Found that Mr. Irving had fever. Had coughed a good deal during

the day. Gave him something quieting, which allayed his cough for the rest of the evening.

Dr. Peters came up again the next afternoon. Mr. Irving was better; and, at the dinner table, the doctor told an anecdote of a drunkard's applying to him for *sixpence*, though with an evident consciousness of his own drunkenness. *Apropos* to which, Mr. Irving related an anecdote of his walking the streets of London, smiling at the recollection of one of his own jokes, when he was accosted by an Irishwoman: "Ah, God bless your merry face! surely you're not the man will refuse a poor woman a *sixpence*." He put his hand in his pocket, and gave her—the smallest he had—a guinea. "So much had I to pay," said he, "for laughing at my own joke; and it served me right."

September 28th.—The doctor has been up for several successive days, sometimes remaining over night. Mr. Irving feels his kindness very deeply. Was with him at one last night, and again from three to four during the night, as he was very nervous. Was tormented with an idea that he had a big book to write before he could sleep. Visitors abounded to day—eighteen or nineteen. Mr. Irving could see no one.

September 29th.—Went to bed at eleven, and had a deplorably nervous night. I had tried in vain to find a book for him to read. In his present state, it is hard for him to find entertainment in anything. Though his asthma was relieved, the lamentable nervous distress of

which he was so long the victim months back, seemed to be reëstablishing itself, while he had less strength to contend with it.

One of his favorite books, during his long illness, was Slidell's "Year in Spain." He read it again and again. Its graphic pictures seemed to carry him back to pleasant scenes, and out of himself. When reading to him, as we did constantly, to produce sleep, we always avoided it, as we found it excited his imagination, and roused rather than soothed him.

September 30th.—A deplorably bad night. Sadly nervous and wakeful. The doctor came up at half past seven P. M., and remained all night. Administered opium in slight doses, to make him more amenable to the other medicines, but not to drug him.

October 2d.—Had a tolerable night, though not his quantum of sleep. Showed him a letter of his brother William, to his mother, written in October, 1778, when he was just twenty-one, giving a picture of his life on the Mohawk. Quite amused with it; then launched into a eulogium of his brother. "There was a natural richness of mind about him, that made him the most delightful of companions. How I used to delight to set him going with his world of anecdote! I knew just what key to touch." Then came an allusion to his father's pastor, "old Dr. Rodgers, with his buzz wig, silver-mounted cane, well-polished shoes, and silver shoe-buckles."

October 4th.—A good night, and a good, comfortable day. No asthma now for three weeks.

October 7th.—Has had a good night, with a little more cough, and a *little* shortness of breath—slight indications, possibly, of returning asthma. At dinner, got speaking of Cooper, started by an article on Cooper in the "North American," written by Henry T. Tuckerman. Pronounced it a very fair, discriminating article. Thought Leatherstocking a creation. No one would care to meddle with that class of character after Cooper. In life, they judge a writer by his last production ; after death, by what he has done best. Look at Shakespeare. You do not think of ——" (naming some of Shakespeare's inferior plays), "but of Macbeth, Hamlet, Othello. So it will be with Cooper."

October 10th.—Whist in the evening. Mr. Irving said, in the course of the game, "I do not like to be guilty of pretension, but I must say I'm the very worst player that ever was. I think, if I had Mrs. Sidesbottom here, I'd almost borrow her spectacles." (Mrs. S. was an inveterate card-player of Liverpool, whose partner at whist he once was, and who pettishly offered to lend him her spectacles when he mistook the card.) He had played only in courtesy, to make up a hand.

October 11th.—On my return from the city, at a quarter past seven P. M., found him rather nervous. Asked at once if I had brought anything to read ; whereupon I unfolded my stores—"Doctor Thorne," "Reginald Dalton," "Guy Livingstone." Rather inclined to condemn

all without reading. Took up "Doctor Thorne," and thought he would try it.

The next day was a very good one, and he seemed quite like himself. Went to bed in good spirits, rejoiced that he had "Doctor Thorne" to read, in which he had become quite interested.

Afterward read "Reginald Dalton." Relished the pictures of Oxford college life. Had finished "Doctor Thorne." Thought it very clever—out of the common run. Went to bed not very "sanguin-ary," as he termed it, of a good sleep.

October 30th.—After church, a call from Mrs. S——, of Richmond, M—— and A—— H——. They announce intention of John P. Kennedy to call to-morrow, at twelve, on his way down from Idlewild, the seat of N. P. Willis, the poet. On the morrow, accordingly, Mr. Kennedy, Mr. Willis, and Mr. Wise, author of "Los Gringos," called. The latter had never met Mr. Irving before, and the others were to see him for the last time.

I quote from the "Home Journal" of November 19th, a portion of Mr. Willis's account of the visit :—

During the ten minutes before Mr. Irving came in (for he was out upon his morning drive when we arrived), his nieces very kindly gratified our interest in the "workshop of genius," by taking us into the library—the little curtain-windowed sanctuary where his mind had found both its labor and its repose, though, by the open newspapers scattered carelessly over the large writing-table in the centre, and the inviting readiness of the well-cushioned lounge in the recess, it now serves more the purpose of the repose more needed. It was a labyrinth of books, as it was a

labyrinth of tender associations, in which, as the eye roved over its consecrated nooks and corners, the fancy, in all reverence, rambled lovingly!

I was looking admiringly, once more, at Jarvis's record of him at the "Sketch Book" period of his life (the portrait with the fur collar, which all who have seen it will so well remember), when Mr. Irving came in from his drive. We had heard so much recently of his illness, that I was surprised to see with how lively and firm a step he entered; removing the slouched hat (a comfortable departure from the old-school covering, which I had never expected to see on so proper a head!) with as easy elegance as ever, sitting down with his gray shawl left carelessly over his shoulders, and entering upon kind inquiries and exchange of courtesies with no hindrance of debility that I could see. He is thinner, somewhat, in both form and features—owing to the asthma, which interferes somewhat with his repose when lying down; but the genial expression of his countenance is unchanged, and his eye as kindly and bright. As to sprightliness of attention and reply, I could see little difference from the Washington Irving of other days. The report of his illness must have been exaggerated, I thought.

Conversation falling upon exercise, Mr. Irving remarked that he daily took his drive in the carriage—less from any desire to go abroad, than from finding, since he had given up habits of labor, that time hung heavy on his hands. If he walks out, it is only in the grounds. We spoke of horseback riding, and he gave us a most amusing account of his two last experiences in that way—a favorite horse called "Gentleman Dick" having thrown him over his head into a laurel bush, which kindly broke his fall; and another very handsome nag having proved to be opinionative as to choice of road—particularly at a certain bridge, which it was very necessary to pass in every ride, but which the horse could not by any reasonable persuasion be got over. With the sending of this horse dogmatist to town, to be sold to meaner service for his obstinacy, had ended the experiments in the saddle. . . . .

Attributable, perhaps, to a rallying of his animal spirits with cessation from work—I could not but wonder at the effortless play of "Diedrich Knickerbocker" humor which ran through all his conversation—Wash-

ington Irving, in his best days, I am very sure, was never more socially "agreeable" than with us, for that brief visit. One little circumstance was mentioned in the course of this pleasant gossip. There was some passing discussion of the wearing of beards — his friend Mr. Kennedy having made that alteration in his physiognomy since they had met ; and Mr. Irving closed a playful comment or two upon the habit, by saying that he could scarce afford the luxury himself, involving, as it would do, the loss of the most effectual quietus of his nerves. To get up and shave, when tired of lying awake, sure of going to sleep immediately after, had long been a habit of his. There was an amusing exchange of sorrows, also, between him and Mr. Kennedy, as to persecution by autograph hunters ; though the ex-Secretary gave rather the strongest instance— mentioning an unknown man who had written to him when at the head of the Navy Department, requesting, as one of his constituents, to be furnished with autographs of all the Presidents, of himself and the rest of the Cabinet, and of any other distinguished men with whom he might be in correspondence !

But there was a *table* calling for us which was less agreeable than the one we were at—the " time-table " of the railroad below—and our host's carriage was at the door. Mr. Kennedy was bound to the city, where Mr. Irving, as he gave us his farewell upon the porch, said he thought he might find him, in a day or two ; and Wise and I, by the up train, were bound back to Idlewild. We were at home by seven, and, over our venison supper (the " Alleghany haunch " still bountiful), we exchanged our remembrances of the day, and our felicitations at having been privileged, thus delightfully, to see, in his home and in health, the still sovereign Story King of the Hudson. May God bless him! and may the clouds about his loved and honored head grow still brighter with the nearer setting of his sun. . . . .

I draw again on my notes for the following memorandum, which records his last pilgrimage to his native city —made six days after the foregoing visit.

November 5th.—A good deal troubled with his cough. Visited New York. Lunched at Charles A. Davis's.

Two days after, Mr. Theodore Tilton, one of the editors of the New York "Independent," spent a half hour at Sunnyside, of which he contributed to the columns of that print the following interesting account:—

I had half an hour, one day last week, at Sunnyside, the residence of Washington Irving. Such a half hour ought to have been one of the pleasantest in one's life; and so it was. . . . .

The morning had been rainy, and the afternoon showed only a few momentary openings of clear sky; so that I saw Sunnyside without the sun. But, under the heavy clouds, there was something awe-inspiring in the sombre view of those grand hills, with their many-colored forests, and of Hendrik Hudson's ancient river still flowing at the feet of the ancient palisades.

The mansion of Sunnyside has been standing for twenty-three years; but when first its sharp-angled roof wedged its way up among the branches of the old woods, the region was far more a solitude than now; for at that time our busy author had secluded himself from almost everybody but one near neighbor; while he has since unwittingly gathered around him a little community, whose elegant country seats, opening into each other by mutual intertwining roads, form what looks like one vast and free estate, called on the time-tables of the railroad by the honorary name of Irvington. But even within the growing circle of his many neighbors, the genial old Knickerbocker still lives in true retirement, entertaining his guests, within echo distance of Sleepy Hollow, without thought, and almost without knowledge,

> ——"how the great world
> is praising him far off."

Mr. Irving is not so old-looking as one would expect who knew his age. I fancied him as in the winter of life; I found him only in its Indian

summer. He came down-stairs, and walked through the hall into the back parlor, with a firm and lively step that might well have made one doubt whether he had truly attained his seventy-seventh year! He was suffering from asthma, and was muffled against the damp air with a Scotch shawl, wrapped like a great loose scarf around his neck; but as he took his seat in the old arm-chair, and, despite his hoarseness and troubled chest, began an unexpectedly vivacious conversation, he almost made me forget that I was the guest of an old man long past his "threescore years and ten."

But what should one talk about who had only half an hour with Washington Irving? I ventured the question: "Now that you have laid aside your pen, which of your books do you look back upon with most pleasure?"

He immediately replied: "I scarcely look with full satisfaction upon any; for they do not seem what they might have been. I often wish that I could have twenty years more, to take them down from the shelf one by one, and write them over."

He spoke of his daily habits of writing, before he had made the resolution to write no more. His usual hours for literary work were from morning till noon. But, although he had generally found his mind most vigorous in the early part of the day, he had always been subject to moods and caprices, and could never tell, when he took up the pen, how many hours would pass before he would lay it down.

"But," said he "these capricious periods of the heat and glow of composition have been the happiest hours of my life. I have never found, in anything outside of the four walls of my study, any enjoyment equal to sitting at my writing-desk, with a clean page, a new theme, and a mind wide awake."

His literary employments, he remarked, had always been more like entertainments than tasks.

"Some writers," said he, "appear to have been independent of moods. Sir Walter Scott, for instance, had great power of writing, and could work almost at any time. So could Crabbe; but with this difference—Scott always, and Crabbe seldom, wrote well. I remember," said he, "taking breakfast, one morning, with Rogers, Moore, and Crabbe. The

conversation turned on Lord Byron's poetic moods. Crabbe said that, however it might be with Lord Byron, as for himself, he could write as well at one time as another. But," said Irving, with a twinkle of humor at recalling the incident, "Crabbe has written a great deal that nobody can read."

He mentioned that, while living in Paris, he went a long period without being able to write. "I sat down repeatedly," said he, "with pen and ink, but could invent nothing worth putting on the paper. At length I told my friend Tom Moore, who dropped in one morning, that now, after long waiting, I had the mood, and would hold it, and work it out as long as it would last, until I had wrung my brain dry. So I began to write shortly after breakfast and continued, without noticing how the time was passing, until Moore came in again at four in the afternoon—when I had completely covered the table with freshly written sheets. I kept the mood almost without interruption for six weeks."

I asked which of his books was the result of this frenzy. He replied, "Bracebridge Hall."

"None of your works," I remarked, "are more charming than the 'Biography of Oliver Goldsmith.'"

"Yet that was written," said he, "even more rapidly than the other." He then added: "When I have been engaged on a continuous work, I have often been obliged to rise in the middle of the night, light my lamp, and write an hour or two, to relieve my mind; and, now that I write no more, I am sometimes compelled to get up in the same way to read."

Sometimes, also, as the last Idlewild letter mentions, he gets up to shave!

"When I was in Spain," he remarked, "searching the old chronicles, and engaged on the 'Life of Columbus,' I often wrote fourteen or fifteen hours out of the twenty-four."

He said that, whenever he had forced his mind unwillingly to work, the product was worthless, and he invariably threw it away, and began again; "for," as he observed, "an essay or chapter that has been only *hammered out*, is seldom good for anything. An author's right time to work is when his mind is aglow—when his imagination is kindled. These are

his precious moments. Let him wait until they come ; but, when they have come, let him make the most of them."

I referred to his last and greatest work, the "Life of Washington," and asked if he felt, on finishing it, any such sensation as Gibbon is said to have experienced over the last sheet of the "Decline and Fall." He replied that the whole work had engrossed his mind to such a degree, that, before he was aware, he had written himself into feebleness of health; that he feared in the midst of his labor that it would break him down before he could end it; that when, at last, the final pages were written, he gave the manuscript to his nephew to be conducted through the press, and threw himself back upon his red-cushioned lounge with an indescribable feeling of relief. He added, that the great fatigue of mind, throughout the whole task, had resulted from the care and pains required in the construction and arrangement of materials, and not in the mere literary composition of the successive chapters.

On the parlor wall hung the engraving of Faed's picture of "Scott and his Contemporaries." I alluded to it as presenting a group of his former friends.

"Yes," said he ; "I knew every man of them but three; and now they are all gone !"

"Are the portraits good ?" I inquired.

"Scott's head," he replied, "is well drawn, though the expression lacks something of Scott's force. Campbell's is tolerable. Lockhart's is the worst. Lockhart," said he, "was a man of very delicate organization, but he had a more manly look than in the picture."

"You should write one more book," I hinted.

"What is that ?"

"Your reminiscences of those literary friends."

"Ah," he exclaimed, "it is too late now ! I shall never take the pen again. I have so entirely given up writing, that even my best friends' letters lie unanswered. I must have rest. No more books now !"

As I rose to go, he brought from a corner of the room a photograph of a little girl, exhibiting it with great enthusiasm. It was a gift from a little child who had come to see him every day during his sickness.

The picture was accompanied with a note printed in large letters with a lead pencil, by the little correspondent, who said she was too young to write. He spoke with great vivacity of his childish visitor. "Children," said the old man, "are great pets. I am very fond of the little creatures."

The author's study—into which I looked for a few moments before leaving—is a small room, almost entirely filled by the great writing-table and the lounge behind it. The walls are laden with books and pictures, which evidently are rearranged every day by some delicate hand; for none of the books were tumbled into a corner, and no papers were lying loose upon the table. The pen, too, was lying precisely parallel to the edge of the inkstand—a nicety which only a womanly housekeeper would persevere to maintain. Besides, there was not a speck of dust upon carpet or cushion.

I stood reverently in the little room, as if it were a sacred place. Its associations filled my mind with as much delight as if I had been breathing fragrance from hidden flowers. On leaving, I carried the picture of it vividly in my mind, and still carry it—the quiet, secluded, poetic haunt in which a great author wrote his greatest works.

As I came away, the old gentleman bundled his shawl about him, and stood a few moments on the steps. A momentary burst of sunshine fell on him through the breaking clouds. In that full light he looked still less like an old man than in the dark parlor by the shaded window. . . . . I wish always to remember him as I saw him at that last moment.

I return once more to my notes:—

November 10*th.*—His cough not so troublesome. Is evidently stronger than he was.

November 16*th.*—I returned to Sunnyside from an absence of two days in the city. Found Mr. Irving had been suffering from a renewal of his asthma, which had been distressing him for three or four days. A Mrs. ——

called just at twilight, to importune him for an autograph in her book. Mr. Irving being asleep, we tried to fight her off with an offer of a loose one; but she was pertinacious, and we had to seize a moment of partial wakefulness to get him to write it in her book, which he did without seeing her.

November 20th, Sunday.—At breakfast, one of his nieces mentioned her dream of seeing a spirit; her dread, and the nightmare consequent thereupon. "Did you question it?" was asked. "No; she did not want to have anything to do with spirits in this life;" and appealed for approval to Mr. Irving, who thought we were "better adapted to communion in the flesh." He then alluded again to the anecdote of Hall and himself, and their strange and solemn compact, which had no result.

Went to church.

November 22d, Tuesday.—A call from Mr. William G. Dix, seeking a personal acquaintance, and bringing a note from Rev. James Selden Spencer, assistant minister of Christ Church, Tarrytown. It was Mr. Irving's last interview with a stranger.

I happened to mention (says Mr. Dix, in a letter published after his death, recounting the interview) the name of Washington Allston. It set his soul all glowing with tender, affectionate enthusiasm. To hear the great painter so praised by the great writer, with a voice tremulous partly with infirmity but more with emotion, was something to keep, as surely as if every word had been engraven with the point of a diamond.

I drew my interview soon to a close, not wishing to make him weary;

and his cordial desire that I would call to see him again, and his expressions of good-will, so much more hearty than I had any right to expect, will ever be cherished as a benediction. I seem to have received a parting blessing on my heart and soul. How little did I then think that it would prove the very last! . . . .

November 27th, Sunday.—Attended church at Tarrytown. In the evening it was remarked that we would have to contrive some religious games to prevent his falling asleep. "I shall have to get a dispensation from Dr. Creighton to allow me to play whist on Sunday evening," was his playful rejoinder. We kept him in conversation till nine o'clock, when sleep overtook him, though he still tried to struggle against it.

November 28th, Monday.—Mr. Irving seemed very comfortable. C——, S——, and myself, started for the city in the morning train, leaving H—— and M—— with the invalid. He walked out to the brook lot about eleven, but did not drive out as usual, as he feared a return of difficult breathing. He had come back from his short walk with oppressed respiration, and seemed more than usually depressed, but rallied to a playful conversation with Mrs. H——, a lovely neighbor, who was a great favorite with him.

On our return from the city, in the afternoon, we found the family at dinner, with the addition of his nephew, the Rev. Pierre P. Irving, who had come up during our absence. The windows of the dining-room looked to the west and south, and the whole party were lost in admira-

tion of one of the most gorgeous sunsets I have ever beheld. The whole western sky was hung with clouds of the richest crimson, while the scene had all the softness of our lingering Indian summer. Mr. Irving exclaimed again and again at the beauty of the prospect. How little did any of us dream it was to be his last sunset on earth!

He slept between dinner and tea. In the evening seemed heavy, and a good deal depressed, as he had been more than usual during the day, but was free from nervousness, and would occasionally join in pleasant conversation.

On retiring for the night, at half past ten, his niece Sarah, who always took charge of his medicines, went into his room to place them, as usual, within easy reach. "Well," he exclaimed, "I must arrange my pillows for another weary night!" and then, as if half to himself, "If this could only end!" or "When will this end!" she could not tell which; for at the instant, he gave a slight exclamation, as if of pain, pressing his hand on his left side, repeated the exclamation and the pressure, caught at the footboard of the bed, and fell backward to the floor. The sound of his fall and the screams of Sarah brought the whole family in an instant to his room. I raised his head in my arms. Every means was resorted to to recall animation, and continued until a physician—Dr. Caruthers, from a distance of two miles—arrived, who pronounced life entirely extinct. He had passed

away instantaneously. The end for which he had just been sighing—the end, which to him had no terrors—had come. His departure was sudden; but so he was willing it should be. In the fullness of years, with unclouded intellect, crowned with the warmest affections of his countrymen, and with an assured hope of a happy immortality, he had gone down, according to his own pathetic aspiration, "with all sail set." Who that loved him would have wished to recall him!

When his physician, Dr. Peters, arrived at the house the next morning, he pronounced the immediate cause of his death to be disease of the heart. He had informed me eleven months before, that there was enlargement of the heart, but he did not then express serious apprehension from this cause.

His attention to his patient during a year of suffering was most unwearied, and whatever skill could accomplish was faithfully done; but the difficulty lay too deep for remedy. No skill could have averted or delayed the catastrophe.

When the news of Mr. Irving's death was announced, the next morning, in his native city, the flags on the shipping and the public buildings were instantly hung at half mast; and the various public bodies which had a session during the day, made allusion to the event. The Common Council, also, at the instigation of the Mayor, passed resolutions to testify its respect to his memory.

It is a remarkable incident in the obsequies of a pri-

vate individual, that the various courts of the city adjourned on the day of the funeral, to afford opportunity to those who wished to attend it; and during the hour when the last services were performing, miles distant, in the little rural church in which he had worshipped, the bells of his native city were tolling a mournful and responsive peal. On that day, also, the shops and places of business of the village through which the procession was to pass were closed. The railroad depot at which passengers were to alight from New York, the hotel, the public buildings, and many of the private residences in the principal streets, were draped in black, and mourning festoons were hung across the road.

It was on the 1st of December that the mortal remains of Washington Irving were conveyed to their last resting place; but no breath of winter chilled the air. The Indian summer, which this season had lingered into the very winter, shed its soft and melancholy beauty over the scene; and nothing could have been more exquisite than the day, or more in keeping with the sad occasion. "It is one of his own days," was the remark of many present.

The carriages, with the officiating clergymen, his physician, the relatives of the deceased, and the pall-bearers, moved from Sunnyside at half past twelve o'clock. At the head of the lane which forms the entrance to the place, a long line of carriages, containing the residents of the immediate neighborhood, joined the procession.

Upon its arrival at Christ Church, Tarrytown, where the services were to be held, it was met by a large concourse of the inhabitants of the neighboring country, and an array of men eminent in the various walks of literature and commerce, who had assembled from New York and other cities to pay the last tribute of respect to the honored dead.

At half past one, the clergy present entered the chancel, led by Bishop Potter. They were the Rev. Dr. Vinton, of St. Paul's, New York; Rev. Dr. Taylor, of Grace Church; Rev. Mr. Meade; Rev. Mr. Farmington, of Trinity; Rev. Dr. Morgan, of St. Thomas's; Rev. Dr. McVickar; Rev. Mr. Babbitt; and Rev. Mr. Moore. At the door of the church, the coffin was met by the rector, Rev. Dr. Creighton (pastor and friend of the deceased) and Rev. Mr. Spencer, his assistant, who preceded it up the aisle, the rector reading the opening sentences of the Episcopal burial service. The coffin was placed in front of the altar, when the choir joined in the solemn and beautiful anthem, "Lord, let me know my end."

When the impressive services were concluded, Dr. Creighton announced that, as had been requested, the lid of the coffin would be opened, to enable all who were so disposed to take a last look of the face of the deceased. Nearly a thousand persons, it is stated, who had been unable to gain entrance to the church, availed themselves of this mournful privilege, and passed in silent procession by the remains. The coffin was then returned to

the hearse, and the procession of carriages, computed at one hundred and fifty, formed anew, and, accompanied by a large concourse of pedestrians, proceeded to the cemetery. It was situated about a mile north of the church, on a beautiful hill, commanding on one side a noble view of the Hudson, and on the other a portion of the Sleepy Hollow valley. The route passed by the monument erected to the captors of Major André on the spot where he was taken, and across the bridge immortalized in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," which was hung with emblems of mourning.

On reaching the place of interment, Dr. Creighton, according to the beautiful and impressive service of the Episcopal Church, consigned the body to the grave: "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

As he was laid down to take his last sleep among the scenes he had loved and celebrated, and by the side of his mother, as he had himself desired, the sun was declining; and soon another gorgeous sunset, such as brightened his last evening in life, again lighted up the western sky. It was a glorious scene; and few of the sad-hearted mourners who had stood around the grave failed to associate that day's decline with the close of that pure and beautiful life.

My task is finished. I have traced the career of the

author from its commencement to its close, as far as possible, through his own letters and words; and if the reader has not imbibed a correct idea of his personal and literary character in this way, it would be idle to attempt a more formal delineation of his virtues as a man, or his genius as a writer.

I close with an extract from a beautiful and truthful portrait of him by a young author, which appeared among numerous other tributes after his decease. It is from the pen of George William Curtis:—

> With Irving, the man and the author were one. The same twinkling humor, untouched by personal venom; the same sweetness, geniality, and grace; . . . . which endeared the writer to his readers, endeared the man to his friends. Gifted with a happy temperament, with that cheerful balance of thought and feeling which begets the sympathy which prevents bitter animosity, he lived through the sharpest struggles of our politics, not without interest, but without bitterness, and with the tenderest respect of every party.
>
> His tastes, and talents, and habits were all those of the literary man. . . . . And it was given to him first of our authors to invest the American landscape with the charm of imagination and tradition. . . .
>
> When his death was known, there was no class of men who more sincerely deplored him than those of his own vocation. The older authors felt that a friend, not a rival—the younger, that a father had gone. There is not a young literary aspirant in the country, who, if he ever personally met Irving, did not hear from him the kindest words of sympathy, regard, and encouragement. There is none of the older rank, who, knowing him, did not love him. He belonged to no clique, no party in his own profession, more than in any other of the great interests of life, and that not by any willful independence, or neutrality armed against all comers, but by the natural catholicity of his nature.

On the day of his burial, unable to reach Tarrytown in time for the funeral, I came down the shore of the river he loved. As we darted and wound along, the Catskills were draped in sober gray mist, not hiding them, but wreathing, and folding, and lingering, as if the hills were hung with sympathetic, but not unrelieved gloom. Yet far away toward the south, the bank on which his home lay, was Sunnyside still, for the sky was cloudless, and soft with serene sunshine. I could not but remember his last words to me, more than a year ago, when his book was finished, and his health was failing: "I am getting ready to go; I am shutting up my doors and windows." And I could not but feel that they were all open now, and bright with the light of eternal morning.

THE END.

WASHINGTON IRVING

A

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL STUDY

PREPARED AS AN INTRODUCTION TO THE "GEOFFREY CRAYON" EDITION OF HIS WORKS

BY

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

Washington Irving.

IT seems to be proper that a new and noteworthy edition of the works of Washington Irving should be prefaced by a slight sketch of the author's life, and some estimate of his position as a man of letters. As the admirable "Life and Letters," edited by his nephew, Mr. Pierre M. Irving, will form a part of this edition, it is unnecessary here to indulge in many biographical details; and in the space allotted to me I shall use them only to aid in the estimate that I wish to make of the author.

The twenty years that have elapsed since Irving's death do not at all represent the space that separates our age from his. We seem to have lived a century since the war of the rebellion came to shake and scatter forever our fatuous dream of security and immunity. In two decades we have had the social and political transformation and growth of a hundred years. And in no aspect of our national life is the transition so marked as it is in our literature, in our mental attitude towards

the facts of our own life and the world foreign to us. This change has not been produced alone by our internal evolution; but this has conspired with outward influences to break our sense of separateness as a people, to abate our self-consciousness, and to give our literary expression more freedom, vigor, and a more cosmopolitan tone. The day of experiment may be said to be over; the day of emancipation has come; and in some of the great departments of scholarship, however it may be in literature, America looks no longer to England but to Germany only for its rivals. Irving, in fact, died just on the eve of a new era, an era to which the most active survivors of that preceding it experience infinite difficulty in adjusting themselves, one to which it is safe to say Irving would have remained an uncomprehending stranger.

But this period, expanded as it is into more than a generation of experience by its radical transitions, does not, after all, measure our distance from Irving. He lived far into an age of doubt, with whose spirit, except in the most superficial way of material contact and enjoyment, he was not in sympathy. There is nothing in his biography or his letters to show that during the seventeen years of his residence abroad, and the time of his most fertile mental activity, he apprehended the stir in aspiration and thinking that what may be called the "new learning" was introducing into England from Germany—the first breaking up of the insularness of the English mind—the light of which in the face of Carlyle

soon drew the curious young Emerson across the Atlantic to see.

Already when he returned to the United States in 1832, our most famous and most lauded and loved man of letters, the dawn of change had declared itself here to a sensitive observation. There never was a more sensitive observer born in America than Irving, and that he did not perceive this new effluence, or, if he did perceive it, that he was unaffected by it, must be set down to the fact that he was in his literary constitution the man of another era; and I should also add the minor fact, that his surroundings were in a commercial metropolis, where wealth and fashion, and family traditions based upon success in politics and trade rather than upon moral and literary elements, conspired to make him insensible to what was stirring in New England. If Irving had been born and had lived in Boston, his career would have been very different from what it was—for he was exceedingly impressionable to the nearest influences—but I doubt if it would have been so serviceable to the world. But Irving held himself measurably aloof from the age in which he lived in other respects. I mention this, not by way of criticism—for of the right of the literary artist to take the position of a calm observer merely, I shall have something to say further on—but only as accounting in part for his distance away from us, the separation of his writings from the feverish and unrestful conditions of our own generation.

Of the era of the Emancipation Act and the Reform Bill in England, and of the anti-slavery agitation in America —an era in which were germinating everywhere the powerful forces of which our time has reaped the fruits in revolutions—Irving was almost a passive spectator. This abstention was not from insensibility, it was certainly not from cold-heartedness—he looked at slavery, for instance, exactly as Washington regarded it,—it was not from want of patriotism, for in that respect he was an American of the Americans, and it was not from want of sympathy with what he called "the great cause of the world;" but he obeyed an instinct of his nature in keeping his literature free from what seemed to him temporary excitements. I think he had in mind always the production of something that should be as good for one age as for another, and, whether he succeeded or not, in this he rightly apprehended the true function of literature. His books are separated from us, then, by the absence in them of what the newspapers call "living issues." The next generation, if it recovers the leisurely frame of mind which we have lost, will find in them no note of the reformatory, religious and philosophical ferment, doubt and chaos of his day. If I want at any moment to transport myself into a calm and restful time, I can do it by taking up Irving. And yet, before one can do this with enjoyment, he must discharge himself of the hurry which has seized upon us all; and to bespeak such a calm mental state now, is something like promising to New York the

tranquillity of Egypt when it shall have set up the Alexandrian obelisk amidst surroundings that are the most incongruous that could be devised for it.

I am not now wishing to set up any comparison between the literature of Irving and that of his successors, but only to note the fact that he produced literature in the strict sense in which I use the word; literature being not merely a report of the feeling and sentiment of a time —though it may be that in substance—but having certain other qualities of form and style which make it an enduring thing in the world, and without which it falls into the category of De Quincey's literature of knowledge and not of power.

We are certainly far enough away from Irving to take an impartial view of his literary rank, a view that would have been impossible twenty-five years ago, when we were under the glamour of his immense success. Never did an author reign with more unquestioned sway than he did for about fifty years. There was only here and there a dissentient from the general approbation—John Neal, whose slashing criticism was often not without real insight, so that some of it has come to be accepted as just, and Edgar A. Poe, whose judgment of his contemporaries is always open to the suspicion of petty personal feeling. There was other criticism, there were exceptions to this or that performance, but it was all from the background of a universal recognition of Irving's high place and popularity. No other literary man in America

was so generally admired and loved, and probably no other so widely and permanently influenced the diffused literary tastes of his countrymen. Much of this was due to his opportunity; he appeared at the very beginning of our formative period, and he gave it its direction and tone for many years; and it is very fortunate that this plastic condition was operated on by an influence so pure and salutary. His example and his early success abroad gave a stimulus to literary production in this country, the value of which we are likely to underestimate at this moment; but his greater service was the making of books that were capable of exercising a refining and civilizing power, and yet had in them the elements that made them acceptable to almost everybody, high and low, who could read. I am aware that the quality of a book has little relation to its popularity at a given time—even the contemporary judgment of critics is as often at fault as that of the masses; I am only insisting that Irving's literature had an immense and wholesome influence in this country for fifty years.

Irving's career is a kind of bridge connecting two eras, on which as we walk backward we have a distinct view of amazing social and literary changes. He died in 1859, and his birth was almost coeval with that of the Republic.

He first saw the light—it was on the 3d of April, 1783—only a few months before General Washington entered New York upon its evacuation by the British troops. The New York of now and of then is an epitome of our

national transformation. There are citizens who remember the quaint, dormer-windowed brick house, with a Dutch physiognomy, in William Street, where Irving grew up. It was not pulled down till 1849. At the time of his birth New York was a little town of about 23,000 inhabitants, with the characteristics of a village. Its low and picturesque houses were grouped about the Battery, which was the fashionable quarter, on straggling streets, that were said to have been laid out by the indolent Dutch on cow-paths; shade trees abounded, and the military science of the militia captains on training days was in nothing more conspicuous than in getting their valiant companies around the water-pumps which stood in the middle of the highway, and disorganized the array as much as the taverns on the line of march, though for a different reason. The town was in a sorry condition; it had been half destroyed by fire during the Revolution, and trade did not exist except in the clumsy boats that brought vegetables from Jersey and the islands. The inhabitants were half Dutch and half English, and the social demarkation was maintained, although the English influence predominated. Enterprise almost immediately sprang up on the advent of peace, and the city began its unchecked career. From the beginning almost, and in contrast to all other American towns, it is noticeable that the people had city aspirations, and began to put on a metropolitan air before they were out of village conditions.

Society was organized differently from that of Boston or Philadelphia; it was more cosmopolitan, less neighborly; the New Yorker was known everywhere by certain assumptions. The commercial and trading spirit ruled; there were country gentlemen whose influence was not small in New York, but the city aristocracy were the trading class; the atmosphere was the reverse of intellectual; what literary culture existed was simply a liking for old English books, and some formal acquaintance with the classics, which had little vivifying effect. There are small traces of the scientific spirit which Franklin had planted in Philadelphia, or of the theological activity which prevailed in New England; there was a good substratum of old-fashioned orthodoxy and morality, but society was on the whole free, convivial, pleasure-loving; and the gay, somewhat mercurial character of the people has been transmitted to their descendants. This society was not incapable of taking up literature as a fashion; and it was the good fortune of Irving to make literature rather the fashion.

Irving's father was a merchant who had settled in New York in 1763, and been successful until his business was broken up by the war. He was born on Shapinshay, one of the Orkney Islands, of a notable family, whose fortunes had decayed, which traced its descent from William de Irwyn, the armor-bearer of Robert Bruce. His mother, Sarah Sanders, was a native of Falmouth, England, and the granddaughter of a curate. William Irving, who had

taken to the sea for a living, met the beautiful girl when he was a petty officer on a packet plying between Falmouth and New York, and two years after their marriage he quit the sea and made their home in the capital of the New World. Those who think the genius of a large family is apt to be one of the latest comers in it, find their theory confirmed in the case of Washington Irving; he was the eighth son and the youngest of eleven children. The whole family was as remarkable for talent as it was for amiability, integrity, and strong family affection, which had in it something of the Scotch clannishness. The father was a stanch Whig during the war and suffered for his principles, and his wife was a sort of ministering angel to the patriot prisoners confined in the city.

It was from his mother that Irving inherited his gay humor, his love of society, and probably his tendency to letters. She was a woman of fine intellectual grain; a nature full of tenderness, and abundant good sense. In his father flowed a pure strain of Covenanter blood; in business he was the soul of probity; in religion he was severe and godly; and in his household strict and exacting in demanding conformity to his religious creed and practice; although he had tenderness in his nature, it lay far below the surface; in his scheme of life there was no room for triviality or amusement; and he endeavored to bring up his children in the fear of God and the sense of the sinfulness of pleasure. His severe and gloomy

rectitude would have made his home intolerable to the children if it had not been moderated to them by the tenderness and sympathy of their mother; although she conformed in worship to her husband, she did not share his harsh views, and always retained in her heart the leniencies of her Episcopalian training. Indeed the children were repelled from the religion of their father. Ultimately all, except one, became members of the Episcopal Church. Washington, without asserting his independence outwardly, and while still attending the Sunday services and submitting to his father's drill in the Catechism, at an early age made good his escape by slyly stepping into Trinity Church and receiving the rite of confirmation.

It was the mother's idea to name the boy after the victorious leader of the Revolution, and I think the name had an appreciable influence upon his career and the future currency of his work; and the lad may also have been impressed by the fact of a personal contact with the great man. It was on the occasion of Washington's residence in the city as President that the boy's nurse followed the popular hero into a shop one day, and presented his little namesake; and that Washington laid his hand in blessing on the head of his future biographer.

The lad was in no sense a prodigy; he was simply an affectionate, merry, frolicsome, handsome boy, with a spice of mischief, whose pranks gave his tender but admiring mother some uneasiness; she would exclaim,

"Oh, Washington! if you were only good!" He was not studious, but he was fond of reading, and early developed the "scribbling" propensity in the composition of verses and plays; at school he used to write compositions for boys who would do his sums in arithmetic. His education was conducted under several indifferent teachers, and was without thoroughness. From his last master he got a little Latin, and about the same time he took some lessons in music, and, unknown to his father, in the pernicious art of dancing. He had read, of such books as fell in his way, those that fed his imagination, Pilgrim's Progress, the story of Sinbad, a translation of Orlando Furioso, and voyages and travels. We gather from his memoir that he was a lovely, idle, active-minded, sensitive boy, without application, longing to go somewhere on a pilgrimage, a dreamer of dreams. His schooling ended when he was sixteen; it is evident that he did not follow his brothers in Columbia College because he had no sort of tendency toward discipline and application. Because he must have some career, and he developed neither inclination for college nor for business, he was put into a law office. But law he never seriously studied. The career of ambition at that time was politics, and that was best entered through the law. Irving was not robust; there was in the family circumstances no pressing need of his earning a living, and he was left to drift along in vague expectation of what might turn up.

What happened was that the boy dipped into litera-

ture in a hap-hazard manner while seated amid the law books, assimilating no doubt eagerly what suited his purpose, and cultivated his equally strong taste for society. He had a great love of music, and he early acquired a taste for the theatre. His first indulgence in this prohibited amusement was in company with a boy somewhat his senior, named James K. Paulding, whose sister was the wife of Washington's brother William. When once the delight was tasted, the boy repeated it as often as possible, and as the theatre was near his home, he learned how to sandwich the nine o'clock family prayers between the chief play and the after-piece; that is, he stole home from the theatre in time for the devotion, then pretended to go to bed, but escaped out of his bedroom window down the roof, and was soon again in his seat, an excited spectator of the mimic world. New York had enjoyed a regular theatre since 1750, but its quality we can infer from Irving's no doubt very good description of it in the "Jonathan Oldstyle" letters, and from his recommendation: "To the actors—less etiquette, less fustian, less buckram. To the orchestra—new music, and more of it. To the pit—patience, clean benches, and umbrellas. To the boxes—less affectation, less noise, less coxcombs. To the gallery—less grog, and better constables; and, To the whole house, inside and out—a total reformation."

The lad's delicate health would partly account for his disinclination to any routine pursuit or severe study.

Before he was seventeen symptoms of pulmonary disease developed, and travel and sojourn in the country were tried. We find him hunting in the Sleepy Hollow region, and making journeys up the Hudson, and to the Mohawk, where he had a married sister residing. There was at that time delightful society in Albany and Schenectady, which was attractive to the young man, and made as decided an impression on him as the scenery of the Hudson, which he was the first to celebrate. The charms of natural scenery seldom get any popular recognition except through a literary culture.

In 1802 Irving became a clerk in the law office of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, and formed the family intimacy which had such an influence upon his career. The office, however, did not confine him; he renewed his travels, and with Mr. Hoffman made the then difficult woods journey to Ogdensburg, and as far as Montreal, enduring some of the pleasures of roughing it, and making acquaintance with the Red Man, who was not attractive to him, but whose unjust treatment by our government aroused his indignation not many years after. It was while he was a law clerk, and when he was nineteen years old, that he wrote for the *Chronicle*, a newspaper established by his brother Peter, a series of articles on the theatres and the manners of the town, signed "Jonathan Oldstyle." These attracted a great deal of local attention, and procured for Irving the acquaintance of Charles Brockden Brown, and an offer from him of employment on a liter-

ary periodical. That these juvenile imitations of English essays were copied and quoted and applauded shows the extreme literary dearth of the time, and the eagerness to get out of the conventional style of newspaper writing. The papers were saucy and readable, and not without wit, and they contain a passage or two of manly sensibility, notably one in which the boy exhibits his chivalry towards women by making an indignant protest against the heartless way in which maiden ladies are commonly spoken of. Slight as these papers were, and worthless as they are now, except as a landmark of the author's development, we have to note of them that they were popular, that they had a certain personal flavor that attracted attention and gave pleasure, and that this must be said of nearly every thing that Irving wrote thereafter. Whatever critics may say of his writings, they had from the first this quality that gained them instant recognition and made them enjoyed.

We see now that the boy had the artistic temperament; his love of the picturesque and the adventurous in books, his fondness for music and the theatre, and his idle, dreaming way, which begat little hope of him in his father's eyes, declare this. When he went to Europe and came in contact with an old civilization, with a society ordered by etiquette and refinement and luxury, he was not a stranger to it, and he entered into all the amenities of life, into the enjoyment of art and music and historical associations, like one native and born thereto.

All this has a close connection with the tone of his literature and with its quality. Considering his surroundings in a commercial and not artistic and not very intellectual city, in a land staring new and fighting for its position, which got its literature, and to some extent its manners, second-hand from England, this absence of what it is now fashionable to call "provincialism" in young Irving is very remarkable. And when I couple with this the fact that he was always, boy and man, an ardent patriot, an ingrained American, and never in art an affected *cognoscente*, nor in manner the least bit the "snob," I see why he was able to contribute to the elevation of the taste of his countrymen and to their culture in what is best in the old civilizations, and at the same time to retain their affection. But it must be said that up to the time Irving went abroad the second time, his chief ambition seemed to be to shine as a man of society, and he had the appearance of valuing his achievements with the pen only as a means to social distinction.

That Irving had an inborn bent to literature, and that he was in fact good for nothing else, we can see now, but his circumstances offered no inducement for the career he finally adopted. So far as we know, there was but one man in America who had adopted literature as a profession—Charles Brockden Brown, whose strange romances had little popular recognition. American literature did not exist. The autobiography of Benjamin Franklin, which deserves a very high place in it, was not published

—thanks to his degenerate son—till 1817. The best writing of the past two centuries—a period fertile in political essays—on the science of government had been done in America, and of controversial theology and polemical verse there was no lack; but Irving was the first to enter the field of literature, the first to awaken his countrymen to a consciousness of their capacities in this direction, and to announce to the world that America proposed to take a hand in it. That his first effort (the "Salmagundi") was an imitation is not surprising, and that he did not absolutely break with the old is no doubt one reason why he obtained so quick foreign recognition.

This country at first would seem to be quite barren of food for the imagination of such a writer as Irving, who was always a backward-looking man, whose mind dwelt more willingly in traditions than in the present. Ours is the only nation that has no folk-lore—no misty past; the sun shines plainly on our first beginnings. However morally sublime, they are visibly prosaic. Our best efforts to put the Red Man, our only prehistoric possession, in a romantic light are sad failures in the main. Irving (in the Knickerbocker and the Hudson River legends) remedied for the region in which he lived something of this defect in romance and tradition, and his achievement is unique in modern times; it amounted to a creation, and it is performed with a simplicity that makes the result all the more surprising. And it is also to be noted that although permanent, and almost as well

based in the popular mind as veritable history, the elements of it are humorous, and have little of the common seriousness of the myth.

In 1804, when Irving came of age, he was in such danger of a speedy departure from this world by the door of consumption, that his brothers determined to try the effect of a sea voyage, and sent him to Europe. He was abroad almost two years, and the journey restored his health. It was not fruitful in a literary way. He wrote many charming letters, however, in which we discover his perfect accommodation to the society, art, and luxury he enjoyed. His journey lay through France, and by way of Genoa to Sicily, and thence to Rome. It was a time of disturbance and insecurity of travel; Napoleon's spies followed and detained him in France; the vessel in which he went to Sicily was overhauled by pirates; he had to dodge the cruisers in a fruit boat to get across to Naples. In Rome he was so seduced by the climate, the congenial antiquity, the art, and the charm of the company of Washington Allston, with whom he there contracted a life-long friendship, that he was upon the point of embracing the profession of a painter. He had a good eye for color, and in Allston's stimulating society the art no doubt seemed easy, but he reflected that inclination is not genius, and went on his idle way. He passed several months in Paris, which was more to his taste than any other foreign city, studying French and diligently frequenting the theatres and the opera, and made a short

sojourn in London. This was not an energetic pilgrimage, and he disappointed his brothers in not travelling more, and taking more advantage of his opportunities. But he was not to be forced out of his humor. His letters of the period abound in faithful and vivid descriptions of what interested him in scenery and historical remains; but what interested him especially was society, and he had the entry and was a favorite in the best whenever he chose to seek it. Society, indeed, was his natural element; he began in it early, and perhaps no other author of his repute was more immersed in it than he was, as he somewhere remarks, for the better part of half a century. And yet he was formed for intimate friendships, and better than society he liked the quiet intercourse of the domestic circle. Had his longing for happiness in that been gratified by marriage, we can only speculate upon the effect on his literary career. His literature might have lacked a certain element of sentiment and longing which contributed greatly to its popularity.

Upon his return, without any settled plans, and certainly with no expectation of a literary life, he pulled together enough legal information to pass a lenient examination, and was admitted to the bar. Having accomplished this, he gave himself up to such pleasures as the town afforded. He was "champion of the tea-parties," a gallant in any city he visited, and had a large social acquaintance in New York, Albany, Philadelphia, and Baltimore. He was one of a set of young fellows in New

York who united some literary taste with convivial habits, and posed for "sad dogs." They made much of cheap feasts at city porter-houses, and something mysterious of revelries at Cockloft Hall, an old mansion on the Passaic, described in "Salmagundi." There wasn't much harm done in the end, for all these terrible roysterers had shelters in sweet homes, and the constant company of pure and lovely women who united discretion with wit and engaging manners. The habit of the day was free and unconventional we infer, and prudery was probably not a necessary sign or protection of innocence in either sex; the conversation even of gentlemen was garnished with strange oaths; at the suppers there was hard, conscientious drinking and much bacchanalian singing, and it was considered better for a man to go under the table from the effects of the compulsory bumper than to decline it.

Irving tried a little local politics at this time as a stepping-stone to an appointment; but his experience in the Sixth Ward disgusted him, and his feeble solicitation at Albany got him no office; indeed he couldn't run with the hungry pack of office-seekers, and he speedily gave up the idea of saving his country on a government salary.

Irving's private letters of this period show a little affectation of knowing the world, a callowness, in short, which is absent from his European correspondence, and shows, may be, that he had fallen back into the so-called

"provincial" conditions. But among them are some to a belle of the time, Miss Mary Farlie, "the fascinating Farlie," the "Sophia Sparke" of the "Salmagundi," which reveal the man, as he then was, his devotion to the calls of fashion and the rounds of tea-party life in whatever city he chanced to be, his pleasure in the little flutter of coquetry with which the serious enjoyments of life are prefaced, but also his fine, pure nature and his chivalrous admiration of woman. I cannot quote at length, but there is a passage in a letter to Miss Farlie from Richmond, where he was attending the trial of Aaron Burr, in which he defends the sex from unworthy motives in its sympathy for the fallen man, and declares that it results from the merciful and heaven-born disposition implanted in the female bosom, which ever inclines in favor of the accused and the unfortunate, and he adds, "I love your sex ten times better than ever." If he idealized the sex, it must be said that his conduct towards women always conformed to his romantic ideal.

Irving was now twenty-four years old. He had adopted no business, for his dallying with the law cannot be seriously considered. He was not a student, and his outfit for life, such as it was, had been gained from contact with society and not from books. His first literary venture was about to be tried, and perhaps the sort of education he had gained contributed not a little to the freshness and vigor of this first effort, and made him apprehend the channel by which the popular ear could

be reached. In January, 1807, Washington, his brother William, and James K. Paulding issued the first number of the "Salmagundi." Never did a modest little duodecimo sheet of a few pages make more stir in a community. Its declared purpose was "simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age." It had in it an air of society condescending to literature. In manner it was an imitation of the "Spectator" and the "Citizen of the World;" but it showed so much original humor, was so buoyantly written, so audacious, affected such an indifference to praise or profit, was so complacently superior, and so knowing concerning the "whim-whams" of the town, that it was a great success from the start. It seemed, notwithstanding its imitation, the most original and lively of all native productions, and as such was copied and imitated in other cities. After the lapse of seventy-five years, a good deal of the humor seems overdone and antiquated, a good deal of it is puerile and dreary fun; but I find it on the whole amusing reading, and worth while as a study of manners at the beginning of this century. After running for twenty numbers it suddenly stopped, in the full career of success, with the whimsical indifference to the public its writers had always pretended. The authors made little out of it except reputation, and quit it on a disagreement with the publisher, just when Irving was kindling up to the work. He himself in later years did not value his share in it; but the critics have discovered in these free and

irresponsible essays, the germs and suggestions of nearly everything he did afterwards, and some critics think portions of this juvenile performance equal to anything he produced later in life; his judgment is, however, right about it, its chief value lies in the "everything he did afterwards."

By this clever experiment Irving discovered and tried his powers, and his career was determined by it, although he was himself unconscious that his calling was fixed. He was still the inmate of a law office, and a young man about town, and the applause of the widening social circle in which he moved was probably the result of "Salmagundi," which he most prized. He had already extended his acquaintance to Washington and Richmond, and found more or less attractions in every city where beauty and wit had leisure for that sort of social skirmishing in which he delighted. Knee-breeches had not yet gone out of vogue, and fashionable life still retained those ornaments who had a more than local reputation as "beaux" and "belles." In Irving's devotion to the opposite sex there was a touch of the old-time gallantry. Personally he must have awakened a reciprocal admiration. His biographer, with a characteristic family reticence of personal details, has given no personal description of our author. But a drawing by Vanderlyn in Paris in 1805, and a portrait by Jarvis in 1809, present him to us in the fresh bloom of manly beauty. The face has an air of distinction and gentle breeding; the refined lines, the

poetic chin, the sensitive mouth, the shapely nose, the large dreamy eyes, the intellectual forehead, and the clustering brown locks are our ideal of the writer of the "Sketch-Book" and the "Pilgrim in Spain." A relation, who saw much of our author in his latter years, writes me: "He had dark gray eyes, a handsome straight nose, which might perhaps be called large; a broad, high, full forehead, and a small mouth. I should call him of medium height, about five feet eight and one half to nine inches, and inclined to be a trifle stout. There was no peculiarity about his voice; but it was pleasant, and had a good intonation. His smile was exceedingly genial, lightening up his whole face, and rendering it very attractive; while if he were about to say anything humorous, it would beam forth from his eyes even before the words were spoken. As a young man, his face was exceedingly handsome, and his head was well covered with dark hair; but from my earliest recollections of him, he wore neither whiskers nor moustache, but a dark brown wig, which, although it made him look younger, concealed a beautifully shaped head."

It was some months after the discontinuance of "Salmagundi" that the work was projected which was to give our author fame. It grew out of a literary freak. In connection with his brother Peter, who had considerable literary talent and a severer taste than Washington at the time, he began a mock history, in burlesque of "A Picture of New York," by Dr. Samuel Mitchell, just pub-

lished, and intended as a travesty on that and other contemporary pedantic lore. This joint composition accounts for the chief fault of the Knickerbocker; the book was well advanced and consisted of a mass of erudite and rather juvenile nonsense, when Peter was called by his business to Europe, and Irving was left to finish the work. In his hands the conception changed; he limited the scope of the history to the period of the Dutch governors, for the sake of epic unity, and compressed the mass of affected learning into five introductory chapters. He subsequently wished that he had reduced it to one chapter; a further improvement would have been to throw away that one. In his humorous fancy the time of the Dutch rule became the poetic age of the city; this conception expanded into a unique portraiture of race and character, and "The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker," was finished substantially as we have it now. This was in 1809, when Irving was twenty-six years old.

But before this humorous creation was completed, the author endured the terrible bereavement which was to color his whole life. He had formed a deep and tender passion for Matilda Hoffman, the second daughter of Josiah Ogden Hoffman, in whose family he had long been on a footing of the most perfect intimacy; and his ardent love was fully reciprocated. Irving was restlessly casting about for some assured means of livelihood, which would enable him to marry,—perhaps his distrust of a literary career was connected with this desire,—when,

almost without warning, Miss Hoffman died, in the eighteenth year of her age. Without being a dazzling beauty, she was lovely in person and mind, with most engaging manners, a refined sensibility, and a delicate and playful humor. The loss was a crushing blow to Irving, from the effects of which he never recovered, although time softened the bitterness of his grief into a tender and sacred memory. He could never bear any allusion to her, even from his most intimate friends. After his death, in a private repository, of which he always kept the key, was found a lovely miniature, a braid of fair hair, and a strip of paper on which was written, in his own hand, "Matilda Hoffman;" and with these treasures were several pages of a memorandum, in ink long since faded. He kept through life her Bible and her Prayer Book; they were placed nightly under his pillow in the first days of anguish that followed her loss, and ever after they were the inseparable companions of all his wanderings. This memorandum, it subsequently appeared, was a copy of a letter addressed to Mrs. Foster, a married lady, in which the story of his early love was related as a reason why he had never married. It was in 1823, while he sojourned in Dresden, that he became intimate with an English family residing there, named Foster, and conceived for the daughter, Miss Emily Foster, a deep attachment. The Fosters believed that this would have resulted in marriage if the lady's affections had not been preoccupied. Irving's biographer thinks otherwise,

and gives reasons for believing that he could not at that time have entertained a project of matrimony. It is not for us to question his judgment, with his full knowledge of the circumstances; yet it is evident that Irving was very seriously impressed and very much unsettled until he drove away the impression by hard work with his pen; and it would be nothing new in human nature and experience if he had, for the time, yielded to the attractions of loveliness and a most congenial companionship, and had returned again to an exclusive devotion to the image of the early loved and lost. That bereavement cast a cloud over his otherwise gay disposition which was never altogether dissipated, and gave an abiding tinge of melancholy to his life. Its effect upon his literature is not less discernible; it appears here and there in certain half-tones of tenderness. I think its sentiment pervades the "Sketch-Book;" a touching passage in Rural Funerals is colored by this memory; and we recognize the note in a passage in St. Mark's Eve in "Bracebridge Hall," beginning, "I have loved as I never again shall love in this world—I have been loved as I never again shall be loved." The two months after this event Irving spent in retirement; but solitude was as insupportable as society, and the author, who never for long nursed a grief in idle repining, sought relief in the completion of his book. He felt himself that the spirit was taken out of it, and never looked back to its composition with pleasure. The loving eyes that he expected to see

dance with sympathetic merriment in its perusal would never see its pages.

The History, which was first printed in Philadelphia, to avoid a premature disclosure of its character, was heralded by a series of preparatory advertisements, intended to awaken interest in a genuine historical work. Information was desired of a small, elderly gentleman, dressed in an old black coat and cocked hat, who had disappeared from his lodgings in the city. After a few days it was announced that this person had left behind a curious manuscript, which his landlord would be obliged to sell if the old gentleman did not return and settle for his board and lodging. This advertising device was so successful that one of the city authorities came to consult Irving's brother on the propriety of offering a reward for the missing Diedrich. The announcement of the book was that of a grave history of the colony and city under the Dutch government, and the author carried his whim so far as to dedicate it to the New York Historical Society, a liberty which a little nettled the grave antiquarians of that body. Great was the astonishment of those who sat down to a perusal of it as a veritable history to find, instead, a whimsical and lightly satirical portrait of their ancestors. Such a piece of irreverence shocked and confounded them. His friend Mrs. Hoffman wrote him at Philadelphia, on its first appearance: "Your good friend the old lady [the mother of Josiah Ogden Hoffman] came home in a great stew this evening. Such a scandalous

story had got about town—a book had come out, called a History of New York; nothing but a satire and ridicule of the old Dutch people—and they said you was the author; but from this foul slander, I'll venture to say, she has defended you. She was quite in a heat about it." So were others. Some of Irving's best friends, old ladies of Albany and Schenectady, were deeply offended, and vowed the author should never be received again in society; so deep and lasting was the irritation that Mr. Gulian C. Verplanck, Irving's friend, in an address before the Historical Society as late as 1818, while complimenting the author, criticised the book as a "coarse caricature." But Irving's amiable grace soon dissipated most of the social clouds, and even the Dutch critics, when they had comprehended the abounding and unmalicious humor of the composition, forgave the author, and enjoyed it with the rest of the world. They did not then know that Irving was issuing to them almost the only patent of nobility that has been given in this country. Outside the Dutch families the History was hailed with universal delight, as the most witty and original production from any American pen. The first foreign author to recognize its peculiar merit was Walter Scott, who read it aloud in his family, till their sides were sore with laughing, he asserts, and who saw in it a close resemblance to Dean Swift, and indications of powers that reminded him of Sterne.

The book is, however, an original creation, and has no

forerunner in English literature. In spontaneity and joyous vigor it must be assigned a place among the productions of the springtime of national literatures. Of its humor one is tempted to use the words grotesque and gigantic, but we must add youthful. It is a masterpiece, and I think Irving's masterpiece, though not in style; a very little of the mock-heroic usually wearies, and nothing but genius of the first order in humor could carry off a volume of it. The creation may be described as an event rather than a book. No other American conception has so entered into the popular mind. The whimsicality has a certain historical solidity. The Knickerbocker legend is something more than a legend, something more than a tradition, it is the creation of a caste, a society, it fixed upon the metropolis of the New World an ineffaceable character, a sort of romantic illusion. No other author of modern times has performed any such feat as this. It has assumed such proportions and importance, that it almost passes beyond the bounds of a literary creation. Millions of people who accept the Knickerbocker assumption as a verity, and use the name for a thousand purposes, never read the History; just as millions of people are on familiar terms with Gulliver who never read a line of Swift, and count Don Quixote a part of their mental furniture without knowing the name of Cervantes. This popular diffusion stamps the work as one of the few masterpieces of humor, and makes almost impertinent a literary criticism of the book. It may be

said, however, that its effect upon the modern reader is marred by the surplusage of the introductory matter, the elephantine fun of which is no longer funny, and that in places the breadth of the humor was better suited to a former age than it is to this. But whatever may be said of the juvenile expansion of its style, I take it that no one would care to undertake to mend it, or to disturb in any way the richest piece of native humor that the country has produced.

In Irving's preface to the revised edition of the History published in 1848, he speaks of its aim : "It was to embody the conditions of our city in an amusing form ; to illustrate its local humors, customs, and peculiarities ; to clothe home scenes and places and familiar names with those imaginative and whimsical associations so seldom met with in our country, but which live like charms and spells about the cities of the old world, binding the heart of the native inhabitant to his home." The effect, however, was far beyond this, and the work made itself felt for a long time in the literary production of the city. There grew up in time, with the addition of other influences, what was known as the "Knickerbocker School," which had its type in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. These other influences were not altogether local. There broke out some time before the century was half completed a sentimental development, a sort of literary measles, which pervaded all the light literature, and even the newspapers. Amidst some genuine pathos and fine

writing, there prevailed this rash of sentimentality, a mawkish and lachrymose tone in verse and prose—lines to dead babies, mewlings over old letters and blighted hopes, the dead, dead past, and the like—which continued more or less woe among us till the modern "humorist" scoffed it out of existence. This sentimental outbreak was intimately connected with the great moral and reform agitations of the time, by some sort of affinity that it would be interesting to trace. Another element came in to make the Knickerbocker School; it was a light thing, and I do not like to insist too much on it; it may be described as "society" literature, and Mr. N. P. Willis was its hierophant. This very clever man, who was the most dexterous phrase-maker of his day, and had a certain grace in his verbal touch—it had in it the art of tying a cravat with careless and killing ease—imparted to the sweetest sentiment an air of persiflage, and whipped up emotions into an agreeable syllabub, which had the flavor and permanence of an ice confection taken between dances at a ball. Irving, as we have seen, was a man of society, and he was able to make even society accept his literature, but it was by no such process as this. The Knickerbocker School was affected in its wit and vivacity as it was in its sentiment; it was unfruitful, and insincere, if that is not too severe a word to use towards a coterie whose chief sin was mutual admiration of mediocrity. I mention it here in connection with Irving, because the whole thing has been more or less directly laid to his

charge. A cynical sort of criticism, which swings a shillalah with a hilarious pleasure, merely for delight in smashing, and finds nothing in life really amusing except "earnestness," has included Irving in its otherwise not too-sweeping estimate of this "School." But I can find no warrant for the sentimental gush of his followers in his manly sentiment; they had neither his simple, wholesome humor, nor his transparent style, nor his high purpose as an artist. Irving abounded in sentiment, but his artistic sense of "good form"—to borrow a modern phrase—kept him on the safe side almost always in its expression. Besides, I am disposed to stick for the value to the world of sentiment in literature—such sentiment as Irving's—and to doubt whether we have gained anything by becoming ashamed of our emotions.

The favorable reception of the History far exceeded Irving's expectations. He found himself at once famous. Wherever he went he was the centre of attraction. For a time this distinction gratified and amused him, but the moment the excitement was over he fell into a despondency, and tried in vain to keep up his spirits. He is very frank about his feelings at this time; he admits that he made an effort to form other attachments, but, he says, "my heart would not hold on, it would continually recur to what it had lost." But for this dejection it would be strange, after his extraordinary success, that he should still have hesitated to adopt literature as his profession. But for two years, and with leisure, he did

nothing. He had even hope of political preferment in a small way; and he entered into a mercantile partnership with his brothers, which was to involve little work for him, and such share of the profits as should assure him support and leave him free to follow his literary bent. Yet he seems to have been mainly intent upon society and the amusement of the passing hour, and, without the spur of necessity to his literary capacity, he yielded to the temptations of indolence, and settled into the unpromising position of a gentleman of leisure.

The peril to trade involved in the war of 1812 gave him forebodings, and aroused him to some effort. He accepted the editorship of a periodical called *Select Reviews*, afterwards changed to the *Analectic Magazine*, for which he wrote several sketches, some of which were introduced into the "Sketch-Book," and several reviews and naval biographies. But the slight editorial care required was irksome to a man who had an unconquerable repugnance to all periodical labor. The business of his firm, and of other New York importing merchants, sent him often to Washington to look after their interests. These visits greatly extended his acquaintance with the leading men of the country, and, as usual, brought him into the thick of gayety and fashion. His political leanings did not prevent an intimacy with the President's family, and Mrs. Madison and he were sworn friends.

Although a Federalist and an admirer of England, his sympathies were all with his country in the war of 1812,

and he took active service on the military staff of Governor Tompkins. The sudden ending of the war defeated his intention of entering the regular army; and in 1815 he made a visit to his brother Peter, his business partner, in England, intending only a brief sojourn. He remained abroad seventeen years.

The first part of Irving's five years' residence in England was spent in the harassments of business, in a vain effort to extricate the affairs of his firm from the difficulties into which the fluctuations of trade had cast it. His brother Peter was an invalid, and Irving set himself to learn the mysteries of bookkeeping, and undertook all the uncongenial drudgery of the Liverpool counting-house. The struggle was prolonged through two years, when the brothers were compelled to seek relief in bankruptcy. This was a sore trial, and he felt the humiliation of it more on others' account than his own; the ruin of such a family connection in business, and of so many honorable hopes, stung him chiefly on Peter's account; to him escape from uncongenial employment was a great relief, and he was quite willing, even eager, to assume the responsibilities it involved. These responsibilities, I may say in a word, were practically the support of several of his relations by his pen. Up to this time he had figured as the ornamental genius of the family, and he had accepted the aid his brothers lovingly extended to him in full brotherly confidence. There was a delightful absence of any feeling of obligation or dependence on either

side. Now the relations were changed, but there was no change of feeling. A common purse was not a fiction in this case, and there is nothing more admirable than the care Irving took, when he began to earn money with his pen, that his brother Peter should feel that somehow he conferred a favor by sharing it. During the temporary periods of Peter's returning health, various futile business projects were set on foot for which Washington furnished the capital, and which had at least the effect of amusing his brother. I may say here that this loving duty, which Irving undertook with regard to his relations, formed a great part of the pleasure of his life; Peter was supported in comfort wherever he chose to reside, and on Irving's return to America, Sunnyside became in effect the home of the whole "clan." It was a family of marked gifts and capacities, the brothers all had enviable literary talent, and the sisters were women of culture, solid character, and many graces; but perhaps the greatest gift of all was that of affection and unselfish nobility of spirit.

Irving's sister Sarah (Mrs. Van Wart) was living with her husband and family in Birmingham, and he there found a home and refuge in the midst of his cares. He was far from robust, and was at times incapacitated for any sort of work. A tormenting cutaneous malady, which showed itself in his ankles, made walking impossible, and irritated him out of the mood of composition. All his life afterwards he was assailed by this, laid up for months

at times, driven to easy travel for distraction, and sent in search of the healing of medical springs. This malady was cheerfully and heroically borne, but it accounts for much of Irving's occasional depression, and to some extent for his long fits of literary inactivity. I have no doubt that a physician would attribute much of the loitering and wavering in his pursuits to his early ill health and this later malady.

During the time of his business perplexities Irving had made several excursions in England, Wales, and Scotland, the fruits of which were to appear afterwards, and he had obtained that knowledge of the English people, and sympathy with what was admirable in English life, which made acceptable to them what he wrote, even when he criticised. He also had formed acquaintance and friendship with many of the prominent English authors of the day, and was insured a certain amount of literary encouragement.

In August, 1818, Irving went up to London and cast himself upon the fortune of his pen. It was a bold step; it exhibits a modest confidence in his own abilities, and in connection with his family responsibilities the good fibre of the man. Thereafter he was not to be turned from his career. He discountenanced efforts at home to obtain for him a diplomatic appointment, and to the chagrin and mortification of his brothers, who evidently had no confidence in literature as a profession, he declined an offered situation in the Navy Department at

Washington. The spirit in which he set about his work was that expressed in a letter to his brother William in 1811: "Whatever I may write in future, I am determined upon one thing—to dismiss from my mind all party prejudice and feeling as much as possible, and to endeavor to contemplate every subject with a candid and good-natured eye."

This was the time of the "Sketch-Book." The story of its brilliant success has been often told. It was an international event, and we cannot now do justice to the book without recalling the circumstances in which it appeared and the motive that dictated it. The first number was published in America, in May, 1819, when the author was thirty-six years old. It contained only The Voyage, Roscoe, The Wife, and Rip Van Winkle. The second instalment contained Rural Life in England, The Broken Heart, English Writers on America, and The Art of Bookmaking. The Legend of Sleepy Hollow did not appear till the sixth instalment, and the whole was completed in America in September, 1820. It had not been originally the author's intention to publish it in England; but the news of its success in America came over, the numbers began to be reprinted without authority, and Irving was obliged to protect himself. He took the material to Mr. John Murray, whose liberality with authors was proverbial; but Murray civilly declined it, and Irving undertook the publication at his own risk. To this he was encouraged by Scott, who predicted his success. The

book sold in England as it sold in America. It is an old story, and it used to be told with national pride, how Mr. Murray was very speedily glad to have the honor and profit of publishing the books of the American author, and perhaps no publisher's note of declination was ever read with more pleasure than Murray's after his change of attitude.

Of course Mr. Murray made a mistake; he did not correctly foresee what the public would like and buy. But looking at the material offered him from the publisher's point of view, and remembering that the book least likely to sell is a series of sketches by an author of no established reputation in the community where it is offered, his rejection does not seem strange. Nay, looking at the book now, when circumstances have altered, I am not sure but a publisher would come to the same conclusion.

Irving wrote the book with a distinct object. The two countries had not recovered from the irritation of the late war. The comments of English travellers and newspapers had contributed to keep alive and deepen the alienation. In fact the Americans had been so estranged from England since the rupture of the colonial period, that they were ignorant of the country, and its traditions had lost their hold on them. The spirit in which Americans regarded England was misrepresented and misunderstood, and there was a good deal of bad blood that was the result only of ignorance and prejudice. Irving set

himself to remove this, so far as his own countrymen were concerned, by a sympathetic description of what was attractive in Englishmen, their country, ways, and customs; and perhaps no book ever so revived a faded and romantic interest in an old home as did the "Sketch-Book." It was one of the great mollifying and civilizing influences of the age, so far as the two kindred peoples were concerned. It created an affectionate interest in England, even in the breasts of those who still disliked the mingled hauteur and condescension of the Islanders. Naturally its effect was not so marked in England, but it was accepted as a graceful overture of friendship, and the author himself was taken to the English heart. His plea for good neighborship was not misunderstood either as any concession of American independence or any currying of favor. One of the earliest papers, that On English Writers on America, is a plain telling of disagreeable truths, without apology; but I do not read that it caused any irritation. The sympathetic spirit seen in the author enabled John Bull to accept fair criticism without offence.

One cannot speak too warmly of the charming spirit of this book, nor of its delightful style; the loveliness of the country, the venerable places of pilgrimage, the traditions, were so described that even to-day the sentimental pilgrim can find no better expression of his feeling than in these descriptions; and yet the book, having accomplished its mission in its generation, is nearly a book of the past, and as we turn its pleasant pages we

wonder a little at the sensation they once made in all the English reading world. The book opened to the author all doors of literature and fashion in the kingdom, it won him the friendship of the men and women most conspicuous in letters and politics and society. When, shortly after it was published, he ran over to Paris, where his reputation preceded him, word came that the "Sketch-Book" was making a great fame for him in England. Jeffrey, in the *Edinburgh Review*, paid it a most flattering tribute, and even the savage *Quarterly*, which had a character to sustain for railing at every thing, praised it. A rumor attributed it to Scott; at least, it was said, he must have revised it and given to it its exquisite style. "Geoffrey Crayon is the most fashionable fellow of the day," wrote the painter Leslie. Lord Byron, in a letter to Murray, underscored his admiration of the author; and subsequently said to an American, "His Crayon—I know it by heart, at least there is not a passage that I cannot refer to immediately;" and afterwards he wrote to Moore, his "writings are my delight." There seemed to be, as one wrote, "a kind of conspiracy to hoist him over the heads of his contemporaries." Perhaps the best barometer of his popularity was the mounting enthusiasm of his publisher, which was solidly expressed. And this capture of the English reading world was made at the moment when Scott and Byron were its idols.

Yet I am not quite sure but we would look upon the "Sketch-Book" as a tradition, full of a certain tender inter-

est yet, and not quite consigned to the company of those "Annuals" and "Keepsakes" of the period, which preserve to us in their binding of watered silk a sweet aroma of good society and literary self-conscious sentiment, but for two papers, the Rip Van Winkle and The Legend of Sleepy Hollow. We turn the leaves of the other essays uncertain whether the slight pleasure we experience is not a recollection of a pleasure we once had in them; but with these two it is quite otherwise. We know them by heart, but they have the charm for us that a fairy tale has for a child the hundredth time it is told. It is the indefinable charm of the genuine folk-lore. And how simple Rip Van Winkle is. A less artist would have dressed it up and overloaded it with a thousand fanciful elaborations, such as the imagination of each of us likes to supply. How true it seems, and how old. In fact it is old. And yet the original setting, the exquisite adaptation of the legend to its locality make it a new creation. It has the same dignity of antiquity as the Legend of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, or of the Moslem youths, attended by the wise dog Ketmehr, who went to sleep in the cave above Damascus. The Legend of Sleepy Hollow has hardly the same quality, but it is nearly as sure of immortality. It is, like the other, a permanent invention and the property of mankind, and, like the loom of Penelope, has passed beyond the perils of a literary tenure. It is a slightly hard and cruel story—it is almost the only instance in a story where Irving is remorseless to-

wards a character; and I cannot but think that it would be vastly better if the author had displayed a little touch of pity for Ichabod Crane, had endowed him with some little shade of pathos. The figure, unfortunately, must stand as it is cut out, in all its angular unloveliness, without relief, a simple compound of ugliness and greed, and so remorselessly dealt with that the reader almost instinctively supplies for him that pity which the author denied. His very ungainliness pleads for him at last, and we believe that even a Connecticut schoolmaster must have had some of the feelings of a man. He is very real, as real as Don Quixote; and what a contrast! the more ridiculous the Knight of La Mancha is, the more we love him.

These two short tales, inventions, fancies—how slight they are! not perhaps worth the serious attention of the ponderous critic, who makes a reputation every day, and every day destroys two, and would make one for himself if he had leisure to spare for such a trifle—these two little airy figments out of the fancy of an idle man, I am inclined to say, have as much power of living on in the popular mind as any thing done, said, or written in this century. And the amazing thing about them is that they are "local," and under a strong suspicion of being "provincial," having sprung out of a virgin soil never sown with tradition nor watered by age and custom.

"Bracebridge Hall" was published in England and America in May, 1822. Before its appearance Irving had been getting the better of his malady, and found himself

involved in all the whirl of a London season. The new book gave great satisfaction, and the author was nearly killed with kindness. To say that he was the fashion, is fully to express the demands upon his time and strength. He was sought by everybody. His writings won for him the entry to the highest social circles in the kingdom, where he was welcome as a friend and not as the curiosity of a day, and his footing was equally good with his brethren of the quill. To mention his companions would be to name most of the literary lights of the time, and his relations with many of them were those of the most cordial friendship. "Bracebridge Hall" is not a book to make a man's reputation, but it is one to extend it and increase the liking for him. It avoids some of the weaknesses of the "Sketch-Book," and in it his style attains perhaps the perfection of ease and finish. The slight fiction of the assembly in a great country house of many wedding guests enables the author to depict English character and customs, and to give his readers a number of charming stories. One of these is a characteristic Dutch story of his own country, Dolph Heyliner. But the little sketch of the Stout Gentleman, a mere trifle of restrained humor and unsatisfied curiosity, exhibits best the author's art and his dainty grace. And I must not omit mention of the Spectre Ship of the Hudson, in which we have in a few pages one of the most fascinating of all the Knickerbocker legends.

The following year was spent in travel and residence

in Germany, a year made unproductive by the author's illness, and in which occurred the Dresden episode of which I have spoken. In the delightful society of the Saxon capital at that time, and in the antiquated little court of Frederick Augustus and Queen Amalia—good, prim, simple potentates, such as Thackeray liked to create for the entertainment of children—Irving passed a pleasant winter, and if, at the end of it, he tore himself away from the society of the Fosters with a heartache, and went back to Paris with a feeling of being again cast upon the world, he was not long idle. With the Moores and other congenial society to stimulate him, he soon set about another book, and "The Tales of a Traveller" appeared in London in August, 1824. In the opinion of Irving, with which the best critics agreed, Hallam among them, it contained some of his best writing. Its style is criticised as over-refined and labored, and I am conscious now and then of a wish that the melody were broken occasionally by a discord. But it was not a labored composition; it was in fact written rapidly, tossed off page after page in the heat of a composing fury, which surrounded the author with thickly falling manuscript. Up to this time Irving could never harness himself to stated hours of composition, and he often waited months for the literary impulse in a kind of fever of teeming ideas and incapacity of expression. But when he once set to work he wrote with great fluency, and produced in a short time an incredible amount of manuscript. This

book has for me a delightful spontaneity, as if the author enjoyed the production of every story. Its variety is surprising: the author is equally at home with the Italian banditti, Captain Kidd, and the poor-devil authors of London. We have Moore's authority for saying that the literary dinner described in the second part has a personal foundation, and he gives the names of the Longmans as the publishers, one of whom was the business partner who let nothing distract him from the carving, while the other was the laughing partner who attended to the jokes. It is a whimsical picture, belonging, rather, if it belongs to any period, to the age of Addison than to that of Scott. In his story of Buckthorne, Irving made his nearest approach to a novel. Whether he could have written a novel of the first class is matter of conjecture, that he could have made an entertaining long story is evident; he had the power of projecting a character, he had the essential charm of narration, and of sprightly dialogue, unfailing delicacy of humor, and the story-teller's art of delay in exciting interest (this appears even in his historical compositions); but whether he had the robust passion needed for a great fiction may be doubted. However this may be, "The Tales of a Traveller" is one of the few thoroughly entertaining collections of short stories in the language, in which the art of turning a good short story is rare. The reader who has leisure may take up this volume sure of enjoyment.

But the volume lacked novelty to the readers of its predecessors, and criticism began to demand a new rôle in the favorite. It was this expressed dissatisfaction that turned Irving's mind to graver themes. He recurred to a previous intention of writing the life of Washington, and he composed a number of semi-political essays, which were never published. At this moment of eagerness to do something, and of doubt, a project was offered which kindled all his imagination. This was a Life of Columbus. Mr. Alexander H. Everett, who was minister to Spain, proposed to him a translation of M. Navarrete's "Voyages of Columbus," which was just appearing, compiled from the diary of Bishop Las Casas, the journals of the great navigator, and other historical documents. Mr. Irving hastened to Madrid in February, 1826. He there found that the publication of M. Navarrete was not a history, but rather the materials for one; that the libraries of the capital offered him a mass of unused matter, and he changed his plan and began at once his "History of Columbus." At this he labored with great zeal, and with more continuous industry than he had ever before given to any work. He had come upon a rich mine. His studies constantly opened new themes for his pen, and his fancy kindled with projects that would last him a lifetime. A part of his suite of works illustrating the domination of the Moors in Spain was executed; but the Conquest of Mexico, and the History of the Moors and Montezuma, were destined never to be

written. He was constantly turned aside from the Columbus to compose monographs upon some exciting episode, which he unearthed, and this, with his anxiety to secure historical accuracy, delayed the publication of his greater work till February, 1828. It was shortly followed by the "Companions of Columbus," and later by an abridgment of the Columbus, which he presented to Mr. Murray, his liberal publisher; a gift which was the source of great profit to the latter.

Irving's residence in Spain was prolonged till September, 1829. His life there is a romance in itself. He formed both with the Spaniards and with resident foreigners the most delightful friendships, and he entered into the romance and picturesqueness of land and people with all the zest of an ardent and susceptible nature. Spain has never given her hospitality to an observer in such full sympathy with her past, or one more open to the charms of her present. It needed the sun of Granada, the traditions and customs of a gentle and spirited race lingering in Andalusia, the aroma of the musty chronicles of love and valor in the old libraries, to develop the oriental quality of his imagination.

It was the most fruitful period of his life, and, with the exception of the earliest, of the most consequence to literature. I have not the space here to attempt any analysis of the poetic "Alhambra," or of "The Conquest of Granada" (which in his old age the author thought his best work); nor is it necessary. The Conquest appeared

under the guise of the chronicle of a friar of the period, and its spirit is that of a contemporary record. It is to a large extent legendary, but authority for all it contains exists in the musty annals of Spain. It is in fact a composition of that border-land between legend and history; in its main facts it rests on the best evidence, its color is true to the floating splendor of an age when drama was acted in reality, and it may be taken as a sufficiently true history of a romantic period. Mr. Prescott says of it, in the introduction to his "Ferdinand and Isabella:" "The reader who will take the trouble to compare his chronicle with the present more prosaic and literal narration, will see how little he has been seduced from historic accuracy by the poetical aspect of his subject." The "Alhambra" is a prose-poem, to which the world is indebted for a great part of its interest in the most luxurious of all the palaces of the Moorish kings. With the splendor and grace of the Saracenic domination Irving was thoroughly fascinated, and we owe to him the opening of one of the most charming realms of which our imagination is free. Perhaps the value of such a realm to American readers, engrossed for the most part in disenchanting material struggles, is not taken sufficient account of.

Irving had doubted the reception of his first grave attempt; but the Columbus had an immediate and continued success. It procured for the author a different, if not higher, recognition than he had yet received—the highest degree from the University of Oxford, and the

royal gold medal from the Society of Literature. Time has vindicated the substantial accuracy of the history. It was contrasted at the time with Robertson's more literal account of Columbus, and one wishes that some of its rhetorical expressiveness were chastened, and that it were somewhat condensed, but not at the expense of the glow of enthusiastic appreciation which is proper to the narrative. Irving understood the value, in a history, of vivid individual portraiture, and he was by his sympathy enabled to conceive the character of Columbus in all its grand outlines. He presents it in a masterly manner, not anywhere in brilliant and glittering "word painting," but as an expanding conception in the story, which at last looms up in the mind of the reader in gigantic proportions. A simple hero, a magnificent dreamer, a consecrated life ending in the tragedy which is inexorably appointed to every son of man who is to be enshrined in the hearts of mankind.

Towards the close of his residence in Spain the author received the appointment of Secretary of Legation to the American mission in London. He felt a reluctance to undertake the routine of the office, and he had a longing to return home. But when he had been prevailed on to accept it, and was once more launched upon the exciting London society, he found the situation agreeable. During this stay in England he received all the honors that society could give him, he renewed his old friendships, and visited places of note; one of these was Newstead

Abbey, where he was for some time a guest, and to which his pen gave for American readers that romantic interest which almost always attaches to whatever he describes.

His diplomatic position was resigned in September, 1831, but it was not till May, 1832, that the author saw again the land which had been so long pulling at his heart-strings. Mingled with his love of home had grown some doubts of the feelings of his countrymen for him. These were dissipated by the spontaneous outburst of affection that greeted him in America. The whole country was proud of him, and felt how much it had been honored in his person. New York gave him the most brilliant dinner she had ever given; other cities solicited the honor of entertaining him—marks of good-will which the diffidence of the author compelled him to decline. He was entirely wanting in the dinner-table heroism.

Irving was now past middle life, having returned in his fiftieth year, yet neither his long residence abroad, nor his extensive commerce with society, nor his age, made him in the least *blasé*. On the contrary, his enthusiasm is delightful to see. He marvelled at the progress made in seventeen years, the expansion of the country, the accumulation of wealth, the evidences of refinement, the growth of literature. His pride in what he saw was equal to his curiosity. He at once undertook a comprehensive tour through the South and West, and into the then almost unexplored Southwest, on the Arkansas river. The immediate result of this excursion beyond civilization was

"A Tour on the Prairies," in which he gives a color to a rather prosaic adventure, simply by his charm of narration. It remains to-day as pleasing an account of a Western hunting expedition as we have. What is noteworthy in it, however, is that Irving's mind was able to kindle to this phase of life as readily as to the romance of Spain. Out of this taste of frontier life grew other readable books, "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville," pieces of book-making, in the first of which he was assisted by his nephew Pierre.

Not only was his enthusiasm fresh, but the flow of literary productiveness was in full tide; if experience had chastened his humor, it had not abated the freedom of his fancy nor chilled his ardor. Some of his best work was yet to be done. Some of his happiest years were before him. He was not only eager to cast in his lot with the vigorous life about him, but he desired a home, a permanent anchorage in his beloved land. The site he fixed upon was on the east bank of the Hudson, near Tarrytown, and within an easy walk of Sleepy Hollow. He purchased a few acres of ground on the bank of the river, having an old Dutch stone cottage, which had belonged to the Van Tassels, which he transformed, without destroying its character, into Sunnyside. The place was small, but it evidently swallowed up a good deal of money. Its situation is lovely. And when the author had added to the house a tower, which in a few years was draped in ivy, the root of which was transplanted

from Melrose Abbey, and upon the top of the tower turned and creaked a venerable Dutch weathercock from Rotterdam; when he had planted trees and shrubs, built conservatories and stables, and laid out secluded walks, he had as pretty a retreat as even his fastidious taste could desire.

But it was not for himself alone that he built and adorned it; nor was it for his own comfort or for the sake of gain that he kept on toiling with his pen. He was able at last to gratify his longing for domestic life, and to offer a home to his surviving brothers and his nieces. His life at Sunnyside, surrounded by his nieces, who were devoted to him, and would have spoiled a more selfish man, is a picture that the mind likes to linger on. It is a realization of what one would have wished for a man who had added so much to the enjoyment of his generation. But the limits of this essay do not permit me to dwell upon it, nor in much detail upon his remaining literary achievements. Nor is it necessary to a satisfactory estimate of the man and his works. With the exception of his absence at Madrid as minister, he resided the remainder of his life at Sunnyside, which became a sort of place of pilgrimage for travelling celebrities, young authors, and troops of friends. The consideration in which Irving was held appears by the attitude towards him of the chief authors of his generation, and his sympathy with every rising talent, and his quickness to recognize it, made him beloved by everybody. Never was an author freer from vanity and jealousy.

A considerable portion of the ten years after his return was given to travel and social life, to building, and to putting his savings into productive form (though some of them went into Western speculations that illustrated the facility rather than the security of investments at that period); but he was engaged in a variety of literary projects as well. For a time he undertook regular contributions to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, which was not a lucrative amusement. The books of this period are "A Tour on the Prairies," "Recollections of Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey," "The Legends of the Conquest of Spain," "Astoria," "Captain Bonneville," and a number of graceful papers finally collected under the title of "Wolfert's Roost."

One incident of this period should not be passed in silence: that was the abandonment of his life-long project of writing the History of the Conquest of Mexico to Mr. William H. Prescott. It had been a scheme of his boyhood; he had made collections of materials for it during his first residence in Spain; and he was actually and absorbedly engaged in the composition of the first chapters, when he was sounded by Mr. Cogswell, of the Astor Library, in behalf of Mr. Prescott. Some conversation showed that Mr. Prescott was contemplating the subject upon which Mr. Irving was engaged, and the latter instantly authorized Mr. Cogswell to say that he abandoned it. Although our author was somewhat far advanced, and Mr. Prescott had not yet collected his ma-

terials, Irving renounced the glorious theme in such a manner that Prescott never suspected the pain and loss it cost him, nor the full extent of his own obligation. Some years afterwards Irving wrote to his nephew that in giving it up he in a manner gave up his bread, as he had no other subject to supply its place. "I was," he wrote, "dismounted from my *cheval de bataille*, and have never been completely mounted since." But he added that he was not sorry for the warm impulse that induced him to abandon the subject, and that Mr. Prescott's treatment of it had justified his opinion of him. Notwithstanding Prescott's very brilliant work, we cannot but feel some regret that Irving did not write a Conquest of Mexico. His method, as he outlined it, would have been the natural one. Instead of partially satisfying the reader's curiosity in a preliminary essay in which the Aztec civilization was exposed, Irving would have begun with the entry of the conquerors, and carried his reader step by step onward, letting him share all the excitement and surprise of discovery which the invaders experienced, and learn of the wonders of the country in the manner most likely to impress both the imagination and the memory; and with his artistic sense of the value of the picturesque he would have brought into strong relief the *dramatis personæ* of the story.

High as Irving's position was as a man of letters, the consideration in which he was held was much broader than that—it was that of one of the first citizens of the

republic. His friends, readers, and admirers were not merely the literary class, but people of affairs, business, society, and politics, and among these friends were the prominent statesmen of both parties. Almost any career was open to him if he had lent an ear to their solicitations. But political life was not to his taste, and it would have been fatal to his sensitive spirit. It did not require much self-denial, perhaps, to decline the candidacy for mayor of New York, nor the honor of running for Congress; but he put aside also the distinction of a seat in Van Buren's Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. His acceptance of the mission to Spain, an appointment which plunged him into profound astonishment, was doubtless influenced by the intended honor to his profession, the gratifying manner in which it came to him, his desire to please his friends, and the belief, which was a delusion, that diplomatic life in Madrid would offer no serious interruption to his "Life of Washington," in which he had just become engaged. The nomination—the suggestion of Daniel Webster, Tyler's Secretary of State—was cordially approved by the President and Cabinet, and confirmed almost by acclamation in the Senate. "Ah," said Mr. Clay, who was opposing nearly all the President's appointments, "this is a nomination everybody will concur in!" "If a person of more merit and higher qualification," wrote Mr. Webster in his official notification, "had presented himself, great as is my personal regard for you, I should have yielded it to higher considerations." No

other appointment could have been made so complimentary to Spain, and it remains to this day one of the most honorable to his own country.

Irving was in his sixtieth year when he went to Madrid, and he remained away four years. He was not by any means insensible to the honor of the appointment, he thought it rather the crowning honor of his life; but he went with great reluctance, and there seems to have been not a day of his absence that he did not long for Sunnyside. Nor was he indifferent to the recognition of his fame which met him in Europe; but Sunnyside was every day weighed against the world, and the world kicked the beam. His diplomatic rank gave him access to the courts of England, France, and Spain, where he was received as one well known, with many marks of attention paid to the author rather than the minister. But the shows and spectacles had lost their novelty, the illusions of society were dispelled—he had run the round of it for almost half a century—and he in vain sought to revive the spell that Europe once had for him. He had no more curiosity for great sights or great people, and he escaped when possible from the fine ladies and the attentions of the drawing-rooms. And we, looking through his eyes and his letters of this time, also see Europe faded, and worn, and empty in comparison with that little nest on the Hudson. In all this there was not a shade of cynicism—just a philosophical acceptance of the situation.

In Spain it was impossible but some romantic warmth

should be rekindled, and it is quite easy, as we journey about with him, to renew much of the enthusiasm of other days. Spain was as beautiful to him as ever, and he lost no interest in its people; but there were absences and changes that saddened him, and he found the revival of old associations but a sad pleasure. He could not have come to Spain in a more critical and interesting state of affairs, or one requiring more diplomatic caution and common sense. Isabella II. was queen, but a girl of twelve, and in her legal minority. The soldier Espartero was acting regent. Her mother had run off to Paris with her savings and her lover; and this child-queen, with her little sister, was left, without other relatives, in the hands of statesmen, politicians, and priests—merely a queen and a pawn on the chess-board. The little queen excited Irving's sympathy, and he soon came to take a deep interest in the drama going on about him. For four years he lived amid the revolutionary alarms, the plottings, the fightings, sieges and the escapades, the changes of ministry, and the endless complications of that disturbed time. He discharged his official duties with admirable tact, prudence, and a real diplomatic address. A minister of less personal reputation, and unknown in Madrid, would have experienced more difficulties. His conduct pleased both governments. I do not dwell upon this period, for although it is a most interesting episode in Irving's life, it has little relation to his literary career. The "Life of Washington" made very little progress.

It is evidence of the weight that Irving's name carried as a citizen at this time, aside from his consideration in literature, that he was called from Madrid to London for consultation on the Oregon boundary difficulty in 1845, and that his efforts contributed to the settlement. Irving was strongly excited on the subject, and deplored the course of the British press in stirring up rancorous prejudice and bitterness between the two nations. "Bulwer," he once exclaimed to the English Minister at Madrid, "I should deplore exceedingly a war with England, for, depend upon it, if we must come to blows it will be serious work for both. You might break our head at first, but, by Heaven! we would break your back in the end."

Irving's joy in returning to Sunnyside was like that of a boy home from school on a vacation. But it was not to a life of idleness that he retired. His leisure had been all spent in his youth, the time of loitering and dreaming with him was in the days usually given to the keenest competition of life. And he was fortunate in this that his old age was a busy one, that he was impelled by the irresistible literary rage to the very last. He had indeed much to do. The "Life of Washington," a task that had been laid upon his mind in early years, must be finished before his departure. But other duties close at hand constantly postponed it.

His attention was first occupied by an addition to the house at Sunnyside, and then by putting his books in a

productive train. I am told that for several years, and when the author was at the height of his popularity, his works were virtually out of print. From 1842 to 1848 none were to be bought except stray copies of a cheap Philadelphia edition, and perhaps some of the Paris reprint, in the "collection of ancient and modern British authors," of 1840. The Philadelphia publishers did not think the market warranted a new edition. But Mr. Irving and his friends judged it more wisely. Mr. George P. Putnam, then a young publisher of New York, offered to assume the responsibility, and Mr. Irving made an arrangement with him which was satisfactory to both. The result vindicated the author's confidence, and the publisher's enterprise and sagacity: from July, 1848, to November, 1859, Irving received on his copyrights over eighty-eight thousand dollars. If the relations existing between this author and publisher were universal, we should think the literary millennium close at hand. When business disaster overtook the publisher, Irving stood by him like a brother, and in the end he reaped the benefit of his trust and kindness.

While the revision of his works was going on, the Washington made some progress, but it was occasionally put aside for some tempting literary excursion. Two of these "asides" were the "Biography of Goldsmith" and the "Life of Mahomet." The Goldsmith was enlarged from a sketch made twenty-five years before, and was rapidly thrown off. It is a sympathetic piece of

work, which deserves the popularity it attained and holds. Without being at all a deep study of character, it is, I think, as true a representation of the simple-minded scholar, the vain and lovable author, as ever has been given. The Mahomet has the charm of Irving's style, and is pervaded by his equity of judgment; but it is a little pale beside Gibbon's masterly and virile picture of the Arabian prophet.

There is a certain sad pleasure in reading the memoirs of Irving's last years, enlivened as they were by congenial work, cheered by the affectionate glow of a charming home and the loving assiduities of friends and relatives, and glorified by a fame honorably won. The sadness is in the inevitable withdrawal of comrade after comrade, and the slow setting of the sun. Yet the author preserved to the end his playful humor, his freshness of feeling, his enjoyment of life, his sweet temper towards the world, his delight in beauty. To the last he basked in the sun, and radiated cheerfulness to all around him. I like to read of him, enjoying what he calls a "social outbreak, after a long course of quiet life," at Saratoga, surrounded by old friends and new acquaintances. "There are some very agreeable talking ladies here," writes this charming old gentleman, in his seventieth year, to his niece, "and a great number of very pretty-looking ones; two or three with dark Spanish eyes, that I sit and talk to, and look under their dark eyelashes, and think of dear old Spain."

The final volume of the "Life of Washington" was not issued from the press till a few months before his death, but long enough before for him to receive from the best students of the Revolutionary period the warmest testimony to its high merit. It is possible that if it had been composed in earlier years it would have been a more brilliant performance, and in reading it I can see that its placid and moderate tone may mislead as to its real strength. We miss from it certain personal details and the fuller information which memoirs and diaries then unpublished would enable the author to add now. It must be remembered that Irving carried his literary moderation down into an age that demands the vivid, the startling, and the unexpected. It is impossible for any biography to be less pretentious in style, or less ambitious in proclamation. The only pretension of matter is in the early chapters, in which a more than doubtful genealogy is elaborated, and in which it is thought necessary to Washington's dignity to give a fictitious importance to his family and his childhood, and to accept the Southern estimate of the hut in which he was born as a "mansion." In much of this false estimate, Irving was doubtless misled by the fables of Weems. But while he has given us a dignified portrait of Washington, it is as far as possible removed from that of the smileless prig which has begun to weary even the popular fancy. The man he paints is flesh and blood, presented, I believe, with substantial faithfulness to his

character; with a recognition of the defects of his education and the deliberation of his mental operations; with at least a hint of that want of breadth of culture and knowledge of the past, the possession of which characterized many of his great associates; and with no concealment that he had a dower of passions and a temper which only vigorous self-watchfulness kept under. But he portrays with an admiration not too highly colored the magnificent patience, the courage to bear misconstruction, the unfailing patriotism, the practical sagacity, the level balance of judgment, combined with the wisest toleration, the dignity of mind, and the lofty moral nature which made him the great man of his epoch. Irving's grasp of this character; his lucid marshalling of the scattered, often wearisome and uninteresting details of our dragging, unpicturesque Revolutionary War; his just judgment of men; his even, almost judicial moderation of tone; and his admirable proportion of space to events, render the discussion of style in reference to this work superfluous.

Washington's character is presented as a conception pervading the whole book, and is not projected on any one page in a blaze of adjectives, and under an illumination of colored lights. The method followed is that in the "Life of Columbus," which gives to the reader a truer conception of character than any amount of antithetical parade of qualities. It is to be noted also that the author's judgment of men and events has been little dis-

turbed by subsequent research. There has been nothing added of value to his judicial portraits of Arnold, of André, of Gates, of Lee. That the book raised few controversies may be regarded by some as evidence of its unimportance; it seems to me that time is deciding otherwise. There is no railing at the Provincial Congress, yet we are left in no doubt as to the embarrassments its action caused Washington. There is no scolding about the militia, nor much about the contractors, but we are made aware of the difficulties that beset the unselfish patriots of the time; and what is always delightful in the biography is the tone of calm patriotism, the author's broad love of his native land disfigured by no vulgar partisanship.

With this book Irving's work was finished; and in November, 1859, he took his departure from a world with which he was at peace, to go to another existence in which his faith had rested undisturbed.

I hope that this sketch, imperfect as it is, has given the reader a point of view for an impartial estimate of Irving's literary rank and career. The writer is warned of the futility of attempting to assign to any man of letters his future standing, a matter which experience shows is determined by rules that the critics have not yet discovered. I can only express the belief that Irving's position will be somewhat higher than the present critical estimate of him, and for this I will give a reason or two.

Irving's achievements in pure creation will be more dis-

tinctly recognized when some of his own work and much of contemporary writing falls away. The romantic investiture of the Hudson and the Knickerbocker legend are simply indestructible. The author's service to American letters was of a peculiar kind that cannot be repeated.

He was our first literary man. I use the term in a narrow and technical sense. He was one of the very few in America who have regarded life—not from any practical, reformatory, political, or theologic, but from a literary point of view. The value of this point of view to the world can be maintained; it endures when the others pass away. A man with Irving's gifts is doing mankind more permanent service as an observer, a spectator even, than he could do by active participation in the affairs of the moment.

The measure of such a genius is not altogether that of what we call intellectual force. In regarding Irving's career and in reading his works, he does not impress me as a person of the highest intellectual force, and probably he did not so impress his contemporaries. There is nothing aggressive in his personality. We could name a score of men of this age, some of them now living, to whom we should not compare Irving in point of intellectual vigor. He had little aggressiveness; he had a certain equable breadth of conception and clearness, without close analytic or critical power; internal calm was the necessary condition of his production, criticism chilled him, and the sunshine of approval was necessary

to his literary work. This argues a want of virility; but when we consider his achievements, and the unique position he held in England and America for almost half a century, we begin to think that some element of genius has been left out of our calculation.

No writer of his time had a better sense of literary form and proportion; he seems to have been born with this as with his style, for I find no discipline in his desultory and imperfect education to account for either. His style, which is not an imitation of any, but yet has its affinities with that in vogue two generations ago, and not with our style (if we have any), is in some of his books somewhat too highly polished and annoyingly melodious; but it is natural to the man. It does not weary, and it combines as many of the qualities that make what we call "charm" in lighter literature as any in our tongue.

Irving's books are quite free from the unrest of these times, and there is a total absence in them of the intellectual strain which characterizes nearly all the writing of the past thirty years. He was in many respects a man of another age; his writings lead to reflective enjoyment, and have little in them stimulating. His belief in the supernatural was never disturbed, his faith in God was simple, his love of humanity was clouded by no pessimistic doubts. The dawning realism perhaps he did not at all apprehend. It must be confessed that he was an idealist, and it is fortunate that he was, for I do

not believe that the world has yet done with the literature which bears that stamp.

Irving has been reproached with being an "English" writer. The truth is that he was, in his pure literary capacity, cosmopolitan. Nothing can be more purely American than his treatment of American subjects, and if in Italy, in England, in Spain, he caught the local color and tone, he was only doing what literary art demands. But in all that he wrote, under all surface color and local infusion, there is always discernible the one uniform quality, the unmistakable individual style of Irving.

I should be untrue to my own conception of one of the most potent forces in Irving's literature, if I did not speak of his moral quality; and I may be permitted to repeat what I have said elsewhere. There is something that made Scott and Irving personally loved by the millions of their readers who had only the dimmest ideas of their personality. This was some quality perceived in what they wrote. Each one can define it for himself; there it is, and I do not see why it is not as integral a part of the authors—an element in the estimate of their future position—as what we term their intellect, their knowledge, their skill, or their art. However you rate it, you cannot account for Irving's influence in the world without it. In his tender tribute to Irving, the great-hearted Thackeray, who saw as clearly as anybody the place of mere literary art in the sum total of life, quoted the dying words of Scott to Lockhart, "Be a good man,

my dear." We know well enough that the great author of The Newcomes and the great author of The Heart of Midlothian recognized the abiding value in literature of integrity, sincerity, purity, charity, faith. These are beneficences; and Irving's literature, walk round it and measure it by whatever critical instruments you will, is a beneficent literature. The author loved good women and little children and a pure life; he had faith in his fellow-men, a kindly sympathy with the lowest, without any subservience to the highest; he retained a belief in the possibility of chivalrous actions, and did not care to envelop them in a cynical suspicion; he was an author still capable of an enthusiasm. His books are wholesome, full of sweetness and charm, of humor without any sting, of amusement without any stain; and their more solid qualities are marred by neither pedantry nor pretension.

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